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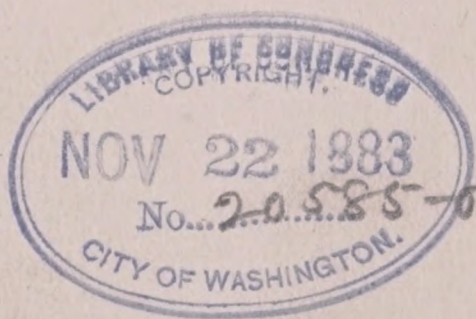
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Apples of Sodom

A STORY OF MORMON LIFE.

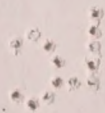
By Mrs. Etta L. Gilchrist



CLEVELAND
WILLIAM W. WILLIAMS
1883.

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DEDICATION.

To H. B. S., the friend to whose friendship, faith and encouraging counsel I owe much, this book is affectionately dedicated.

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CHAPTER I.

ABBIE BOSTWICK'S LETTER.

"Father, can you get along without me at home this Summer?"

The speaker was a young man of about five and twenty, with an honest, frank expression in his clear gray eyes and firm, resolute mouth and chin.

"Get along without you! Why, what in the world's up now, Reube? Haven't got another attack of the Western fever, I hope?" and Squire Benson peered over the top of his spectacles at his son, who stood in the open doorway, fanning his flushed face with his hat, and looking rather thoughtful and perplexed.

"Yes, I'm afraid I have. I'd like to start for Salt Lake to-morrow, if the crops were all in."

"To Salt Lake! Well, I never! I thought maybe you'd got enough of that, so you'd be contented to settle down here at home, an' give up chasin' all over the country; but there's no accountin' for these young bloods. The old nest

ain't big enough for 'em when they're grown. But you know we're gettin' along in years, Reube, mother'n I, and"—

"Yes, yes, father, I know, and I don't intend to remain away long, if I go. I meant to stay with you this time, but I've just received a letter from Abbie, and—I'm afraid she's in trouble and needs me."

"Abbie in trouble? What's the matter with her?"

"Well, I'm not sure what it is. Here is her letter. Read it, and see what you think of it;" and Reuben handed an open letter to his father.

"I was agoin' to ask you if you'd brought any news. I thought most likely you'd been down to the corners when you rode in," said Mrs. Benson who stood listening to the conversation, her plump arms covered with flour from the open meal-chest, and her face a mute interrogation point. "What under the sun can have happened to Abbie to make you want to run off again to that heathenish place!"

Reuben smiled.

"It's a very pleasant place, mother, and I think you'd enjoy a visit there yourself; but, about Abbie, I hardly know what to think. She does not write of any trouble in particular, only I can gather from the whole spirit of her letter the idea

that she's unhappy, and has a cause for it; and then she urges me to come several times. But won't you read the letter aloud, father, and let mother judge for herself?"

Squire Benson cleared his throat, readjusted his spectacles, and read:

"SALT LAKE CITY, April 20, 18—.

"DEAR BROTHER REUBEN:

"I am going to write a confidential letter to you this time, for there is so much I want to say to you—you alone of all the world."

"She begins her letter as if she had something to confide to me, and yet she tells me nothing," interrupted Reuben.

His father continued:

"First, then, I wish so much you were here. I don't know why I ever allowed you to go back to the States four years ago, unless, indeed, I had gone with you. I think I would like to go once more to the East, and live awhile among people who are different from us. Yes, even among you wicked Gentiles. Now don't laugh, and say I am becoming an apostate to our faith, for truly I am not. I believe in the truth as revealed to our prophet, and in the Book of Mormon, and the Bible, and I accept all the doctrines of our church; but I am curious to know of the inner life of families who have no change in their domestic rela-

tions from marriage until death."

Squire Benson looked up.

"She's crossed out the word *fear* before change—*fear of change*. That looks a little as if she was troubled on the nauseating question of plural marriage, or had some personal interest in the matter. It can't be, her rights are about to be invaded, hey?"

Reuben nodded.

"It struck me so. I know Bostwick promised her before they were married never to conform to that custom of the church, for she didn't believe in it any more than I did; and though he joined the Mormons to please Abbie, he told me he should not interfere with others, but could not accept that law himself."

"Yes; I remember Abbie wrote about it at the time, and I wondered why so strict a believer in Mormonism as she was should attach so much importance to such a promise. I wonder if he's about to break it after all."

"O, I hope not," said Mrs. Benson sympathetically.

Squire Benson again read from the letter.

"I often regret the unhappy difference of belief which has separated us so far from you and father. I was so small when we left Iowa, but I dreamed of him last night, and thought he said he had

come to take us all back to the States; and that Charlie said *I* might go, but *he* would never leave Utah. But when I turned to speak to father he was gone, and in his place, Reuben, you stood smiling and looking so like yourself the day you went from here, four years ago; and, dear brother, I cried when I found it only a dream. O, if you can only come and spend the summer with us how glad I shall be! But I must cultivate patience, I suppose.

"Charlie is making a great improvement in his store, and doing a large business. He has built a new warehouse this Spring at a cost of four thousand dollars, and employs nearly double the number of clerks he did when you were here. He is very popular with President Young and the leaders of the church, especially in consideration of the fact that he was so recently a Gentile.

"Well, the Lord has prospered our people in a marvelous manner and degree, notwithstanding their early persecution. How does the Reorganized Church of Mormons, living near you, prosper? They do not accept of polygamy as having been revealed to Joseph Smith, you told me. Are they growing stronger and more numerous? Write me of them, please.

"Sister Elsie is soon to marry Brother Baxter. I think you will remember him. He is an elder

and a very handsome and attractive man. He was on a mission in Europe several years and married his second wife there. His first was Lydia Wayne and his fourth that little Nellie Carroll you used to admire and bring bonbons to. Poor little thing, she was only fourteen when she was married, but her mother, the widow Carroll, became Brother Baxter's third wife, and when he offered to marry Nellie too of course she must obey her parents, and couldn't help herself; though she did try to run away from home, I believe, but they brought her back and now she is really a very interesting little mother, in the care of her three months' old baby. I know you will make capital out of this, but I cannot help it. I did feel so sorry for the poor little thing.

"I would rather Elsie did not marry Brother Baxter, but mother thinks it an excellent match for her, as he is a devoted and active worker in Zion, and abundantly able to provide well for another wife. Besides, Elsie herself appears to be very much in love with him, and she has always been such a giddy, careless creature, mother thinks it better for her to have a husband much older than herself."

"(Later—Evening). Charlie has gone away for the evening. I am again alone, with time to finish my letter. I am feeling lonesome to-night, and it

is a comfort to have even this poor means of communication with you ; but oh, how I *do* wish for your actual presence. There is so much I want to say to you that I cannot write. Reuben, can you not come here soon—right away? I think I want to see you more than ever before. Come to see Elsie married. Charlie is away from home a great deal and I am lonely. Elsie is full of her own affairs, and you know Julia and I never harmonize very well, she is so bitterly opposed to many of the doctrines of our church, I am greatly worried about her. She is indignant and angry because of Elise's projected marriage with brother Baxter, and says such wild, hard things, and I cannot but fear some one will repeat them to brother Brigham—and oh dear !—I wish she would be more prudent, if she cannot embrace our faith! It is strange how she became imbued with the idea and prejudice which she has. Once more, Reuben, let me urge you to come and visit us, and then I will close my long letter. Hoping to hear from you very soon, with earnest love and good wishes, I remain Your affectionate sister,

ABBIE."

"Well, what do you think?" said Reuben, as his father folded up the letter and fixed his gaze abstractedly on the opposite wall.

"I think Abbie's evidently worried about some-

thing. Julia may be in danger someway. There are strange goings on there in Salt Lake. They may want her to marry some old polygamous Mormon by this time, and Julia is so prejudiced and wilful, I reckon she'd make 'em some trouble before she'd consent to that, wouldn't she, Reuben?"

"Yes, I think she would. She gave promise of being a very handsome, as well as high-spirited, woman, when I saw her last."

"So I judge from her miniature. I am surprised some old much-married saint hasn't tried to appropriate her to himself before now. Let's see, how old is she?"

"Sixteen, I think. Yes, Elsie is eighteen and Abbie twenty-one. Julia was but a child when I saw her, but she was as imperious as a young queen then, sometimes. I fancy they've been afraid of her, or they would have had her '*sealed*' to some one before now, they marry so young in Utah."

"Very likely that's the case. As to Abbie," continued Squire Brown, taking off his spectacles and holding them between his thumb and finger, "there is something besides all this. I reckon you'd better go out there anyway, if you're in the notion. Maybe she can be induced to come back with you and make us a visit. I'd give

something to see her; and Elsie, it seems hard to realize she's a woman grown. I'm sorry she's consented to become a plural wife, but it's nothing more'n I should expect. What kind of a man is this Baxter, Reube?"

"To judge from outward appearance, one of the finest men I ever saw. Handsome, gentlemanly, cultured, and possessing a good share of the world's lucre, were it not for his polygamy, I would think him a most desirable husband for Elsie. I met him frequently, when in Salt Lake, and I must confess I could find no other fault with him."

"But that one's enough to ruin him. Well, Reube, I'm glad you're goin' out there."

"And you think I'd better go right away?" interrogated Reuben.

"Yes; as soon as you can get ready. If there ain't anything the matter, the sooner you go the sooner you'll be back."

"So I think. It don't seem so much of a journey now the railroad is through to Ogden. I had to go by team the last time all the way, you remember, and there was a spice of danger in the trip," said Reuben.

"There's danger enough now among that murderin' set," said Mrs. Benson, who could never forget the details she had read of the many crimes

committed there in the mountains by the Mormons.

Reuben laughed a ringing, mellow laugh that was pleasant to hear.

"Mother will never overcome her dislike to the Mormons in Utah until she goes there among them, I fear. Come, mother, you'd better go out with me and make Abbie a visit."

"Me? humph! I'd want my life heavily insured if I did. But when do you think you'll start, Reube? I must bake you some luncheon to take on the road."

"Why, just as father thinks best about that. I'm ready any time, if he thinks he can get along with the work," said Reuben.

"I can manage that very well, and you can go this week as well as any time, for what I can see," replied his father.

And so it was determined that Reuben three days later should leave Iowa for Utah.

CHAPTER II.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Before proceeding farther with our story it will be well to introduce to the reader the persons and characters who will appear most prominently therein, with a brief sketch of their lives and connection with the Mormon saints.

Lemuel Benson was born among the hills of Berkshire County, Massachusetts, and brought up in the strict school of morality and religion for which that section is noted. Arriving at the age of manhood he removed to Eastern Ohio, married and commenced life upon a finely located farm, which, shorn of its primitive forest growth, yielded a rich reward for the labor of tilling its soil.

He had been for a number of years an active Methodist, conscientious and earnest in the performance of his religious duties, and respected and honored by his fellow members, at the time when the doctrine of Mormonism was first being disseminated in the community by its zealous advocate, Sidney Rigdon.

Mr. Benson, with others about him, was attracted—possibly by motives of curiosity, to the Mormon meetings, and, strange as it may appear, soon gave ear and credence to this new faith, and after a time, with his wife and numerous other associates and relatives, united with the saints and removed to Kirtland, Ohio.

Later, when the society began to be discredited, their bank failed and people became unfriendly about them, he followed their fortunes to the West, sharing the privations and hardships consequent upon their persecution in Missouri and their subsequent settlement in Illinois, where their Nauvoo—"City of the Beautiful"—was built.

Here, when they had waxed strong and numerous, they were again distressed and paralyzed by a worse and more crushing calamity than had hitherto befallen them: the death of their prophet and beloved leader, by the hands of a violent mob at Carthage jail. Following this came their expulsion a second time from "the land which God gave unto them," their pleasant homes, their unfinished temple and the place endeared by association, to a new and untried West. Many of them took up their sad and weary march in the dead of winter, leaving behind them but the ashes of their despoiled homes, and sought refuge in the wild and untilled lands of Western Iowa, enduring

every variety of hardship, yet clinging to their faith with Puritanic devotion. But their prophet had, with truly prophetic vision, foreseen their extremity and looking before them had discovered an unknown valley, hidden by the great ranges of sheltering mountains, and surrounded by miles of dreary wilderness and desert, wherein his people might find a haven of refuge. Here, year by year the ever faithful Mormons wended their toilsome march over wild and Indian infested roads, subject to the dangers from savage man or beast, and the inclemency of the weather, but pressing on undaunted to the promised land.

Who can read of the heroism and bravery displayed by the unfortunate victims of the *hand-cart* experiment, without being deeply affected, and shedding tears of sympathy for their suffering? What religion has had more faithful following or more self-sacrificing zeal shown in its support? This much for Mormonism.

Its followers may have been blinded and misled but they were honest and faithful to their convictions, when in those early days they suffered persecution and met death undaunted like the martyrs of old, for Christ's sake.

Lemuel Benson was himself burned out of house and home in Illinois, and after arriving at a place near what is now the site of Council Bluffs

City, Iowa, he once more rested, and set about caring for himself and family.

While living in Illinois his wife died, leaving him one son, a child two years of age. He married again, choosing a woman of very prepossessing and attractive appearance, and remarkable strength of mind and character. Two more children were born to him, and he was again prospered in his labors, and well started in business. He had been anointed an elder in the church, and appointed to preach the faith of the saints to the people; but there was trouble in store for him. His wife became anxious to follow the fortunes of Brigham Young to Utah. About this time the doctrine of polygamy was being more openly advocated and at last reached Benson's ears. He opposed it bitterly. He could not accept the revelation or believe that Smith had sustained the system or given it the sanction of his approval. Much less could he believe it a command of God. It was too much in opposition to his early teachings; too abhorrent to his innate purity of heart and instincts of morality. He was loud in his denunciations against it. This brought to him severe rebuke from The Twelve, and a confession from his wife that she had herself been sealed to the prophet, Joseph Smith, during his lifetime as a *plural wife*.

Astonished and pained, as well as angry and shaken in the faith, he withdrew from the Mormon church and proclaimed his apostasy.

His wife adhered rigidly to her belief in Mormonism, and upheld polygamy, declaring that as she had received her first knowledge of the revelation directly from the prophet's own lips, she could never believe it false nor reject it.

Unhappy dissensions arose between them, and Lemuel Benson awoke one morning to find his wife had departed during the night, taking with her the two little girls aged five and two years respectively. Upon inquiry he learned she had joined a party of emigrants and started for Salt Lake, and though he mourned the loss of his children, he felt it would be useless to attempt to recall Mrs. Benson, or dissuade her from the course she had deliberately determined upon. He was notified in due time of the arrival of his family at Salt Lake and the birth of a third daughter, whom he requested might be named Julia, in memory of his sister. Mrs. Benson complied with this request, and a friendly correspondence was commenced between the widely sundered members of the family and continued through the long years that followed.

The interest and intercourse thus established between them were increased by a visit of Reuben to

Utah when he grew to manhood, and a sojourn of a couple of years with his stepmother's family.

Mr. Benson after a time sought a legal divorce from his truant wife, married again and ceased to regret his past bitter experience in the multiplied cares and years which came to him; and we find him at the beginning of our story still living in Iowa, prosperous and contented.

CHAPTER III.

A MORMON HOUSEHOLD, AND A HUSBAND'S REASON.

A few days later, Reuben found himself on board the railway train that was soon bearing him on, on over level prairie land, along the shining waters of a beautiful winding river; then, as the hours darkened, through wild, desolate scenes of abundant vegetation, but remote from the haunts of civilized man.

Day followed night, and night again succeeded day, but to find him still borne on by the iron monster; now plunging into the narrow limits of a mountain gorge; now gliding along a winding roadway, above which arose the hoary summit of a lofty mountain, hundreds of feet away, and below which to look was to cause the head to swim. On, on, on, over the road marked by the blood of helpless emigrants, of little children and feeble men and women, whose strength was insufficient for the terrible journey; over the road where the bleached bones by the wayside told of human beings, whose flesh had fed the ravening wolves, when their blood was chilled by the fierce winds

and cold of winter, till they fell by the way to be covered by the merciless snow.

On, on, on, through misty, starlit nights and long, weary days, until, at last, Reuben was glad to leave the gilded car, whose walls had become so familiar to him, for the less inviting luxury of a lumbering stage coach, which should complete his journey. The journey, which before had cost him weary weeks of travel, was now accomplished in a few days. So much for man's energy and invention, added to the invincible power of steam. Reuben was at the mount-hidden city, beautiful Salt Lake.

Abbie was at first quite overcome with joy at her brother's unexpected arrival, and, amid her smiles and tears, was unable to compose herself sufficiently to enter into connected conversation. When, at last, Reuben had leisure to notice her closely, his fears were confirmed by the wistful, saddened expression which seemed at home in the formerly merry and sunny face.

And was it fancy, too, or only the result of his previous conjectures, that made him think Charlie Bostwick's reception of him the least bit stiff and formal and his affected welcome insincere? He hardly knew.

Several days elapsed before he learned anything to confirm or dispel his first impressions.

His mother, with Elsie, was visiting at Abbie's, Julia having gone to spend a week with a friend in another part of the city; and, altogether, he had no opportunity to have any conversation with Abbie by herself, or to learn anything from anyone else concerning the shadow which seemed to overcast the house, until the second week of his visit.

Once he had entered the sitting-room, and found Abbie alone, and asked her the cause of the change in her, and begged her to confide in him. But, instead of answering him, she had burst into tears, and sobbed so violently as to alarm him; then, a step being heard without, she had fled precipitately from the room, leaving him more perplexed and worried than before.

At last Julia came. A tall, beautiful girl, with black, flashing eyes and jetty, shining hair crowning a face of exquisite fairness, brightened by glowing crimson in cheek and lips. Reuben started as he first beheld her. She was, he thought, the handsomest woman he had ever seen.

With the queenly grace and dazzling brightness of coloring were combined regular, clear cut features, and an expression which betokened intelligence and a high and brave spirit.

"What a stir her beauty would make in the States," he said to himself, "but here where woman is only degraded, it is an unfortunate inheritance."

Elsie, the other sister, was a merry, good natured young girl, with a great deal of dimpled prettiness, and winning innocent coquetry of manner; the opposite of Julia in her personal appearance, she was fair haired and blue eyed, with plump figure, peach tinted face and an arch, merry expression always curving her rosy lips.

All creeds and religions were alike to her, and she accepted unquestioningly the faith of the saints, without in the least understanding its nature. In fact, she seemed born to bask in the sunshine, and if ever a cloud shadowed her pathway she flitted away to the light again, careless and unconcerned.

Mrs. Benson, a stern featured, intelligent looking woman of forty-five or less (the life she lived might have aged her prematurely), with the gentle Abbie, brown eyed, brown haired and dove-like, made up the female portion of the family after Julia's arrival. A new element seemed introduced into the household with her coming. The subject of Elsie's marriage was shunned as by mutual consent, so soon as she entered the house, and all other matters pertaining to their religion.

At length the day following her return, as they were seated at the dinner table, Julia said suddenly, addressing Mr. Bostwick:

“How long have we to wait before the advent

of the new mistress?"

Charlie Bostwick glanced uneasily at Reuben, and then down at the table, as he answered after a little preliminary clearing of his throat:

"Why—why I can't tell exactly. There has been some talk of making next Thursday the day"

Reuben's gaze went from the downcast, flushed face of his brother-in-law to that of his sister. Abbie was pale to her lips, and her hands trembled visibly, while she seemed unable to raise her eyes from her plate.

This, then, was the secret. There was to be a new mistress, or rather the new cottage which Charlie had resently built as a sort of addition to the house, was for the reception of a new wife, as Reuben had more than suspected. His blood boiled in his veins, and it was with difficulty he mastered himself sufficiently to ask for the explanation.

Bostwick again cleared his throat with an embarrassed air, ere he replied, that "many of the leaders in the church had accused him of not '*living his religion*' and of doing harm to the cause of the saints, by not taking another wife, when he had ample means to provide for two; he had been subjected to much '*counsel*' and ridicule on account of his *Gentile notions*; and in fact Brother

Brigham himself had reproved him for not obeying the commandment, and building up the kingdom according to the law of the priesthood; and for not making use of the wealth intrusted to his care to further the establishment of Zion."

"But I thought, Charlie, you would find it hard to forget your early teaching. You told me you had promised Abbie never to do this, and had resolved at all events never to compromise to this tenet of Mormonism," said Reuben dryly.

"I was but a recent convert at the time, you know, and did not realize how all but impossible it is for a man to profess to be a Mormon and not live up to this one important doctrine of the church. I feel obliged to obey this command and conform to this custom or move away from Salt Lake," Mr. Bostwick continued.

"I should feel differently about it myself if we had children. As to my promise to Abbie, she understands the case, and has released me from that. She knows as well as I do the necessity of my proving myself a real Mormon and identifying myself with the interests and welfare of the saints. Do you not, Abbie?"

Thus appealed to, Abbie's white lips moved, but no sound issued from them; she simply bowed her head.

Reuben saw that the conversation was becom-

ing more than she could bear, and withheld from answering, mentally desiring, however, to take his smooth tongued brother-in-law by the throat and strangle him. They had been warm friends once, these two; when in Iowa they had grown up together, in brotherly love and confidence; but Mormonism had made Charlie Bostwick odious to Reuben now.

Mrs. Benson for the first time spoke since the introduction of the subject.

“You know we are instructed like the Jews in ancient Scriptures to multiply and replenish the earth, and the Lord has given an especial revelation to his prophet, Joseph Smith, to instruct the followers in Zion to comply with this command, and take as many wives as each can support, and provide for their ultimate salvation and exaltation.”

Reuben looked at his stepmother, and suddenly remembering a question he had long wanted to ask her, said: “The reorganized church near us at home contend Joseph Smith did not sanction polygamy.”

“I was one of several plural wives,” she said shortly.

“Well, as I understand it, they claim he only had a number of women sealed to him, to insure their safety hereafter. Simply a spiritual union

—a sealing for the celestial kingdom only.”

“I was his wife in this world,” she replied.

At this juncture Julia, who had listened with compressed lips and glittering eyes during the conversation which followed her question of her brother-in-law, now suddenly arose. Confronting him, and ignoring the latter part of the dialogue, she said:

“Charlie Bostwick, do you know what *I* would do if I were your wife and you were to insult me by bringing another woman into the house?”

“Something terrible, I suppose,” he answered with a forced laugh.

“I would certainly kill you both, if I were to hang for it the next hour.”

“Julia!” said her mother sternly, and “Why, Julia!” echoed the surprised Elsie, but Julia had gone and the meal was finished in silence.

CHAPTER IV.

AN INTERVIEW WITH ABBIE.

The next evening, Abbie's mother, together with the two girls, went home, and Reuben, returning from his stroll after tea, found his sister alone, somewhat to his surprise. As he entered the room, made tidy and pleasant by Abbie's skilful arrangement, he saw her sitting by a small table, her head resting upon her arm, and her whole attitude drooping and dejected.

"Where is Charlie?" he asked, as she raised her head from the table at his entrance.

"Oh, he has gone out, as usual!" she said, bitterly.

"To see his bride elect?" he queried.

"I suppose so."

"Abbie, this is killing you. You are looking terribly, now-a-days."

"My head aches," trying to smile.

"And your heart, I fear also. Abbie, tell me is your faith in your religion strong enough to make you sanction such an infamous system as this?"

“Don’t, Reuben!” putting up her hand appealingly. I don’t know. The flesh is weak, and I am selfish and prefer my own desires instead of the welfare of Zion, I fear; but the system *must* be right, and I must be wrong. I wish I could become more unselfish. Many wives urge their husbands to take this step, I believe, as it insures them a more exalted position hereafter in the celestial kingdom; while I shrink so terribly from it. Oh, I am very carnally minded and selfish, I fear,” with a pathetic quivering of the lip that went to Reuben’s heart.

“It’s a shame! It’s an outrage and curse upon civilization! God never put women upon earth to suffer such indignities!” he exclaimed, carried away by his anger to see her try to apologize for this most natural and womanly feeling of sorrow and rebellion.

“Abbie, do you suppose all these Mormon women suffer as you do when the second wife is chosen?”

“No-o,” she said, hesitatingly, “perhaps not. Many of them marry with the expectation of only sharing in their husband’s affection; yet we are taught that we are exalted by this *sacrifice*, and I suppose it must be *that* to nearly all in a greater or less degree. But you know Charley was a Gentile when I first knew him, and after he became

converted to our faith, he still could not like the idea of polygamy, and he said it could never be right for *him*, whatever it might be for others. He promised me faithfully I should be the first, last and only wife while I lived, and I believed him. We were very happy until these Appletons came here from England. "Jennie Appleton is a blonde, and considered a great beauty, and Charlie has seemed to fancy her from the first time they met. He had not seen her more than once or twice before he began to tell me how different ones among the brethren were counseling him to take a plural wife; and, when I expressed horror and opposition to the idea, he began to bring forward arguments in favor of it. "Oh, I believe I've felt afraid of her influence from the very first, though it was hard to believe Charlie could forget his promise to me."

"Then you think Charles really likes her?" Reuben said.

"Yes, that is the worst of it, though I suppose I am wicked to feel so. He has always been so kind and attentive to me until of late; but now he finds so much fault with me, and I cannot please him any more." Abbie's lips grew tremulous and the brown eyes filled with tears. "I thought perhaps my opposition to his marriage had something to do with it, and so when brother

Welling came and talked with me, and several others who showed me the wrong I was doing by my foolish objection, I consented. I was sure he had resolved to marry her anyway, with, or without my consent," she added.

"Abbie, can't you see this is all wrong, morally wrong? Your very instincts ought to teach you that. Come, go back with me to the States. To live here and daily see your husband lavish caresses upon another will kill you."

"Don't!" Abbie said, putting her hand upon her bosom as if to quiet the rebellious throbbing of her tortured heart. "You know I *can't*, Reube!"

Reuben looked thoughtfully at his sister, mentally resolving that she *should* be induced to go with him, if the trial proved more than she could well endure.

At this pause in their conversation a quick elastic step was heard coming up the walk, and Charlie Bostwick entered the room humming a lively tune, and evidently well pleased with himself and circumstances. A spasm as of acute pain shadowed Abbie's face for a moment, then her clear eyes encountered those of her husband with questioning glance.

"You are home earlier than usual."

"Yes, I shall see enough of Jen after Thursday, so there's no need of making long visits now,"

and he laughed lightly.

Abbie bent low over the dropped stitches of her knitting which she had taken up, and the poor little hands trembled visibly, but she said, "It's all settled then?"

"O, yes; the sooner it's over the better, you know. Jen will be good company for you Abbie, she's so lively, and so happy in conversation. You've grown fearfully stupid and moping lately; from being so much alone I suppose," and then as if his conscience smote him for leaving her so often for the more attractive company of his bride elect, he passed around to her side, and said, more kindly than usual, "Abbie, what ails you? Are you sick? You are growing frightfully old looking and ugly now-a days. You used to be as gay and bright as a butterfly."

Reuben could bear no more, and slipped out of the room into the open air, for he could scarce refrain from acting upon his desire to throttle his unfeeling brother-in-law.

Abbie's trembling lips strove to answer and failed, but she raised her eyes, filled with tears, to her husband's face.

"Oh, if you are going to cry I may as well go back! I never *could* bear a crying woman. I don't see why you need feel badly about this. It's what all Mormon women believe in and have to

put up with. I think I've done pretty well by you to live as long as this without getting another. You won't mind it as soon's we're married, and you know there's no help for it; besides, you well know if you hadn't insisted upon my joining the Mormons this wouldn't have happened. If it's right, and the duty of other Mormons to take all the wives they can support, it's my duty as well. I don't want to take an inferior place in the kingdom and why should I?"

"I don't know. It must be right, but Oh, Charlie, we've been so happy, and—I've loved you."

"Well, what's to hinder you loving me now, I'd like to know? Jen won't prevent it."

"But, Charlie—I'm afraid—afraid you care more for her than for me now," with a little choking sob, "and Oh, it's breaking my heart!"

"Pooh, pooh! what a goose you are. Of course I don't do any such thing. A fellow can't be billing and cooing all the days of his life. You ought not to expect it. Women are such simpletons. If one ain't forever bending over them and talking nonsense, they think he's taken to hatin' 'em. I like you, as I always have, though you've grown so deuced disagreeable lately, I've had good reason not to. Come, kiss and make up." And he stooped to the tear-stained face beside

him, then turning away, he, too, passed out into the open moonlight."

Poor Abbie. "He does not think of the sweet nothings he delights in repeating for another's ears," she thought. As for Bostwick he was vexed and annoyed chiefly by the pricking of his own conscience, for he was too recently from the States to really *believe* in this tenet of Mormonism, and he had spoken more harshly to Abbie on account of this. He was annoyed, and he fancied it was *she* who vexed him.

Reuben was pacing moodily up and down the walk in front of the house, his heart bitterly inveighed against the accursed creed, that made such victims of its believers. He turned as Bostwick came toward him, and said: "Charlie, *must* this be? Abbie is not like most women; she is extremely sensitive, and affectionate, and she has given you the love of her whole heart. This marriage of yours is going to crush her to the earth."

"Oh, pshaw!" said the other, "she'll get over it. Lots of women here make a fuss at first, but they get over it as soon as the thing is done."

"Bostwick, five years ago you went with me from Iowa, where such a course as this was a crime against the laws of the State, and would not be tolerated; and I remember you were as bitter in your denunciations of the infamous system, then,

as ever I was. I introduced you to Abbie, and you wooed and won her with the understanding that she was to be the only wife while she lived. I cannot believe you have forgotten your early teaching, or that you believe in the moral right of this doctrine."

Bostwick ground his heel into the yielding earth and hesitated.

"Reube, all you say may be true, but I tell you, one can't live here as a Gentile while he professes to be a Mormon. I joined the church because Abbie wished it. I don't pretend to be a very ardent saint, but my business interests demand that I should conform to the rules of the church, especially in this particular. I am looked upon now with suspicion, because of my delay in adopting polygamy. I'm making money too fast to stand upon neutral ground. I must do all I can to lull these suspicions, or I shall be apt to find myself in hot water before long. My property and even my life may be endangered. I tell you I've been too lately a Gentile to be trusted, and I must take this step to quiet their mistrust. Abbie knows all this, and I'm surprised that she feels as she does."

"Surprised that she feels so? Humph! You'd like to see her take another husband, I suppose, if the church requested it."

“O, pshaw, Reube! That’s nothing to do with it. Of course I couldn’t live with her if she did, but she’s been brought up to this belief, and it’s her religion. I’m very sorry she feels so, and I wish I was well out of it, but I think she’ll get over it as soon as we’re married, and be as happy as ever. I tell you it’s a matter of necessity and I can’t help myself.”

“I suppose the pretty face of the other woman hasn’t anything to do with it. If you’d been *counseled* to marry some ugly spinster of forty it would have been all the same,” said Reuben dryly.

Bostwick laughed.

“Well, of course one has a choice in such matters, and Jen *is* a remarkably fine woman, but then she shall not take Abbie’s place. There’s only one Abbie.”

“But what if she bears you children? How will that affect your relations with Abbie? I tell you it’s wrong—all wrong; and if you can be happy in such a connection, knowing you are breaking Abbie’s heart, you are not the man I supposed you to be!” and feeling that remonstrance was useless, Reuben turned toward the house, saying he wondered the heavens did not fall upon such a nest of abomination.

Bostwick followed him.

"I don't want to quarrel with you, Reube, or with your view of this matter. I suppose it's natural you should feel as you do; but you know 'one must do as a Roman when he is in Rome,' and I must act accordingly.

"So you trample upon your own conscience, break your plighted faith and most sacred obligations, and withal your wife's heart. I wish you joy of your new acquisition."

"Come, come, now, Reube, you're too severe. You know the old story of the Bible. I shall be no worse than Abraham."

Reuben made no reply, and they entered the house. The pleasant little sitting-room was deserted, and after sitting for a while in the half-lighted apartment, each busy with his own thoughts, the two men separated for the night.

Bostwick entered his wife's chamber, and stood for some time silently regarding her tear-stained sleeping face. She moved uneasily and moaned in her sleep.

Tuesday, and Thursday her place was to be occupied by another. Something like remorse seemed to stir his heart, for he bent over her and pressed his lips to those of his wife. She started and awoke. "Abbie, were not this matter gone so far I would give it up," he said. With a glad cry she lifted her head and laid it in his bosom.

CHAPTER V.

ONE WOMAN'S FAITH.

Reuben slept little that night; his mind was too greatly disturbed. What could he do; how turn aside this blow that seemed about to fall upon Abbie? Must he stand quietly by and see her death warrant signed, and make no effort to save her? If he could only persuade her to leave Utah and return with him to his home. Would not Charlie relent if he thought there was danger of losing Abbie forever? Reuben remembered how attentive and kind he had been to Abbie four years before, at the time of their marriage, and how happy each had seemed in the other's society. Abbie was all in all to her husband then, and she was the same lovely, sweet-tempered, affectionate woman still. What had caused the change? Was it, as Bostwick affirmed, but the forces brought to bear by the church which influenced him, or was he enamored of this other woman and tired of Abbie?

Reuben's thoughts were murderous as he re-

viewed these things, and reflected upon the probable consequences of the marriage.

The next morning he sought Abbie at his earliest opportunity, and again broached the subject of her return to the States.

“No, Reuben; no, I cannot; I must not. I should lose Charlie altogether then, and I cannot give him up; besides, this may be my one cross to bear that shall win me the brightest crown hereafter. It is, it *must* be the will of God, and if I do not submit, then I become the transgressor, as it is written in the revelation to our prophet. It seems now very hard to bear,” and her voice faltered, “but we must be willing to crucify the flesh for Christ’s sake, as he was crucified for us. Besides, I cannot blame Charlie so much, for you know he has been counseled by one of the counselors, and it is his duty to hearken unto counsel.”

“Abbie, in my opinion, Charley offers a very poor excuse for this marriage. Had he not this, he would bring forward some other, equally puerile. He wants to marry that girl, and that’s about the long and short of it; and you, my poor child, must be made a victim, under the sanction of the *church*, which seems worst of all. Oh, if you only would be persuaded to leave here to-day—this hour! Abbie, if I could influence you to

do this, I know I should be doing an act blessed of God, who never, I'm sure, originated an institution so contrary to all the best and purest instincts of our nature. Abbie, listen to me! Give up this religion, which debases womanhood and brings upon it a martyrdom worse to be feared than death, and go with me to a land where the sacred institution of marriage is blessed by its pleasant and happy families and homes, and where bigamy is a crime punishable by law. Dear Abbie, one year in the States would make you hang your head for shame at the thought of having sanctioned the abomination of polygamy."

Reuben was almost eloquent in his heart-felt earnestness and indignation against the system which was of such vital interest to Abbie.

"I pledge myself to care for you and keep you from want, and I will make it the study of my life to try and make you forget this sorrow," he continued.

"Reuben, oh, Reuben, you wring my heart! You are so kind and good to me, but I *cannot, dare* not go with you. It would be a cowardly, criminal shirking of duty; besides, I should only be a burden to you. You will marry sometime, and"—

"If I ever do, and prove as recreant to my vows as Charlie Bostwick, I hope a thunderbolt from Heaven will cut me off from the face of the earth!"

exclaimed Reuben; then seeing the pained expression upon his sister's face, he continued more gently, "Forgive me, Abbie, but it drives me mad to see you so deluded by your church, and caring so much for a man who is causing you such misery; besides, I feel guilty for ever bringing him here."

"You did not tell me to care for him," said Abbie, smiling half sadly, "and I married him because I cared for him."

"And your love for him will finally kill you, I fear. I wish you would let me shield you."

Abbie again shook her head. "I am very weak and nervous now; Charlie says I will feel better when it's all over. I will wait and see, and if I *cannot* bear it—" she caught her breath, and pressed her hands together convulsively.

"If you cannot bear it, I will take you away out of sight of you trouble at least," muttered Reuben; and then he asked: "Don't mother see how you feel about this?"

"Yes. I think so, but she blames me, and says I am wicked and selfish to feel so, and perhaps I am. Mother is such a very zealous Mormon, you know. The church gives her especial support on account of her former marriage with the prophet; and you know both she and uncle have always so strongly upheld this one institution of plural marriage."

"Strange when it is so unnatural and abominable,

and allows such infamous practices and horrible intermarriages. What relation is little Nellie Turner's child to her *sister*, the offspring of her *husband* and *mother*? Think of a mother and daughter being married to the same husband and bearing him children."

Abbie put up her hand, "Please don't, Reube, we must not question God's ways."

Abbie looked very neat that night at the tea table, her trim little figure arrayed in soft light muslin, and a scarlet ribbon twined in her nut-brown hair. She looked up with wistful eyes as Bostwick entered the room.

Her husband noticed this apparently, for contrary to his custom he passed around to her side, and said: "Why Abbie, you look like a bride yourself to-night. I'm proud of my wife yet. Reube, do you think she's changed much since she stood by my side at the altar, four years ago?"

"She's changed, though perhaps no less fair," Reuben answered, "I wish she looked as happy as she did then."

Bostwick bit his lip. "He's a craker, ain't he Daisy?" addressing her by the old pet name. "Of course she'll be just as happy. I'm only arranging matters so she'll have less care and more society. She'll be as bright as a sunbeam in a few days. She's only been conjuring up evils. Clouds al-

ways look blackest in the distance. She'll find this one has a silver lining, I think, though really if matters had not gone so far I'd give it up ; but as it is, you know we must make the best of it. Abbie shall be first and have her own way ;" and stooping down he kissed her forehead and took his place at the table. He had been unusually kind to Abbie to-day, and more than once the tears started to her eyes, as he had uttered some lover-like phrase or performed some old time act of kindness in her presence.

Now her lashes grew wet as they drooped toward her plate. Reuben made no response to the remark of his brother-in-law, and the meal progressed in silence. Suddenly Bostwick started up, as a wagon drove up to the door.

"You must excuse me. The furniture for the cottage has come, and I must go and see to it." Pausing at the door, he turned and looked at Abbie, then said with a slightly embarrassed air : "Would you like to come and help me arrange it, Abbie?"

Again Abbie grew pale, and seemed unable to speak.

"Don't come, if you'd rather not. I thought may be you'd like it. Women always like new things, and Jen won't be here to-night."

Abbie arose and went toward him, without

speaking, a strange, haunted look in her eyes. She motioned to her brother to come also. Together they entered the newly finished rooms, and Abbie looked on while the men brought in the furniture, and once or twice, when appealed to, made some suggestion as to the placing of an article; but she appeared so benumbed and unlike herself, that Reuben was glad to take her back to her own apartments and bid her lie down. Evidently she was not yet strong enough to bear much, and the sight of the pretty furniture bought by her husband to decorate the home of this other bride, brought to mind too vividly the remembrance of that day, four years before, when he had brought her to superintend the arrangement of their own pretty home. He was better able now to afford costly articles, and he had dealt most generously with this plural wife. Her own rooms would look shabby and sombre, Abbie feared. Oh, how she wished no home might be more attractive to him than her own, yet could she dare hope for it? This second would have the attraction of novelty, at least. The new, freshly painted rooms, the bright, new furniture, and the handsome bride. How strangely painful it all grew! She closed her eyes tightly in the shadowy twilight, striving to shut out the scenes that came before her mental vision unsought. At last, Charlie came in.

"Where are you, Abbie, and what are you in the dark for? Come, you musn't mope to-night. This'll be our last evening alone for a few days, and we must make the most of it. I've been a good fellow and come back, you see. Now, Abbie, I really want to make this as easy for you as I can, but you must try and overcome this jealousy," dropping down by the side of the lounge; "it makes you sick and ugly-looking, and really disagreeable. If you'll do *your* part, I'm sure you and Jen will get along first-rate. You must remember this is a cross for *me* as well as you; but it's our duty to live up to our religion, and build up the kingdom."

"It hasn't seemed much of a cross to you, Charlie, I've thought, to spend every evening over at Sister Appleton's."

He flushed slightly, and laughed. "That is like the jealousy of women. They only look upon one side of the question. Of course I had to woo in order to win, but do you suppose it has been no cross to me, to see you grieve over the matter the way you have? And then it was hard at first to overcome the principles which had been taught me in youth, and be willing to act upon the counsels of the elders. The Gentiles look upon a plural wife as no better than a mistress, you know, and it was hard for me at first to believe otherwise."

Abbie sighed. "Charlie, I shall do my best to please you," she said at last, "but, oh, can you not think what this must be to me! Think if a couple of years ago, when we were so happy together, some other *man* had stepped in and won my love away from you, and on the morrow I was going to housekeeping with him. How would *you* feel?

"I should probably feel like putting a bullet through him," said he, laughing; "but that's not a parallel case. It isn't the correct thing for a woman to have two husbands; but it is sactioned by divine revelation to the saints—this system of plural wives; besides, it is not taking me away from you. I can like her and think just as much of you at the same time. Does a mother think less of her *first* born because she has a second? On the contrary, the first is most loved. So shall it be with you, Abbie."

"Oh, Charlie, you know that isn't a parallel case," Abbie said, wearily. "But I suppose it's of no use to discuss that. I am sorry we haven't been blessed with children, if that would have made any difference."

He took up her remark eagerly. "Yes," he said, "I am commanded to build up the kingdom. How can I do so if I do not take this step. We are better off than Napoleon, who felt it necessary

to put away Josephine for the sake of a legitimate heir to the throne."

"Yes," said Abbie, "but Napoleon did not prosper on account of it, and Josephine's descendants, instead of his, ruled France."

"Well, I am not obliged to put you away." Abbie sighed, but made no response. "It will be necessary, you know, for you to go with us to the endowment house; and I thought you would rather, perhaps, go into the cottage than to have her come here, so Jen's sisters have made arrangements, and you will prepare a supper there after we get back, and I want you to look your prettiest, and go there to help entertain our friends. I would have preferred a more quiet evening, but Jennie is fond of display, and has invited quite a large company."

Abbie's face grew frightened. "Oh, Charlie, *must* I go there?"

"Yes, I think you must. It wouldn't look well for you to be absent, and you must try to act as friendly as possible toward Jen."

Poor Abbie, the ordeal seemed appalling, but for Charlie's sake she would try her best to do as he wished. She felt thankful for this increased kindness of manner in her husband, and tried, oh, how hard she tried, to subdue the natural rebellion of her heart!

Reuben, glad to see that Bostwick had returned to the house, and thinking perhaps a third person might be an intrusion, spent the evening out, and the husband and wife, for the first time in many days, held a long and kindly conversation with each other. But for these last two evenings, Abbie would have despaired. Her husband's carelessness and indifference, since the new love, had nearly crushed her. Now she felt that at least they had come to a better understanding.

CHAPTER VI.

A TRIAL OF FAITH.

Thursday morning came all too soon, and Abbie awoke with aching head as well as heart. She could scarcely remember afterward how she spent the morning hours. There was a strange murmur of voices in her ears, and a dull, thudding, torturing pain in her heart, which made her life strangely unreal. One thought, one sentence was ever before her: "To-day I must lose my husband." Before the dinner hour she arose, bathed her throbbing temples, and with nervous fingers arranged her toilet, then went down to the kitchen.

She would not trust to her one untutored domestic. She would see to it herself that this last meal should be perfect. For some reason she could not rid herself of the idea that this *was* the last. Charlie was her husband now; before the evening meal another would have equal or greater claim upon his love and attention. A sense of suffocation oppressed her. Oh, the burden was

very, very heavy! Maggie, her kitchen girl, met her, red eyed and tearful.

“What is the matter now, Maggie?” she asked, dismayed by the girl’s distressed countenance.

“Och, indade, an’ this is a worruld of throuble! I’ve jist come from me sister’s, and she’s in a dale uv a muss shure!” and Maggie put her apron to her eyes and sobbed anew.

“Why, what can trouble Katie? She has always appeared very cheerful and happy.”

“It’s all along o’ Phil’s comin’ to Salt Lake an’ joinin’ the Mormons. Bad luck to the prastes what’s been ladin’ him on, axin’ yer pardon, mum. Phil’s been a good lad, indade, iver since he was a broth of a boy, and Katie’s been as happy as iver a queen in the worruld, but now her heart’s broke intirely.”

“But you have not told me what is the matter with Katie,” said Abbie, thoroughly interested in this new trouble of her friend, and forgetting for the moment her own sorrow.

“Shure, an’ ye knows where Phil’s been a worrkin’ down at the brewery. Well, the Mormon brithren hev been a talkin’ to him for a year back an’ tellin’ him he’d better be afther takin’ another woife; but Phil knowed ez Katie wouldn’t sthand that at all, an’ so he sez to ’em, sez he, ‘Shure, an’ it kapes me at me wits ends to hold

me own wid one woman, barrin' the risk uv takin' another.' Well, afore Katie was sick Phil sez a jokin' loike, 'Katie, I think I'll be afther gettin' a celistial woife to help ye take care uv the childer'. 'Ye'd betther not thry that on, Phil O'Brady,' sez Katie, 'or ye'll both o' ye go to bed wid black eyes.' But the brithren—the dale take thim all—kapet on a talkin'—though ye moind Phil didn't say any more to Katie—and whin she took sick an' I wuz away, sez he, 'I'll git Biddie Mooney to come over an' kape ye company and look afther the work. Well, ye know there's some ez thinks Biddie's a foine lookin' gurr, and she came over and waited on Katie an' took care of the childer' til Katie wuz strong enough to kape house herself. And thin she told Biddie she might go home. An' if you'll belave it, Biddie sed impudent loike, 'If ye plaze, I'll stay a whoile longer where I am.' Thin Katie—ye know, mum, she hez a bad timper—sez, 'Biddie Mooney, I belave I am mistress in me own house, an' ye can lave to-night, and good riddance to yez.' Jist thin Phil came in, an' Biddie, the shameless craythur, ran up to him an' kissed him roight afore Katie's eyes. At that Katie up wid her hand an' hit Biddie a good schlap in the face. 'What d'ye mane, ye dirty jade! I'll tache ye to be up to such thricks whin I'm by! Ye'll not

shlake another noight here at all, at all,' she screamed. 'I've ez good a roight here ez you hev,' sez Biddie. An' thin Phil, gittin' red in the forehid, sez he, 'Yis, Katie, Biddie's in the roight uv it, fur we've been to the praste an' been married three days a back.' 'Howly murther!' screamed Katie, besaide herself an' crazy loike. 'I'll marry ye, ye good-fur nothin baste!' an' she caught hould uv a pan uv hot wather on the stove, an' if Phil hedn't sthopped her roight sudden she'd a scalded thim both. Biddie got a good splather uv it in her face, an' good enough for her indade; an' Phil's hands are burned to a blister; an' whoy shudn't they be whin he desaved poor Katie an' served her such a mane thrick," continued Maggie, indignantly.

"He certainly deserves some punishment," said Abbie, sympathetically.

"Shure, mum, he does, indade; an' me poor Katie. She fought wid all her strength whin Phil thried to hould her; an' ye know, mum, her baby's but two months owld, barrin' a day, an' now this throuble's made her worse again, and shure 'twill kill her intirely, fur she set that shtore by Phil, an' now, in her wakeness, wid that hussy a tormentin' her, she'll niver hould up her head more. Och, indade, an' I wish we'd niver been born," and Katie threw her apron over her face and

sobbed again aloud: "Bad luck to the day we lift ould Ireland to come to this wicked counthry!"

Abbie would gladly have offered consolation, but what could she say. Phil had obeyed the instructions and commands of the priesthood, and why should she condemn him. As for Katie, whom Abbie knew as a good-natured, happy-hearted Irish woman, could she blame her for resenting the deception that had been practiced upon her. It was not Phil—it was not Katie—but the *system* which she must blame.

At last, Abbie once more took her place like a white phantom at the head of her table. The last few days had brought the wear of years upon her, and aged her face perceptibly. Bostwick saw, and his conscience sealed his lips; so there was no attempt at conversation. Silently they ate of the dishes Abbie's own hands had prepared—for Maggie had been too greatly absorbed in her grief to be of much assistance, and her mistress had been glad of occupation to distract her thoughts in a measure from the impending marriage. Finally Bostwick arose, and, with troubled brow, left the room, remarking to Abbie

as he did so: "You had better get ready; it is nearly time we should be going." Reuben, arising to follow him, saw that Abbie's eyes were fixed and staring, and that she had apparently lost consciousness. He sprang to her side, and, lifting her in his arms, he bore her to an adjoining apartment, and then went in search of her husband, a conflict of emotions agitating his breast.

Was it too late? Could he not appeal to him in some way to prevent this crime?

He found Bostwick in his room, adding the final touches to his toilet, preparatory to the meeting with his bride. He looked up in surprise as Reuben with disturbed countenance, entered.

"Why, what is the matter, Reube?" he asked in alarm.

"Charlie Bostwick, if you have the heart of a man, come and look at your murdered wife, and think no more of this infernal marriage!" Reuben said, hotly.

"Why, what on earth do you mean?"

"I mean that I've just taken up Abbie as one dead, and carried her out from the dinning room. If she never opens her eyes to the light again, before God you are her murderer, and I'll denounce you as such!"

Bostwick made no reply, but with anxious face followed Reuben to the sitting-room. He started

in terror, and his lips paled at the sight of the closed eyes and motionless form before him.

“Abbie, for God’s sakes what is the matter?” he cried, springing to her side and laying his hand upon her forehead. His touch seemed to arouse her. She opened her eyes and looked with pain and bewildered expression about the room, then at her husband, saying pathetically:

“Oh, Charlie, how glad I am you are here! I dreamed, oh I dreamed you were gone and—” then as if recognizing in his faultless attire the facts in the case, she closed her eyes with a shudder.

Mr. Bostwick was perplexed. The hour had arrived for him to be expected at the house of his bride elect, and here was a fainting, perhaps dying wife upon his hands. Was ever a man so tried? His annoyance resolved itself into anger.

“Come, come Abbie!” he said testily. “Why have you chosen this hour to make a scene? I hoped you were going to be wise, and act discreetly in this matter, but it seems—” Here Reuben interrupted through closed teeth:

“No more of that Charlie Bostwick, or by the heavens above you’ll not leave this house to-day!”

Bostwick began to realize his position, and adopted a more soothing tone.

“Abbie” he said, “Abbie, wife, look up, I

want to talk to you," then drawing her into his arms, for she appeared not to hear or notice what he was saying, he continued: "Abbie, on one condition I will give up this marriage."

She started up eagerly, and looked into his face.

"I will give up this marriage if you will remove your belief in Mormonism, bid me do the same, and leave Utah with me immediately. If polygamy is wrong, then is the whole Mormon creed wrong from beginning to end. If this revelation is false, then was the so-called prophet false, and his religion a system of lies! If I renounce this marriage, I renounce Mormonism! Now you may decide what I shall do. I leave it all in your hands. Renounce your faith, and I will take you with Reuben back to the States, and we will live as I was brought up, after the religion and manner of my fathers!"

Reuben caught at the idea eagerly.

"Yes, Abbie, give up this abominable creed that teaches man to be false to his best instincts, and come with us to the land where a wise law makes crimes of such acts."

Abbie clasped her hands tightly together, and looked from one to the other in an agony of doubt, fear and desire. It was a terrible temptation; but was she not imperilling her husband's soul as well as her own? One moment the mad-

dening impulse of desire controlled her ; then this second thought became paramount. She bowed her head at last, and wailed in despairing tone :

“ I *dare* not, oh I *dare* not ! It is agony to give up my husband, but I dare not give up my faith ! Better this loss than to lose him hereafter, forever ! ”

Bostwick looked relieved.

“ Then you bid me marry Jennie, and will go with me to the endowment house ! ” he exclaimed eagerly.

A spasm of pain contracted Abbie’s face for an instant, then she replied sadly but firmly :

“ Yes, if there is no other alternative ; and may God help me to be strong and endure it ! ”

“ Abbie, oh, Abbie, you poor misguided child ! ” broke from Reuben’s lips.

Mr. Bostwick arose hastily.

“ Well, Abbie, I am glad you have given your consent, and now I must be going. I should have been there a half hour ago. Come kiss me dear, and I will call for you when we are ready. ”

She threw her arms about his neck and sobbed convulsively. He held her a moment while something like a tear shone in his own eyes ; then putting her gently from him, he rushed from the house.

Abbie sank back upon the lounge, and wept without restraint.

Reuben was glad to see this torrent of tears. It did not alarm him, as her dry stony grief had done, and he felt it would relieve her overcharged heart, and help her to bear the trial before her.

A few moments later when she had fled to her room, Reuben greeted his stepmother and two sisters, who had come to accompany Abbie.

CHAPTER VII.

FOR TIME AND ALL ETERNITY.

“Where is Abbie?” asked Mrs. Benson, dropping into an easy-chair, and glancing searchingly about the room. “I hope she has become reconciled, and is going to comply with Charlie’s wishes in this matter.”

“She’ll be present to-night, if her strength is sufficient to sustain her; but I think it is barbarous in him to require it,” Reuben said.

“O, now, I hope you are not going to uphold her in her rebellion. Abbie must accept of Jennie sometime. It will be much better to avoid remarks by going there, and doing her part, than by remaining away and exciting Jennie’s ill-will. First wives must be very careful, if they wish to retain their husband’s affection.”

“I would like to know,” said Reuben, “how you can uphold this system of plural marriage. It seems to me to be contrary to every instinct of our better nature; contrary to all the laws of God or man. It does away with the sacredness of

marriage. It pollutes the sanctity of home. It *must* corrupt and demoralize man. Charlie can never have the respect for himself again that he had before this. He will feel that he has broken his promise to Abbie; that the words *home* and *wife* have no longer a sacred meaning to him."

His stepmother fixed her cold, gray eyes, now steady and glittering, upon him, and replied, icily:

"I could wish you would choose a better time and place than this to discuss this matter," with a glance at her daughters. "However, I will answer your question. Do you not think our eternal salvation of more importance than our simple pleasure or will here? If the institution is of divine origin, shall we, in our weak selfishness, rebel against it? We believe that it is the will of God, as revealed to his prophet, Joseph Smith, by direct revelation. Why should it be more strange that he should thus direct *now* than in the days of Abraham or David? Why is the system more '*unnatural and monstrous*,' as you affirm, *now* than in the days of Solomon? When God speaks directly to instruct his children, who shall dare to oppose His will?"

"Yes, but I don't believe in this *revelation*," interrupted Reuben. "Since the coming of Christ the old Mosaical order of things is done away. Man was commanded to have but one wife, and I

don't believe any so-called revelation can contradict Christ's commands. We have now the Scriptures of the New Testament for our guide, in place of the examples of men who lived before the Saviour's coming."

"God has, since the beginning of the world, revealed himself to his *sons*," continued Mrs. Benson, ignoring his last remark. "It is through the medium of this sonship that men of different ages have had communicated unto them the will and purposes of the great Jchovah. The Jews were for a season placed under a schoolmaster until Christ; but when He came He took away the veil that had been over their hearts, for He came to redeem those that were under the law that they might receive the adoption of *sons*. When the Gospel was restored and this sonship again imparted, the heavens were opened, the visions of God unfolded, and life and immortality were again brought to light by the Gospel. Peter, James and John saw Jesus transfigured on the mount, and Elijah and Moses talking with him. The sick were healed, the blind received their sight and the poor had the Gospel preached to them. Sec-tarianism trembled and bigotry stood ashamed, while intelligence spread like the rays of the sun. The Spirit of God rested upon the people on the day of Pentecost like cloven tongues of fire,

causing men to prophesy, to dream dreams and to see visions. Paul was caught up into the third Heaven and heard things that were not lawful to utter; John, on the Isle of Patmos, had the heavens opened to him while prophecies and revelations were poured out on the church, which led John to exclaim, 'Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us that we should be called the *children* of God. Therefore the world knoweth us not because it knew Him not. Beloved, now are ye the *Sons of God*, etc.' It was not until the Saviour appeared among men that the Jews had power to become the sons of God, and it was not until the Lord revealed Himself from the heavens and restored the priesthood and the Gospel in these *last days* that men had power to become His sons, but as the Kingdom of Heaven is now preached all men may rush into it and avail themselves of those glorious privileges which have so long been forfeited in consequence of the transgression and apostasy of the church. However devout and sincere are the children of men, they must live up to the standard God hath set in these *last days*, repent and be baptized for the remission of sins, and have hands laid on them for the gift of the Holy Ghost by men whom God hath ordained before they can receive the adoption of sons, participate in the glories of

the Gospel and receive an inheritance in the celestial kingdom of God. The little stone that Daniel saw cut out of the mountains without hands has commenced to roll, and it will roll till it shall fill the whole earth. Our church of Latter Day Saints, or Mormons, was organized April 7, 1830, with but six members, and it has spread to Europe, Asia and the isles of the sea. Even in Europe the church numbers many thousands. Well might the prophet say that the Lord would perform a strange work in these last days! We believe in the Gospel as taught in the New Testament to the Jews, and also His teachings to the Nephites and Lamanites as found recorded in the Book of Mormon."

The woman seemed to have forgotten where, or to whom, she was speaking, but spoke rapidly as if inspired. At this juncture the door opened, and Abbie, white as the dress she wore, entered the room. She repeated mechanically some words of greeting, then said: "It is time for us to go. They are coming now."

Her mother and Elsie arose, but Julia spoke abruptly: "Abbie, don't you go a step! Charlie can't compel you to, and I wouldn't go in there to-night to see him make a fool of himself over Jen Appleton."

Abbie shivered.

"I must, Julia. It is better so. I—*must—give my husband—his wife,*" she said with an unnaturally hard and deliberate utterance; then turning toward her appealingly: "Come and help me, Julia, to do my part. You *can* help me, if you *will.*"

"Julia," said Mrs. Benson, tapping the floor impatiently with her foot, "I hope you are not going to make any more scenes to-day. I am sure I've had quite enough of them."

Julia turned her head defiantly, but neither seemed to care to explain further her remark, and a moment later, Abbie, having adjusted her wraps, beckoned to Reuben, and passed from her own door to meet the bridal party at the gate in advance of the others.

As her husband turned toward her, his bride-elect upon his arm, Abbie felt the earth receding beneath her feet, and must have fallen had not Bostwick, seeing the look upon her face, hastily grasped her hand, and while he half supported her, aroused her once more to herself by putting her hand in that of his bride, and saying: "I hope, Abbie, you and Jennie may be the best of friends, and never let a pang of jealousy mar the harmony of our home life. As you are to each other, so will I be to you."

The blonde uttered a few polite words of greet-

ing, as she barely pressed the hand put in hers; but Abbie could not afterwards have told whether she spoke an intelligible word or not, but like a person in a stupor, she suffered them to conduct her toward the fatal grave which was to bury all her hopes of happiness. Her husband was about to *live his religion*, and she, by her obedience and acquiescence, was exalting him, and assuring to herself a queenship in the celestial kingdom; but at what an awful sacrifice was this obtained! Instinctively, her soul arose in protest against it; but it *must* be right, and she must be wrong, for was not the revelation from God, and did it not read:

“Therefore, it shall be lawful, if she (the wife) receive not this law, for him to receive all things whatsoever I the Lord shall give unto him, etc., then *she* becomes the transgressor.”*

Poor Abbie; like one walking to her doom, she proceeded to the endowment house. Her mother and sisters, with Reuben, accompanied her, and after Abbie, the bride and bridegroom, were arrayed in their temple robes, they entered the room where Brigham Young sat on a crimson cushioned seat, overlooking the altar. Abbie, by the side of the fair-haired bride, knelt at one side of the altar, while her husband

*See Revelation upon Polygamy, ¶ 25. Appendix.

at the opposite side knelt facing them. She heard the solemn words: "Brother Charles Bostwick, are you willing to take Sister Jane Appleton by the hand, to receive her unto yourself, to be your lawful and wedded wife for time and for all eternity, with the covenant and promise on your part, that you will fulfill all the laws, rites and ordinances pertaining to this holy matrimony, in the new and everlasting covenant, doing this in the presence of God, angels and these witnesses, of your own *free will and choice*?"

She heard the firmly pronounced "*Yes*" of her husband; then came the trying question:

"Sister Abigail, are you willing to give this woman to your husband, to be his lawful wife, for time and eternity? If you are, you will manifest it by placing her right hand within that of your husband."

The words, *lawful wife for time and eternity*, rang in Abbie's ears like a death knell. She felt herself incapable of motion or utterance. O, the horror and agony of that moment! There was an instant of painful silence, which to Abbie seemed lengthened into hours, so overfull was it of anguish and misery; then, as if moved by some other volition than her own, her ice-cold fingers lifted the plump hand of her hated rival and laid it in that of her husband. The next moment she

could have shrieked aloud in the excess of self-reproach and horror for what she had done. She had given her husband to another! With her own hand she had divorced herself from the one man in all the world who had won her heart and love! Then, while her frame was racked with mortal anguish, she heard the bride's clear-toned "Yes," in response to the question asked her, and the final words: "In the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, and by the authority of the holy priesthood, I pronounce you *legally and lawfully husband and wife, for time and for all eternity*; and I seal upon you the blessing of the holy resurrection, with power to come forth in the morning of the first resurrection, clothed with immortality and eternal life; and I seal upon you the blessings of thrones and dominions, and principalities, and powers, and exaltations, together with the blessings of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob; and I say unto you, be fruitful and multiply and replenish the earth, that you may have joy and rejoicing in your posterity in the day of the Lord Jesus. All these blessings, together with all other blessings pertaining to the new and everlasting covenant, I seal upon your heads, through your faithfulness unto the end, by the authority of the holy priesthood, in the name of the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Ghost. Amen."

Abbie prayed in agony of soul to die there at the altar of sacrifice ; at the altar where she had laid the torn fragments of her lacerated heart. What an eternity of suffering was condensed in the space of those few fleeting moments ! God alone knew at what dreadful cost she "lived her religion."

CHAPTER VIII.

HER HUSBAND'S WIFE.

It was evening and a merry party had assembled at the new cottage, in response to the bride's invitations. She, herself, attired in a handsome azure silk, moved resplendent among her guests, her gay laugh and free conversation enlivened the company; while her blonde beauty, enhanced by the becoming dress and the excitement of the occasion, was a frequent topic of remark.

"A handsome woman."—"A perfect Juno," etc., were the phrases applied to her, and Bostwick felt greatly elated at the admiration bestowed upon his wife.

Very plain and quiet by comparison appeared the gentle Abbie, her pale face lacking the animated brightness that once made her beautiful. Tasty and sweet-looking she was however, with her soft, curling brown hair, brown eyes and dress of the same sober color, only relieved by the delicate tea rose at her throat, and buds of the same in her hair.

"The gorgeous poppy and the modest daisy," was Reuben's mental comment, as he noted the two, while seated at the supper table that evening. "Which will Charlie choose to keep and wear?"

At Reuben's left was seated Mrs. Benson, who was striving to entertain a florid, middle-aged saint whom they called Brother Walling, but who seemed impatient to bestow his undivided attentions upon the more attractive Julia. She, Reuben noticed, gave curt monosyllabic replies to his half silly jokes, and looked annoyed and sullen.

Elsie was blushing prettily and smiling at handsome Brother Baxter by her side, a remarkably fine looking man of about thirty-five, with keen gray-blue eyes, fine dark hair and faultless features. His smiling lips opened to disclose teeth of regular and pearly perfection, while his fair broad forehead, silken beard and shapely hands added to his personal attractions. He was gifted with eloquence and rare conversational powers, which combined with his winning and attractive manner made him an agreeable and fascinating companion. It was plainly evident to all beholders that Elsie idolized him.

Reuben had been studying the scene before him and became nearly oblivious to his immediate surroundings until recalled to himself by a voice of a lady at his side :

“What do you think of the bride, Mr. Benson?”

He started and turned to encounter a pair of clear, bright eyes, and a face he remembered to have seen four years before.

“Don’t you remember me? I think I met you here at Abbie’s some years since.

“Yes, indeed. You were Miss Verner, I believe.”

“I am happy to say I am Miss Verner yet, in this land of many marriages,” she said smiling, “but to my question. What do you think of the bride?”

“I think—” hesitatingly—“she is very fair, and very much in love with my sister’s husband.”

“Yes, she appears so, and I am afraid—”

“Afraid of what?”

“Afraid she will torture Abbie,” replied Miss Verner, coloring slightly, as if fearful of having said too much.

“You read character well, or perhaps you are acquainted with the lady.”

“No, only slightly. It is not long since she came from England, but it seems to me there is a cruel gleam in that blue eye, and for some reason she impresses me as cat-like, or as if her white hands might have claws that can scratch most venomously.”

Reuben smiled.

"I hope for Abbie's sake you may have received a wrong impression in this case. Poor Abbie! She doesn't look like herself to-night."

"I wish she had more of Julia's spirit," said Miss Verner.

"I wish I could take her back to Iowa with me."

"Can you not? I don't know as it would be safe to attempt it though."

"Safe? Why not?"

She glanced uneasily about her ere she replied: "There are avenging angels."

"There *were*, but their day is past. There are too many Gentiles here now."

"Think so?" and Ida Verner shook her head meaningly.

Reuben wondered why this girl, brought up here in the heart of Mormonism, should dare speak such things to a Gentile, as he was considered. Ere he could frame a question on this point his attention was arrested by the sight of Abbie's face. Following the direction of her speaking eyes, he looked upon Bostwick and his bride. The newly made wife had been drinking wine, and her cheeks glowed with excitement. She leaned toward her husband, her eyes raised to his, her red lips temptingly near his own; and the man had apparently forgotten Abbie, every-

thing, and given himself up to the intoxication of the moment. His eyes spoke the passion and admiration he felt for her.

"My God! he loves that woman!" exclaimed Reuben under his breath.

At this juncture Julia, who had evidently been as keenly observant as Reuben, spoke dryly:

"Charlie Bostwick, I think you have forgotten your duty to your guests. Suppose you defer your love-making until a more convenient season, and help me to some more of the pudding."

Bostwick started up and colored violently, while the bride shot a glance at Julia which, if a look could kill, would have annihilated her.

"There; did you see that look?" whispered Miss Verner to Reuben. "Does not that prove there is a large amount of feline ferocity beneath that baby face and golden hair?"

Reuben smiled.

"She rather marred her handsome face by that look," he said. "She will never appear beautiful to me again. She's Lady Macbeth personified."

Meanwhile, Julia's remark had been so far successful as to arouse her brother-in-law to a sense of propriety, and to aid Abbie to regain her self-control, while it gave opportunity for facetious remarks among the guests. The meal was over at last and the bride and groom were bidding adieu

to their guests, with Abbie, who received more than one mute token of sympathy from sister Mormons, in the lingering pressure of the hand and the expressive language of the eyes as they took leave of her. Ida Verner whispered: "Dear Abbie, keep up courage. She isn't half as nice as you are. Charlie will tire of her soon. Don't let her annoy you."

And Abbie felt thankful for these simple words. Hope will cling to such frail supports.

CHAPTER IX.

IN THE VALLEY OF HUMILIATION AND THE SHADOW
OF DEATH.

The guests were gone, and Abbie, *alone*, had retired to the solitude of her chamber. It was inviting and home-like, and gave evidence of her own care and taste in its every detail; but it spoke, too, of her husband as she glanced about her. The pretty dressing-case, with its reflecting mirror, stood between two white-curtained windows at one side of the room, and one drawer, sacred to her husband's use, held the neatly laundered linen it was Abbie's pride each week to exert her skill upon. A smaller receptacle held his shaving appliances, and over the mantle, across the room, hung his picture, painted by Abbie's own hand. It had been a Christmas present to him, and how cautiously she had worked to conceal all knowledge of it from Charlie until the day of presentation. Then there was a pretty easy chair which she had received from him the first Christmas after their marriage; and that toilet-set he had given her upon her eighteenth birthday.

As Abbie looked about her and realized the full sense of her loss, and the extent of the gulf now yawning between them, she forgot all the theories and sophistries which had been taught her; all the hope of future glory which this trial, according to Mormon belief, would bring her, and in the agony of her woman's heart she threw herself down upon her couch and gave herself up to a storm of passion and tears. She, the gentle, amiable Abbie, seemed transformed into a fury. Her overcharged feelings found vent in angry lamentations, in bitter invectives and upbraiding of him, the author of her woe, and especially was her anger directed against that woman who had dared dethrone her at her family altar—who had taken her husband from her. *Her husband*, who, until he had known this other, was bound to her by all the ties of love and sympathy. And now, that other bore his name—was his wife!

“Oh, God in heaven, what has poor woman done to be so dreadfully, cruelly punished, in the effort to obtain a future inheritance?” groaned Abbie, as the remembrance of the revelation upon polygamy forced itself upon her. “It is not right! It cannot be right! It is an unjust God who created such a system!” and Abbie, for the first time in her life, lost faith, hope, everything, and almost cursed God and man.

She paced the room, wild with anger and excitement. She raved and shrieked in the insane frenzy born of the rebellion of her agonized heart, yet partly controlled by the fear that the sound might reach the ears of the lovers in the other part of the building. The hours wore away, but she grew no calmer. O, how she prayed that she might die! How terribly tempted was she to take her life into her own hands and rush uncalled into the mystic shadows of eternity! Had she the means before her she must have yielded. Again and again she started to the door, the impulse strong within her to force herself into her husband's presence, and in some way seek revenge. What horrible thoughts actuated her! There was murder in her heart! Yes; she would, if she had strength and means, kill them both—her treacherous and unfaithful husband and the hated blonde whom he loved. How she *loathed her*! What a desire she felt to clinch her hands in that shining, yellow hair, whose meshes had enslaved her husband! Oh, if she were but beneath her feet, that she might stamp out the beauty which had won his love from her! And she was instructed to *love* his other wife as her own flesh. Oh, God, have pity on the creatures of Thy making! Thou gavest them human hearts; was it but to torture and rend them?

At length, utterly worn out by the violence of her grief and emotion, Abbie sank into a state of semi-unconsciousness. She saw and felt, but could not move. Horrible visions floated before her eyes, like the shifting scenery of the stage; but the central figures in each were ever he whom she loved, and the pink-faced blonde who was his wife. They appeared to laugh and mock at her in her agony. They tortured her by their gestures of love and endearment for one another. They flitted back and forth before her eyes, as if taunting her with her own impotence and helplessness. Anon, she was burning with thirst and helpless, but they held the sparkling liquid to their own lips, and withheld it from her.

Then, when the morning sun was reddening the tops of the mountains in the east, the Heavenly Father was merciful, and Abbie knew and felt no more.

When Reuben, surprised and alarmed as the hours wore on and Abbie did not appear, rapped on the door the next morning after the marriage, and received no reply, his fears became a certainty in his mind, and he determined to force an entrance and learn the worst; for he was apprehen-

sive of her having sunk entirely beneath the burden, and having sought in another world the relief denied her in this. Quietly removing the lock, he entered her room, and at the first glance was horrified at the pallid face and closed eyes before him, but as he bent over her he saw that she was neither dead nor sleeping, but in a stupor, which had locked completely all the avenues of her senses. He shook her gently; he called her by name; he lifted her in his arms and bore her to the window, and opening it, let the fresh air fan her face, but to no purpose; she gave no sign of returning consciousness or animation. When Reuben had exhausted himself by repeated and fruitless efforts to resuscitate Abbie, he went again to the sitting-room to meet Charlie, who had started for his office. He looked in at the door to leave orders for Abbie to supply Jennie with such provisions from the store-room as she might need; and he felt glad to see only Reuben, for in spite of his selfishness he shrank from meeting Abbie now; besides, he would spare her feelings as much as possible, and he knew it would be painful for her to see him pass to and from the cottage while she sat at her own deserted table.

Reuben looked upon him coldly, and motioned him to enter. Bostwick frowned.

“Can’t do it. Am late now. What’s wanting?”

"Business can be deferred. Come and see the result of your infamous crime," said Reuben, quietly.

Bostwick looked anxiously and inquiringly at his brother-in-law.

The man followed silently, while Reuben led the way to his sister's chamber. His own face blanched as his eyes first fell upon that of his wife, but he said hastily :

"O, she has fainted again, has she? I never knew she was so weak before. Abbie!" bending over her. "Abbie!" shaking her lightly by the shoulder. "Why, what do you think is the matter?" Reuben.

"I can't tell you. I've been at work trying to revive her for over an hour, but with no success."

"It can't be—you don't suppose she's taken anything? Laudanum or drugs of any kind?" said Bostwick, hesitatingly.

"No, there's no sign of that. The room would be full of the odor if she had. No; it's her grief which is killing her, if it has not already," replied Reuben.

Bostwick did not reply, but looking seriously at Abbie a moment, he said appealingly: "I hope you will say nothing of this outside. I will go after mother and a physician, and we'll see what can be done. I can't see how I'm greatly to

blame in this matter, and turning he abruptly left the house. The summoned help arrived, and for hours they worked over the inanimate form of Abbie before the benumbed heart once more seemed to awaken and send the current of life through the torpid veins. When at last consciousness and reason returned, she avoided all conversation and lay with her cold, white face placed fixedly upon her pillow and her sad, soulful eyes gazing sadly at the wall before her, but no word, no smile for any one. Thus she continued several days. She obeyed mechanically her mother or Reuben, who passed in and out of the room in grave uncertainty and fear as to what the end might be. At last, weak and pale, with hollow, ghostly eyes that were painful to see, she was once more able to walk about, to sit in her favorite seat by the window and to converse when it became necessary with those around her. But how changed she was to all eyes. The lines about her mouth were drawn and hard, and the expression of her face was like the majority of women's faces one sees in Utah, unutterably sad and helpless. The sight of her husband had seemed to pain her, and he had been banished from her room, and now that she was convalescent Reuben proposed that she should go out with him to visit an uncle living out of the city. To this

Abbie consented and Reuben sought Mr. Bostwick to tell him of his project. To his surprise his brother-in-law objected decidedly.

“I can’t let Abbie go there now,” said he. Let her wait a few weeks, and if she would like to go anywhere go to her mother’s. I am willing she should be away. A first wife is rather a damper on one’s honeymoon, especially if she be as ghost-like as Abbie; however, Abbie will be all right in a month or so. Tell her to go home with mother and spend a fortnight. She’ll like to have her and it may do her good.”

Abbie obeyed, and Reuben left her to visit his uncle alone.

CHAPTER X.

REUBEN AT HIS UNCLE'S—A MORMON PREACHER.

Reuben had not seen his uncle, Nathaniel Benson, for several years, and supposed him to be living in polygamy, and upholding that doctrine, in common with his brother Mormons. Great was his surprise, therefore, to see the first wife alone mistress of her household, and to learn that his uncle was an apostate to the regular Mormon church. This accounted for Bostwick's refusal to allow Abbie to visit him.

Mr. Benson confessed to Reuben that he no longer believed in polygamy as a divine revelation. Fortunately for his belief and practice, his plural wife had died soon after his being sealed to her, and nothing stood in the way of his acting upon his convictions, save the fear of offending the heads of the church. And living as he did, some distance from Salt Lake City, and being not alone in his apostasy, he did not hesitate to proclaim his belief.

“I verily believe, when I came here,” said he,

“that I was doing the will of God ; but I since find I was but following blind leaders. I had questioned the truthfulness of these doctrines taught here in the mountains for several years, and while studying up the question a vision appeared to me. I felt that something was meant by it. Last year, in August, the dream was literally fulfilled. A stranger came with the message, and taught the same principles that were taught by Christ and his apostles. When the spirit manifested that the *true messenger* had come, I was ready to obey, and joined with the reorganized church of latter day saints, and was ordained to preach Christ to a dying world. I have been anxious at times to remove from her, and obey the command of the prophet Isaiah, where he says, ‘Come out of her my people, that ye partake not of her sins ; that ye receive not of her plagues.’ I could live here without being a partaker, but I fear for my children. I would like to take them to the States, where they may learn something beside dancing and breaking the laws of the land. Such things as disobedience to the laws are taught here from the pulpit, and lying and killing for Christ’s sake. You have heard no doubt the doctrine which Brigham Young now teaches, making Adam identical with God?”

“Yes, something of it, although I am not sure

that I fully understand his theory," replied Reuben.

Nothing pleased Nathaniel Benson more than an opportunity to explain or debate any theory or 'ism with which he was conversant, and he gladly embraced this.

"He preaches Adam one with God, and after the manner of Adam, each man who shall beget a race of people is like unto him, a god at the head of his descendants. He boldly announces himself equal with God. This, of course, I cannot and do not believe. The time has been when we dared not speak this, but thank the Lord that time has gone by, and the wicked begin to tremble for fear of the law of man. There is a revelation which saith, 'ye have not need to break the law of the land to keep the law of God,' but this whole people has departed from God and turned unto fables, as He said they would if they kept not His commandments. But I will give you the story of my vision as I penned it down in verse," and he brought and handed to Reuben a paper which contained the following story in verse:

A DREAM.*

'Twas evening, and the sun had set behind the western sky.
I lingered on our cottage porch, and watched the passers-by.

* This story of the dream is copied from a letter in possession of the author, written by a Mormon preacher in Utah, the real character referred to in the story, called Nathaniel Benson.

With carpet-bag and staff in hand, foot-sore, and tired, and lame,
Inquiring for a resting place, a weary traveler came.
He bowed to me, with look so kind I never can forget—
It seemed that we no strangers were, that we before had met.
I quickly bade him enter then, and share our frugal fare,
And rest beneath our humble roof awhile from toil and care.
A tear stood glistening in his eye, while thus to him I spoke—
My feeble pen cannot portray the feelings it awoke :
Who was he, and from whence came he? Why did he travel so?
And whither was the stranger bound? I sought at length to know.
“I came,” said he, “from lands afar, the joyful news to tell
To all who listen to my voice, who yet in darkness dwell :
There's not a son of Adam's race but may return and live—
The mighty God will pardon all, and free salvation give.
An angel back to earth again the ancient Gospel brought,
Revealed to man God's holy will, and His commandments taught ;
Set up the kingdom of the lord, its banners wide unfurled,
Then bade his servants rise, go forth and preach it to the world.
And this is why, my honest friend, I stand before you now,
Though youth has fled and time has left its impress on my brow.
To preach repentance I am sent, in this, the latter day,
And thus my heavenly Father's call I cheerfully obey.
The Saviour spake to them of old, and said, ‘Come, follow me ;’
They were but fishermen, we're told, of ancient Gallilee.
They, too, like us, would find, perhaps, poor mortal man but weak ;
They also, when fatigued, athirst, some resting place would seek.
He said no more. I turned away ; my eyes with tears were dim.
The tidings he had brought were true ; I could not speak to him.
Long years before, within that land, the same glad sound I heard,
Believed the message God hath sent, and listened to his word ;
And, as I hastened to prepare my guest an evening meal,
Sweet recollections of the past would o'er my memory steal—
My thoughts were busily engaged, while not a word I spoke.
But, ere my task was fairly done, a sound the silence broke,
Aroused me from my slumbers, at the dawn of morning light ;
Yet still the dream that I relate was plain before my sight.

THE DREAM'S FULFILLMENT.

In faith and hope I waited long that personage to see,
When lo, one Summer's afternoon, my wish was granted me;
But not as I had seen before, a visionary friend—
In true reality he came, a helping hand to lend.
Like water to a thirsty soul out on the desert plain,
So were the Gospel gifts restored unto our hearts again.
Oh, how refreshing were the showers that flowed from heaven above—
We truly felt and realized a blessed Saviour's love.
With gratitude we promised then, while life and health shall last,
To spend the remnant of our days more faithful than the past;
Our fellow-creatures seek to save, to win them back again—
As heaven kindly dealt with us, so we will deal with them.
And this is now the reason why I long awhile to stay,
That I may show some wandering soul the straight and narrow way.

"I realized the fulfillment of that dream, as I said, literally," his uncle continued, as Reuben folded up the paper at the close of its perusal, "and since that time I have been trying in my feeble way to convince others that the lives of the saints here are not in accordance with the word of God revealed to us in these days."

"It seems to me you put a great deal of faith in a vision or dream," said Reuben, marveling at this strange talk on the part of his uncle.

"To one is given by the *spirit* the word of wisdom, 1 Cor. xii, 2—10," quoted Mr. Benson. "I contend that the gospel taught by Christ and His apostles is the same in all ages of the world."

"Do you believe that man can, in this day, cure, by the laying on of hands, as taught among the saints?" asked Reuben.

“I answer, man possesses no power in and of himself, but, if he is truly a child of God, He gives him His holy spirit, according to promise. These blessings were the gift of the Holy Ghost, and Peter, on the day of Pentecost, said the promise was unto *all* that are afar off, even as many as the Lord our God shall call. The Son of God bade them go and call *every creature*; and, speaking of these blessings, He said: ‘These signs shall follow them that *believe*.’ Will any one dare to limit the Gospel to any specific time short of the duration of the world? Or will he limit its power to any particular class, save to all who receive it?”

“But,” interposed Reuben, “some say the blessings or gifts spoken of were simply intended to confirm the words of Christ and establish the church in that day.”

His uncle replied: “If the preaching of the word by the Son of God, the Redeemer of the world, the Great Teacher sent directly from God, who was blest with all ‘the fullness of the spirit of God,’ John iii.: 24; if the word preached by *Him* needed these gifts to confirm or establish it, then how much more necessary when the word must be preached by poor fallen, erring man, and from a record that has been mutilated and, in many instances, mistranslated and rendered doubtful and

mysterious by the vain traditions and imaginations of the world? Can poor, fallen humanity expect to preach with greater force, with sublimer eloquence or greater plainness than the Saviour? Is mankind naturally more willing to believe now than in ancient times? No greater evidence can be given than that God has pledged His eternal word that this power is offered unto all who are afar off, even as many as He shall call. Do not all professing Christians claim the promise contained in Matthew xxi.: 22, '*All things* whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive'? Is it not reasonable to suppose that a man will ask for that he most needs, among which are physical health and communion with his Maker? Are these not among the 'all things' spoken of, and shall he not receive if he asks in faith? Then why should he not, through the power given him from God, heal the sick, cast out devils, speak with tongues, interpret tongues, and so forth?"

"You have quoted entirely from the Bible," said Reuben after a pause. "I do not see any reason why you should receive the Book of Mormon as divine revelation. I should like to hear your reasons for believing in that."

Mr. Benson settled himself firmly in his chair as if preparing for an expected feast and began: "In Isaiah xli., 21 he says, 'produce your cause,

saith the Lord. Bring forth your strong reasons, saith the King of Jacob.' It is said the Scriptures are of no private interpretation, but holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost. The, Scriptures, then form the chart to guide us, together with the assistance of the Holy Spirit, by which we can be led into the truth. One of the great truths taught in the Old Testament Scriptures is that a book is to come forth, and they teach of the condition of the world at the time of the coming forth of the book. We read that 'God will set his hand again a second time to gather the outcasts of Israel.' There was to be a dispensation in the fullness of time in which God would gather together in one all things, both in Heaven and on earth. The book and the dispensation are closely allied; so much so they cannot be separated. And while we show the cause for believing in the book, we must also present the reasons for believing in the dispensation. To begin with the *cause* I must go back many centuries in order to find what the dealings of God were with his servants. God *spake* to Abraham and gave him the promise that in him and his seed should all the families of the earth be blessed. This is a broad expression, and few understand its full sense. This covenant was renewed to Isaac, and confirmed to Jacob for

a law. The coming forth of the book was comprehended in the covenant, one of the great features of it, and without the coming of the book the covenant would have been broken. Please read," he continued, handing Reuben a Bible, "the blessing in Genesis xlviii., 15 to 19, as I cannot repeat it all."

Reuben opened the book and read aloud.

"I see you are wondering what this has to do with the book. Be patient; it has a great deal to do with it. Mark you, this covenant should extend to all the families of the earth. Read Gen. xlix: 1. Jacob is speaking as having authority from God. 'Gather yourselves together that I may tell you that which shall befall you in the last days.' Read further and notice the blessing pronounced upon Joseph, the first-born of the beloved Rachel. The blessing 'shall be upon Joseph and on the crown of the head of him that was separated from his brethren.' Then in Gen. xlviii: 19, referring to Manasseh, 'Truly, his younger brother shall be greater than he, and his seed shall become a multitude of nations.' Could this be fulfilled in the land of Palestine, which is said to be only forty-five miles broad upon an average, by one hundred and forty-five long? Read still further, and you will see the prophet had his eye on this and. Read Gen. xlviii: 16; also xxviii: 12-16, and I

think you will say this is the land. Where was Jacob when he blessed Joseph and his other sons? In Egypt, surely; and the blessing was to extend to the utmost bound of the everlasting hills. Then go either east or west to the utmost bound, geographically speaking, and where will you land but in America? Remember, Jacob's seed were to extend west, and Joseph was to be a fruitful bough by a well, whose branches were to run over the well.' Now please read the blessing, and you will discover there is a gathering contemplated. Also the Saviour taught that He would send His angels, and they should gather the elect from the four winds of heaven. The horns spoken of in Deut. xxxiii.: 17, are emblems of power that should be given to Ephraim and Manasseh to gather the people in the dispensation, in the fullness of time. Paul refers to the same time, Eph., i.: 10, and Rom., xi.: 25-27. In tracing the subject thus far, we find Joseph's chief blessing fell upon Ephraim, who was made the crown of the head of him who was separated from his brethren. He was to become a multitude of nations. Joseph, being sold by his brethren and carried to Egypt, was a type of his descendants in like manner being separated from the other tribes of Israel, and directed to the land that was to be theirs by promise. 'For out of Jerusalem

shall go forth a remnant,' Isaiah xxxvii.: 32. He would give them a law in the land whither He had driven them, just as He had given a law to the Jews, would He not? I think so. In Amos iii.: 7, it reads, 'Surely the Lord will do nothing, but He revealeth His secret unto His servants the prophets.' The Lord, speaking to Hosea, the prophet, says, viii.: 11-12, 'Because Ephraim hath made many altars to sin, altars shall be unto him to sin. I have written unto him the great things of my law, but they were counted as a strange thing.' Thus the *book*. The law here spoken of is not that given to Moses on Horeb, with statutes and judgments for all Israel, for the Mosaic code was in full force till the crucifixion; then it was to cease by limitation, Christ being the end of the law. God wrote to Ephraim a law; hence the *book*. Then Ephraim must have existed as a nation somewhere, separated entirely from the rest of Israel, and he was in a condition to receive such a law. Read Ezekiel xxxvii., beginning with the 13th verse, 'Moreover, thou son of man, take thee one stick and write upon it, For *Judah* and the Children of Israel, his companions; then take another stick and write upon it, For Joseph, the stick of Ephraim, and for all the house of Israel *his* companions; and join them together into one stick, and they shall be-

come one in thine hand.' According to the blessing pronounced upon Judah, he was to retain the sceptre and be a law-giver till Shiloh (the Redeemer) came. Hence the stick which was referred to by the prophet, written for Judah, was Judah's record or law; and the stick written for Joseph, the stick of Ephraim, was Ephraim's record. The prophet shows that there are two distinct records. Read the next verse." Reuben read: "'And when the children of thy people shall speak unto thee, saying, Wilt thou not show us what thou meanest by these? Say unto them, Thus sayeth the Lord God, Behold, I will take the stick of Joseph, which is in the land of Ephraim, and the tribe of Israel his fellows, and will put them with him, even with the stick of Judah, and make them one stick, and they shall be one in mine hand.'"

"The two records are to come together, but it is not said that they are to be in Judah's hand, but one in mine (the Lord's) hand. As the testimony of two men agree, so their testimonies agree together, each proving the other true. We infer from all this that when the book comes forth, there will be a time long to be remembered by those who become acquainted with the facts of its coming, and are connected with the great work. We infer that it will be near the time in which the

Lord will write his law in the innermost parts and stamp it on the heart. Now, tell me if the *book* has not *already come*; is there not something like it to come? You cannot blame me for believing in *two* records instead of one."

Reuben did not feel inclined or able to argue farther with him upon the matter, and indeed his uncle's belief seemed more reasonable to him, after this explanation, than ever before. He passed a very pleasant week at his uncle's house, enjoying the society of several young cousins, who, having no further connection with our story, we will not take time or space to describe; but his mind would constantly revert to Salt Lake City, and Abbie's pale face haunted him. Strangely enough another face was often before him; a face he had seen but upon two occasions. He remembered Miss Verner as the fair girlish friend of Abbie's, whom he had met four years before, and nearly forgotten, but for this second meeting: Now she attracted him. Her naive frankness and candor were novel and pleasing, and he enquired of Abbie in regard to her home and family. He learned that she was an only daughter of a widow who had been a first wife of an influential Mormon. Since Mr. Verner's death, Mrs. Verner had inherited quite a considerable fortune from a Gentile brother, and though an object of interest to the

brethern, she had been suffered to live quite independently a reserved and secluded life, having little to do with the other wives (of which there were several) or their families. Ida had probably seen enough of the trials of her mother to feel deeply on the subject of polygamy, hence her sympathy for Abbie. Several times she had been sought in marriage by distinguished members of the Mormon church, an apostle among the number, but her mother had seconded her refusal so warmly that she had been allowed to live to the age of eighteen singly and unfettered. Mrs. Verner paid her tithes regularly, and had been unusually favored by being let alone, and not burdened with counsel. Perhaps the leaders thought to obtain her wealth by marrying the daughter to a Mormon, and were only awaiting the right opportunity.

CHAPTER XI.

JULIA RECEIVES A PROPOSAL.

Meanwhile at the home of her mother the stricken Abbie found occupation and excitement sufficient to prevent her in a measure from brooding over her own sorrows. Elsie was preparing for her coming nuptials and occupied with the making of her trousseau and the hemming and making of the linen for the new home; and Abbie was glad to lend the assistance of her own skilful fingers. A day or two after her arrival Mrs. Benson was summoned to the parlor to receive a caller, and, after a somewhat lengthy interview, entered the room where the three girls were busily at work, with an embarrassed air and a perplexed expression upon her countenance.

“Who was it?” asked Julia. “I fancied I heard brother Walling’s voice. I hope he hasn’t come with any new suggestion as to marrying us off. He’s as full of suggestions as a creaking door.”

"I don't see any sense in that comparison," said Elsie.

"Nor I either," chimed in Abbie.

"Well," replied Julia, "it suggests the want of oil, at least, and the fact of its being opened; but really my thought was that he *resembled* a creaking door. You know what a squeaking, hoarse voice he has, and he always says 'How d'ye du' before he fairly gets his head through the door."

Elsie looked inclined to laugh, but she repressed the impulse and looked demurely at her mother to see what she would say.

"I don't know whether I ought to tell you who called. Julia seems to be in such a particularly witty mood she might find some new object to serve as a butt for her ridicule. I do wish, Julia, you would try and overcome that very unlady-like propensity of yours and confine your powers of observation and discernment to the searching out of your *own* faults and blemishes rather than practice so entirely upon other people."

Julia made a comical grimace and said lightly, "Well, mother, you must own brother Walling seems greatly interested in finding husbands for us. I doubt if Elsie would have had the honor of being a fifth wife but for him."

"Julia, hush!" exclaimed Mrs. Benson sternly,

"It is very unkind of you to speak thus of Elsie's marriage in her presence."

"O, I don't mind it, mother," laughed Elsie. "I feel quite sure it is 'sour grapes' in this case. Julia admires brother Baxter exceedingly, and we are so accustomed to her caricatures of people we shouldn't mind them anyway. I presume she only talks so of brother Walling because she likes him so much. Eh? Julia?"

"I think it is high time Julia was under the care and guardianship of a husband," continued Mrs. Benson, coldly. "She is becoming too wild and headstrong for her mother to cope with."

"Don't speak of husband to me!" exclaimed Julia quickly, "until I have forgotten the scenes of last Thursday night. Oh, forgive me, Abbie," as she saw her sister shrink and look pained. "I know I am rude and abrupt, but I don't want to cause you, or Elsie either, more trouble than you are likely to have, though Elsie's such a silly little goose to rush headlong into a sea of trouble, I don't know as I need waste any pity upon her. If she is willing to tread with her husband upon the hearts of his other wives, she must expect to stumble upon difficulty and suffering."

"Elsie doesn't need your pity, nor Abbie either," returned her mother. "You'll need it all for yourself if you do not curb that imperious

will of yours. I repeat it, I shall be glad to shift the responsibility of looking after you to other shoulders."

"Mother," said Julia, confronting her and looking her squarely and keenly in the eyes, "what is it? Who is down stairs? There is something back of all this! Now, what is it?"

"Well, I've just had an interview with Brother Walling. You know how much we owe to him, and how I've always felt such great respect for him, and tried to impress upon you the same feeling, and"—The woman dropped her eyes and hesitated.

"He advised Charlie to marry again, and it seems hard to forgive him for that," said Abbie, sorrowfully.

"He did what he felt to be his duty, I am sure. He is a very good and conscientious man," continued Mrs. Benson.

"Well," said Julia, "are you about to present us with a father, or did he bring some more advice? He surely had some errand."

Mrs. Benson seemed embarrassed, and colored slightly, as she replied: "He wants—or offers—to marry *Julia*."

"O, mamma!" cried Abbie and Elsie at the same instant.

Julia sprang to her feet with energy.

"*Me!! No, never!!* I'd pull every remaining hair out of that half-bald pate of his first!" she exclaimed, passionately. "Marry *me!* How dare he name such a thing?"

"Julia, I beg you will restrain yourself. I am sure I see nothing very strange in a man of influence and position desiring to marry one of my daughters, unless it may be why he should see anything to admire in such a tempest as you are."

"What did you say to him?" demanded Julia, her eyes flashing and her foot patting the floor impatiently.

"I told him *I* could not object, and that I would come and talk with you about it; but that you were so very willful, if you did not feel inclined to accept his offer I couldn't hope to have much influence with you. A humiliating confession for a mother to make." she added.

Julia again exploded wrathfully.

"Told him *you* wouldn't object! Are you my mother, and would you see me marry that old reprobate?"

"Julia, I command you to use different language!" exclaimed Mrs. Benson, angrily.

"But I can't help calling him so. I wouldn't marry him if he and I were the only two left to inhabit the earth. He's old enough to be my father, and has children enough to fill an orphan

asylum, and wives enough—oh!”

“Julia,” interposed Elsie, “I thought you always liked Brother Walling. You are always joking with him when you meet him in company anywhere.”

“Well, I did like him well enough as a sort of a *father*, until he meddled with Abbie’s affairs and coaxed Elsie into the idea of being a fifth wife. And then I was a little disgusted with him the other night, over to Charlie’s. His attentions were a little too marked to be pleasant.”

“Then you suspected what might be the object of his visit and conference with me,” said Mrs. Benson.

“No, not suspected, only *feared*.” Then she continued, more passionately: “Tell him for me, that I will be no man’s mistress; that I don’t believe in polygamy, and if he were the most perfect man on the face of the earth, I wouldn’t be his sixth wife! O, horrors! The idea! And that I would not be his wife if he had never been married before, for I have neither respect nor liking for him! If I ever marry at all, it will be to a Gentile. I’ll never run the risk”—

“There, there, that will do. You have said fully enough for the present,” interrupted her mother. “You may be induced to listen to reason before long. I don’t care to be treated to such an extravagant drama, often.”

“If he will come to me I will give him an answer!” persisted the excited girl. “I will tell him I deem his offer an insult; that before I would accept of it, I would—”

Here Abbie laid her hand on her sister’s arm, and said mournfully and impressively, while her eyes said more than words: “Don’t Julia, don’t say *too much*. The prophet may hear of it and his will is stronger than yours.”

“The prophet!” scornfully. “Just let him say one word to me on the subject, and I will say as much to him as I do to you!”

“O, Julia!” cried Elsie, horrified. “He can *compel* you to marry whom he chooses. Your opposition would avail little if he became angry with you. Do, for mamma’s sake and your own, be more discreet, I tremble at the thought of your words ever reaching his ears.”

Julia shook her head defiantly. “I do not fear him, and I *will* not be *compelled* into such infamy as this marriage would be. I will take my own life sooner. You can give my answer to Brother Walling, mother, if you fear my saying too much to him, but tell him never to presume to mention the subject again. Tell him I will not even see him. The old gray haired tyrant!”

“Julia, go at once to your room!” exclaimed the now thoroughly exasperated mother, as she

opened the door ; “and don’t dare show your face to your sisters again till you can bridle that wild and foolish tongue ; and remember furthermore that I shall never seek to shield you from any punishment which you may incur by disobedient and willful conduct.”

With lips firmly compressed, and indignation flashing from her eyes, the proud girl left the room, while the mother and sisters regarded each other for a moment in silence.

Finally Abbie ventured to say, “Mother I do hope you will not seek to force this marriage upon Julia. She is young yet, and the idea is hateful to her. She will make no end of trouble, and I fear will seek death before she will submit.”

“There is no danger of that,” replied Mrs. Benson, “but my course in the matter will depend much upon her own conduct. If she becomes too rebellious and independent it will become my duty to resort to extreme measures with her ; otherwise, as she is young, I shall probably let her alone. I don’t know what to say to Brother Walling, however. I am afraid he will not take her refusal kindly, and he has influence enough to accomplish his wishes, if he so determines. I don’t see what ails the girl ! That proud will of her’s will have to be broken sometime. Of course I can see very well how she came by it. Not in-

deed from *my* family. We were always amenable to reason; but the Bensons were ever a self-willed race. Her father would never yield, when once his mind was made up. He gave up the Mormon faith rather than sanction polygamy, just because *he* couldn't understand the advantages of it, and had been brought up differently. Ah, well!" and she sighed, "it is true there are none so blind as those who will not see."

Abbie could scarce repress a smile when she reflected that her mother was noted for her force of character and her very determined will, but she made no reply, and her mother continued:

"I shall have to go down and give Brother Walling his answer. I am glad Julia did not insist upon seeing him herself, for there's no knowing what she might have said to him. I declare I'm actually becoming afraid of her. I expect the man is becoming impatient;" and Mrs. Benson passed down the stairs and into the parlor.

Mr. Walling arose with alacrity, and advanced to meet her.

"Where is Julia?" he asked, disappointed at seeing her alone.

"She prefers not to see you. I regret to confess my daughter is very obdurate and difficult to manage. I don't know what I am to do with her."

"I suppose she ain't anxious to marry me, then?" said he, interrogatively.

"No; she says she is too young, and—she objects decidedly to any such arrangements," stammered Mrs. Benson.

"Objects, does she? Well that's good! What's the matter with me? Ain't I handsome enough?" said Walling with a forced laugh, in which there was a sound of chagrin.

"Seems to me she's mighty particular. I'm sure I've money enough to keep her in bonnets and gowns."

"Yes, yes, of course, Brother Walling," Mrs. Benson hastened to reply. "We know you are amply able to do well by her; but she's only a child yet, and I suppose it's natural she should feel loth to marry any one, now. I tried to reason with her, but she would not listen to me. She may prove more tractable after a time."

"Wall, I don't like to give her up this way. I've been to Brother Brigham, and got his consent. She must ha' known my intentions for some time, an' she hasn't seemed to object to me, until the other night over to Brother Bostwick's. She acted a leetle offish then, I noticed."

"My advice is to wait a little while," said Mrs. Benson. "I think perhaps she may think better of it after a time."

With this the old saint was forced to be content and departed without seeing Julia.

CHAPTER XII.

AN INTERVIEW WITH BRIGHAM.

The subject of the obnoxious proposal was not alluded to in Julia's presence for several days, and she appeared to regain her former spirits and gaiety, apparently banishing the remembrance of the unpleasant episode. But she was destined to have it recalled to her notice in an emphatic manner. The sisters were together as usual one afternoon, when Elsie, who sat by a front window, suddenly startled them by exclaiming:

"President Young is at the door! I wonder whom he wants to see!"

The girls exchanged glances, but the thought uppermost in the mind of each was that he had called for an interview with Julia.

"Could he have heard?" thought Abbie. "Even the walls seem to have ears sometimes."

A few moments later Mrs. Benson entered the room and confirmed their fears by saying:

"Brother Brigham is in the parlor and desires to see Julia. I do hope, my daughter, you will

remember what is due to our prophet and control your tongue," she added.

Julia flushed a little at the unexpected summons, but prepared to go down and meet him without a word of comment. As she turned to leave the room she stayed the steps of her mother from accompanying her with a look and—

"Mother, I prefer to see the prophet alone, if see him I must. One is easier to combat than two;" then hesitating at the top of the stairs she said: "Upon a second thought I believe I would rather you came with me. You cannot wish to force this cruel marriage upon me, mother, for I suppose it is to that I am indebted for the honor of this call."

Mrs. Benson looked upon her daughter coldly.

"I do not know that I care to witness your 'combat' as you term it, with our president. It can be no pleasure to a mother to see her own child defy her wishes and that of the head of the church. However, I hope you may be more reasonable before your conference is ended. You may go down alone, and I will follow you in a short time."

As Julia entered the parlor President Young, his face bland and smiling, arose and reaching forth his hand, said, "Ah, daughter Julia, I need not inquire as to your health this evening. Your

face is as fresh and fair as a May morning. Truly Zion may take pride in the beauty of her daughters."

"Mortal beauty," she replied, "is, I think I have heard you say, only a delusion and a snare to those who trust in it. The most coveted of all nature's gifts, the soonest lost and the most easily destroyed."

The prophet laughed good humoredly.

"Ah, my little saint! I see you have been paying attention to my lectures in the tabernacle. I was talking to the young men then, and exhorting them not to trust too much to mere external beauty. But beauty, such as yours, when united to so active a mind and so courageous a heart, is surely a prize greatly to be coveted. I don't wonder Brother Walling is so anxious to obtain the flower for his own garden. It is indeed a rare species."

Julia's cheeks glowed with a hot flush of shame at this surfeit of flattery and the sudden allusion to the detested Walling, but she made no response, and the president continued:

"Brother Walling has been to see me and tells me that in accordance with my consent he has offered to make you his wife and insure your inheritance in the celestial kingdom, and he tells me furthermore that you refuse to listen to him or speak to

him at all upon the subject Now, can you tell me why you've this antipathy to Brother Walling?"

Julia's voice trembled slightly as she replied:

"President Young, I don't like Brother Walling. He is repulsive to me; and surely it cannot be right to marry him, when I feel thus toward him."

The prophet drew his chair nearer to Julia, and said very suavely: "My dear girl, let me assure you all such feelings will vanish when you are once his wife and brought into the natural intimacy and intercourse of marriage. It is quite natural, certainly, for you to possess a sense of shyness and timidity, and perhaps a repugnance to the idea of marriage at first, especially with one so much older, but a week of the honeymoon will change all that."

Julia shuddered.

"I very much fear, on the contrary, it might deepen my dislike into hatred. Indeed I do not think I did dislike him, as much, until—he began to pay me—unpleasant attentions," she stammered.

Again Young laughed softly, and rubbed his hands caressingly together, while he looked upon the girl through his half closed eyes.

She was indeed a beautiful study as she sat

there, her cheeks crimson with blushes, her eyes sparkling like scintillating diamonds, while the heaving of her bosom, and the swelling of her nostrils, showed the expressed excitement and emotion that were agitating her. She did not like the president's words or his actions, and she could scarcely control her impetuous, willful nature, or prevent its asserting its independence, and telling him so at once; but she felt it would be policy to bear as long as possible, for all power was in this man's hand.

"Do you not think," he said after a pause, "that your mother and I are better able to judge for you than your inexperienced self? We, who are so much interested in both your earthly and spiritual welfare?"

She raised her glowing eyes to his imploringly. "I know you are, in all things but this; but I fear you cannot appreciate the repugnance I feel toward Brother Walling, or realize how impossible it is for me to overcome it."

"We do not require impossibilities of you my child, he said gravely. At last drawing still nearer to Julia, and taking one of her hands (which she fain would have withheld) in his, he said, softly: "My dear, I have new light upon this subject. The Lord hath wisely marked out a different path for your footsteps, and revealed to me His holy

will. Brother Walling must indeed seek elsewhere for a bride."

Julia raised her eyes joyfully to those of Brigham Young but dropped them again quickly, while her lips grew white with fear and apprehension. She sought to withdraw her hand but the man held it fast.

"Stay, do not flutter so. Let me tell you the will of the Most High. You are destined for no less position than that of bride of His chosen leader. Look up and tell me if you would prefer *me* to Brother Walling," and clasping his arm about her, he sought to draw her more closely in his embrace.

For a moment, utterly overcome by her terror and surprise, Julia struggled to free herself, like a frightened child, then realizing how powerless she was in his strong arms, she exclaimed, passionately, "President Young, if you have the heart of a man, let me go!"

"Ah, what a shy bird it is. All the sweeter singer when caught and caged. Girl, do you not yet realize the honor I would confer upon you? Is it nothing to be the chosen wife of Brigham Young?" Then kissing her cheeks and lips, he released her and bade her answer him.

For a moment Julia's emotions were too great for utterance. Fear, resentment, anger, shame,

surprise and disgust, mingled with a conviction that she must act discreetly in the matter, kept her silent, while her frame trembled with excitement. Bitter words came to her lips, but she remembered she must say nothing rashly.

“I have frightened you by the suddenness of my announcement, I fear. Come, take time to think of it, and tell me if you will not gladly take me in place of Brother Walling.”

At last Julia managed to control herself sufficiently to say: “President Young, I realize the honor you would confer upon me, and were you not already married, I might appreciate it, and take pride in so exalted a position as that of your wife; but oh, forgive me, when I tell you I cannot feel it an honor to share a man’s affection with so many others, who have an equal or better claim upon it than I.”

For an instant the prophet frowned blackly, then in his conceit, again misunderstanding her, he said: “Ah, jealous is she? Know, my dear, the Bible says, The last shall be first, the first last; and as you will be last in my house, so shall you be first in my love and esteem;” and again he sought to take her hand.

“President Young,” said Julia, “I will not take a false and shameful position, even in *your* house, great as you are; for such I believe to be all, save

the place of the first joined in wedlock. I do not believe in polygamy. I hate it! I abhor it!" And then, frightened at the words she had uttered, Julia sank back in her chair and sobbed convulsively.

"Julia!" The man's voice sounded stern and ominous to the terrified girl. "Willful, misguided daughter of an apostate father, do you doubt the word of the holy prophet, Joseph Smith, in regard to this revelation? Do you not know that the Lord commanded His people through His prophet to accept this law, and that He said whoever would not accept of it should be destroyed! Do you wish to be utterly damned in this world and the next, because of your perverse obstinacy, which curse has been transmitted to you from one of your parents! Do you dare to incite my anger against you?" Then looking more compassionately on the trembling, sobbing girl before him, he said more kindly, "Julia, I will forgive you this sudden passion, and believe you will think better of it when you have had time for calmer reflection."

"Oh, sir!" said Julia, rising, and raising her hands appealingly to him, "Do forgive me for speaking hastily; but, oh! I beg of you, give up all idea of making me your wife, and let me live as I have done, with my mother and sister!"

Again the prophet frowned.

"Am I so obnoxious to you? Do you dislike me so much that you repel my offer with such vehemence?"

"O, no, no," replied Julia, "believe me, I have always had the greatest respect and liking for you, but I—I am so young, and I do not wish to marry any one, besides I never could be happy save as a first and only wife."

"Ah! perhaps I am the better judge of that. I am glad to see you have grown calmer, and are willing to own, you like me;" said Brigham somewhat mollified by her admission, "but now are you sure there is no *young* lover whom you prefer?"

"No, indeed, sir. There is no one whom I have ever seen that I wish to marry. I am very young yet."

"Not any too young to be a wife or mother. I like to see young mother's of fourteen or fifteen in Zion; commencing early in life to build up the Kingdom." *

Julia blushed painfully, for although such plainness of speech was very common among the Mormons, she had not been accustomed to it, as had many another.

"Well, my dear I hope you will think better of this when you are left to yourself, and be ready to

*A remark made by Brigham Young in the pulpit.

receive me with open arms when I shall come again. I won't press you too strongly this time, for I suppose it is natural for you to have your share of maidenly reserve, but remember you can only hope for an inheritance hereafter, through the acceptance of this same doctrine which you declare you abhor."

"O, I do hope," exclaimed Julia "that you will not leave with the idea that I can feel differently upon this matter. Indeed I can never willingly bind myself to any such false connection with you as you wish."

"Be careful you do not say *too much*. You must not dare set up your weak judgement against the will of the great Jehovah, who declared that if a man espouse ten wives he is justified, for they are given unto him. You may have to choose between Brother Walling. There are means by which rebellious people may be brought to reason. Don't oblige me to resort to harsh methods with you."

He was threatening her now. Julia set her teeth defiantly.

At this juncture Mrs. Benson entered the room. She looked from the slightly disturbed countenance of the prophet to that of her daughter white and set, with apprehension, and enquired: "Has my willful girl been troublesome as usual?"

“O, no,” replied Young, smiling blandly. “She is only considering a proposal I have made her. I find it not Divine will that she waste her sweetness upon the unappreciative breast of Brother Walling, but that she is the destined wife of Zion’s chosen leader. ”

Mrs. Benson gazed at him in astonishment.

“Her mother was the wife of the first prophet, what more natural than that the daughter should wed his successor! ”

“Do I understand you aright?” she gasped. Then, indeed, has the good Lord prospered my house!”

“Mother, oh mother!” cried Julia, “Can you not see that to be a plural wife is more of a disgrace than an honor!”

“Hush! Ungrateful child! Go at once to your room. I will see you later;” then turning to the prophet, as Julia left the room, “I hope you will not take offense at anything she says. She shall be brought to look upon this subject more rationally. I am sure I cannot see what idea possesses her to cause her to behave thus.”

“She has imbibed some of the prejudices of her father, I judge. Benson left the church, because he was not willing to accept this law and ordinance, did he not?”

“Yes, but she was not born at that time, and

has never seen him since, for I reached Salt Lake before her birth."

"True; I had forgotten. Your stepson is in the city, I believe. May he not have been talking with her? There must be some cause for this sudden rebellion and dislike to the system under which she has grown up."

"It is not a sudden rebellion, I am sorry to say. She has, from childhood, opposed the idea of polygamy, and made me a great deal of trouble first and last. She bitterly denounces Elsie's projected marriage with Brother Baxter, and condemns her brother-in-law entirely for taking a plural wife; will hardly hear him spoken of. As to my stepson Reuben, I am sure he has had no opportunity of having any private conversation with her since his arrival. Besides, he does not come here to oppose our doctrine or make trouble. He is really a very good and sensible fellow, although a Gentile."

"He is a Gentile, and consequently not to be trusted. Don't take him into your confidence or trust Julia with him. I think, perhaps, a little discipline wouldn't come amiss with her. You might keep her confined to her room for a time. However, if I find her obdurate, I will not take her myself, but will provide another husband for her. She must be secured, or we shall find one

day she has run off with some smooth-tongued Gentile. There are too many of them in the city now. I suppose it's natural for women to be jealous of other partners in their husband's esteem, but it's the cross laid upon them, and they must subdue the natural heart and submit to it. I myself suffered agony in the flesh when this law was first revealed to me by Joseph Smith. It is a cross to *man* as well as *woman*; but, if we receive it not, then shall we be cut off and fall from our exaltation. It is the Divine plan whereby man escapes punishment for his transgressions. The punishment comes in this world instead of the next," and he laughed. "I am not anxious to take to myself a rebellious woman, however, and, unless Julia becomes *willing* to be my wife, I will give her to Brother Walling."

Some of Brigham Young's wives had been troublesome. Mrs. Benson, from her close connection with the prophet's family, was aware of this. After some further conversation, the president took his leave, receiving from Mrs. Benson the assurance that Julia should hold no communication with any one until she was ready to accede quietly to their wishes.

CHAPTER XIII.

JULIA AND ABBIE.

Julia rushed to her room, where Abbie a few moments later found her, her face buried from sight, and her frame shaken by her sobs.

“Julia, dear sister, what has happened? What is the matter?” inquired Abbie, pale with alarm at this unusual exhibition of feeling by the brave, independent girl.

Julia answered only by more convulsive weeping and increased agitation.

“Come, Julia, do tell me! This is unlike you to give up in this way. Do confide in me! Does the prophet command you to marry Brother Walling? Do tell me, Julia!” pleaded Abbie, becoming more and more frightened by Julia’s silence.

At length the girl raised her swollen and tear-stained face from the pillow, revealing such an expression of horror and despair that Abbie was in a terror of anxiety to know the worst. She gazed imploringly into her sister’s face and took her hands in her own, stroking them in token of her sympathy. Julia’s sob finally ceased. She

sat upright on the side of her couch and said chokingly: "Abbie, oh, Abbie! the prophet will not compel me to marry Walling, but"—

"O, then why need you worry?" interrupted Abbie joyfully.

"Wait," said Julia in a dry, nerveless manner; "he don't want me to marry Walling, but he wants to marry me *himself*."

"What! Not Brother Brigham!" cried Abbie.

"Yes; the old adulterer wants me to become his twentieth mistress, and is surprised that I am not delighted at the honor." Then with added bitterness: "He says it is the will of God as now revealed to him!"

"Oh, Julia dear! Don't talk so of our president. If it is the will of God, how dare you rebel? Perhaps he has some great mission for you to perform, and surely it is a great honor to be so closely connected with Zion's chosen prophet. Dear Julia, do try and be willing"—

"Abbie, he's old enough to be my grandfather! And think how many women now claim to be his wives. Abbie, would *you* be willing to be his plural wife?"

"Why—why—I don't know as I would like to, and yet I should have esteemed it a great honor had he singled me out from all this great city to be his choice."

“But he has chosen nineteen before me, or possibly many more. No one knows how many wives he has. I doubt if he knows himself. When one has chosen so many he becomes careless. It is an old story to him. People say he doesn’t see some of his wives often enough to recognize them. One called upon him a while ago, upon business, and he said, ‘What name shall I put down? Your countenance is familiar, but your name escapes me.’”

“Oh, Julia! That is a foolish Gentile story. You should not repeat such things. Surely you would prefer him to Brother Walling.”

“Yes; I suppose so. He really isn’t quite so loathsome to me, and then his position is a consideration of course. Besides I always liked him until to-day. But oh! I *cannot, cannot* marry him! It’s abominable! It’s horrible! I *will* not! But he thinks I will! He smiled when I left the room! He knows too well his power! What shall I do!” and the poor girl shuddered and buried her face in her hands.

“My dear, I am so sorry for you. I wish you could feel differently. I doubt if there is another girl among our acquaintances in Salt Lake who would think of refusing an offer of marriage from Brother Brigham. Julia, your future welfare would be assured, and how great your exaltation

in the celestial kingdom. Think of that. I am surprised that you do not look beyond your own selfish likes and dislikes here, and feel glad to ensure to yourself so high a position hereafter."

"You forget, Abbie, I don't believe that. I don't believe in polygamy at all. If Joseph Smith gave the revelation at all it was to cover up his own misdeeds. I have been studying a copy of it, which mother cut from the *Millennial Star* when the revelation was just published, so many years ago, and I don't believe God ever gave such a mixed up, illiterate document to his people. It is poorly constructed, and ungrammatical. I think I can understand why he pretended to have such a revelation. He had been guilty of polygamy before that, and produced the so-called revelation to hide his crime. You know the revelation declares as much, and says, 'Go, therefore, and I will make a way for your escape,' and also, 'Let mine handmaid, Emma Smith, receive all those that have been given unto my servant Joseph,' and again, 'Let mine handmaid forgive my servant Joseph his tresspasses, etc.' You see he *had been given* these before, and she had something to forgive."

"Julia Benson! I am surprised at you. Whoever put such ideas into your head. I much mistrust that Gentile officer who was here last sum-

mer, and whom you liked so much to dance with. I do hope you did not talk with him of these things."

"No, I did not; but when he went away he gave me a book to read and it has helped me to understand the revelation better. That is all."

Abbie sighed and looked distressed. At this moment the outer door was heard to open and close, and the sound of departing footsteps came up from the walk below.

"Hark! Brother Brigham has gone, and mother is calling you. Don't let her know I've seen you."

Abbie hastened from the apartment, and when Julia, a short time later, would have left the room, she found the door locked upon the outside, and while she was wondering what this new experience meant for her, her mother appeared, bringing a plate of bread and a glass of water. Setting these down upon a small table in the room, she said:

"There daughter, this will be your fare until you learn to restrain that unruly tongue of yours, and to use some reason. Meditate upon your conversation with Brother Brigham, and remember that you are not only in rebellion against your mother and him, but against the great Jehovah himself, who has given you to be the bride of the prophet. Do not think Brother Brigham would

have chosen so willful and silly a little chit as you are, did he not feel directed to do so."

With this she again withdrew locking the door after her.

Abbie went down stairs to receive a note which had been brought to the house from her husband. It was short:

"Abbie," it ran, "I will call for you to-night after tea. I suppose you will have made out your visit by this time.—Charlie."

The wife's fingers trembled, and her eyes were suffused with tears at the sight of these words from her husband. How dearly she had loved him once, and how gladly she would have gone home with him after a fortnight's absence. But now another woman had invaded the sacred precincts and hallowed privacy of their home. And that other was also his wife, and he had been living with her in the close intimacy of marriage during the past weeks. O, could she go back! Must she go back! Or was there not some place to which she could fly and be forever out of sight of the cause of her trouble! What a world of suffering this is. Poor Julia. Alas! is her fate worse than mine? and that one dreadful revelation the cause of it all. What if she is right after

all, and the revelation not from God? Abbie caught her breath as this thought came to her. But no, she could not believe it. She would stand by the faith that had been taught her from childhood. But she shrank from meeting her husband, and when approached could gladly have avoided his greeting, had not the eyes of her mother been upon her. She scarcely could repress a shudder as his hand fell upon hers, and with difficulty mastered her emotions sufficiently to disguise the repugnance she felt. Could she be the same gentle, affectionate Abbie who had thrilled with joy at his approach, who had welcomed his caresses and been radiant with happiness because he was with her?

Something of this passed through her mind as she took her seat next by his that evening and drove from the house. Had she lost all her love for him, or was it the shadow of that third person that caused the repulsion? Something had come between them. The old confidence was gone forever. No longer could they seek each other for sympathy in time of trouble. No longer could they reveal to each other their heart secrets, their joys or sorrows. In one short month Abbie had learned to distrust, fear, and almost dislike her husband as he now seemed to her. And yet had there not been some love remaining, she would

not have suffered as she did. She loved—but it was the husband lost—the man she married—not him at her side. Her ideal was shattered, and stood revealed but common clay, and her heart was

“Steeped in the bitterest woe, the day
That revealed its idol but common clay.”

As for Bostwick himself, he felt constrained and ill at ease in her presence, though in justice, let it be said, he felt sorry for her and was anxious, so far as possible, to spare Abbie's feelings and make the trial as easy as it could be made. Her strange illness following his wedding day had caused him to feel like a criminal, for he well knew that he was the sole cause; and Reuben's words, “If she dies, you are her murderer,” rang in his ears, and marred the pleasure of the honeymoon more than he liked to confess.

Charlie Bostwick was greatly enamored of his young and beautiful bride, and for the time was very much in love with her, and as it rarely happens that a man can love two women at the same time, it is probable that he felt more pity than affection for poor Abbie at this juncture. He was not devoid of conscience, however, and thoughts of the happy past would obtrude themselves upon him at times, and visions of a fair, girlish figure, with loving heart and gentle eyes, floated before his sight. He remembered how

proud he was to win her love, and how he had fondly repeated over and over vows of undying affection, and strange enough, the memory caused him twinges of remorse. It was not all pleasant with him, this agreeing to a doctrine he only half believed in. The husband has something of a cross to bear, even in polygamy. Bostwick found a thorn in his bed of roses. He reflected: "Poor Abbie; she has loved me with all her heart, and this must be rather hard for her to bear, and yet it is her religion, and she knows I've been counseled more than once to 'Live my religion' before I consented to do so by taking another wife. She ought not to blame me for what I was obliged to do or suffer persecution, and, if the Mormons are right, be debased in the next world. There have been cases here in Utah where those who didn't obey counsel have been mysteriously spirited away and never more heard from."

Thus the two reflected as, sitting silently side by side, they drove homeward.

At length, Charlie spoke.

"Abbie, I am sorry to see you taking this so much to heart. I was obliged to do as I have done, and you know I shall always think the same of you. No other woman can ever make me forget what we have been to each other, or take your place in my affections. Don't fear that,

Abbie; and, if you will try and be friendly with Jennie, we will have a peaceful, happy home. I am coming back to board with you this week, and I am not sorry, for Jennie isn't the best cook in the world. By the way, I wish you would teach her. Can't you?"

Abbie's lip curled. This, then, was what the man thought of. Her cooking an appetizing meal. Well, she had, then, one hold upon him left. She replied quietly that she would try and teach Jennie, if she desired to learn, but that she felt the less they had to do with one another the better they would get along.

Charlie looked at her curiously.

"That isn't like you, Abbie," at length he said, "I thought you'd never quarrel with any one." Then he continued, as Abbie made no reply: "I can't say the same for Jen. She's a fury when once aroused, but I'm sure you could get along with her if you would try."

"I don't intend to quarrel with her," Abbie replied, "and I hope I may be able to treat her as I should, but—you may not realize what this is to me."

"I suppose—I know," he said, hesitatingly, "that it must be unpleasant at first, but you will soon become used to it, and you won't mind it. It's a new order of things for us all, and appears a

little awkward now, but I suppose we must fit ourselves to the circumstances. I am sure it has its unpleasant features to me, but that is no excuse for my shrinking my duty. It was my duty to provide for your exaltation as well as my own, and, to do so, I must accept this law and command given to the saints, and live my religion, and you, Abbie, should help me, rather than hinder, in the discharge of my duty."

"Forgive me, Charlie, if I am selfish enough to feel that the burden is wholly mine. I will try, indeed I will try, to do my part and my duty to you and—that—woman, and may God give me strength in proportion to the need."

"Thank you for that, my dear. Now, you are yourself again. Cast away gloomy forebodings, brighten up and be happy, and you need never fear losing my affection."

Abbie tried to smile, and, though it was a pitiful attempt at best, she entered her home again with the resolution to endure patiently and be brave to the end.

CHAPTER XIV.

DRIFTING APART.

Drifting apart ! We are drifting apart,
 Slowly, but surely. My passionate heart
 Feels it has lost its once treasured place,
 As I scan the expression that mantles your face.
 Once I could read, as I could from a book,
 The love in your eyes, the warmth in your look ;
 Once I was folded close up to your heart—
 Now we are silently drifting apart.

Nothing is said very formal or cold ;
 We meet as we met, and we part as of old ;
 But the clasp of your hand is no longer the same—
 Less tender your voice when you whisper my name.
 Too plainly I see my love thrust aside :
 The flowers of affection swept off by life's tide.
 Ah, blinding tear-drops, still ye must start !
 Well do I know that we're drifting apart.

All I would ask, ere we're parted forever,
 All I would know, ere from you I sever,
 Is this : When first in your love I found rest,
 When, above others, I deemed myself blest,
 Was every word you then uttered true ?
 Was I then dearer than all else to you ?
 Ah, 'twould be balm to my torn, tortured heart,
 Even though now we *are* drifting apart.

Say, do I merit this cold, careless air,
Harder than bitter reproaches to bear?
When I've gone from you, out of your sight,
Will you remember the words of to-night?
Will your lips then wear the dear, tender smile,
As in the old life we dwelt in awhile?
Will there be no quiver of pain in your heart
That we've so entirely drifted apart?

It was autumn again. The leaves were donning their bright-hued garments for their last merry waltzes with the southern zephyrs. The atmosphere was hazy and fragrant with the incense and odors offered by the dying flowers. The sky was soft and clear, as if bathed and purified by tears of sorrow in farewell to lovely Summer, and all nature was subdued and deliciously intoxicating to the senses. It was a time most loved and enjoyed by sensitive, poesy-loving Abbie; but this year, its story was sadder and fuller of sorrow. The winds breathed a dirge as they swept through the gorgeous foliage, and each falling leaf whispered a tale of blighted hopes and silent grief. She sat by a window looking out upon the sun, which was soon to hide its majestic brilliancy behind the towering mountains in the west, enjoying the cool, fresh air that lifted the papers from the table at her side and kissed her heated and fevered forehead. She sat

here often now, for she was lonely and alone, and this window overlooked a yard unconnected with the apartments at the further end of the building. She often wrote now, to while away the tedium of long days; every day she devoted a little time to her journal, and sometimes she wrote little scraps of poetry—though, perhaps, her simple verses would not merit the name, for Abbie was not especially gifted—and drifted away into short romances and pretty imaginings upon paper. Her hand rested upon a sheet of note paper, where were traced, in dainty characters, these lines:

“Why dost thou sigh, and moan, and wail,
O, wind, in thine evening lay?
Dost thou tell the tale of the Summer frail,
Of the Summer passed away?”

“Hush! I’ll list to thy mournful tale,
And speak what it breathes to me
With it’s sorrowing wail on the rising gale
As it sweeps over land and sea.

“Fair Summer of warmth and light has flown,
With her face of passion and power,
And I alone am left to moan
As I search through grove and bower.

“Once in her beauty she greeted my face,
And smiled as she looked on me,
And wooed my embrace with a winning grace
Till no longer my heart was free.

“I kissed with my zephyrs her damask cheek,
And fanned her drooping form.
Then in playful freak I loved to seek
Her ripe red lips so warm.

“And oft to remain by her side I sought,
For my life, my light, was there,
And foolishly thought forever I ought
Her love and her kindness share.

“But the summons came from beyond the vale,
And she left me sad and lone ;
And I can but wail as I breathe the tale
Of the lovely Summer flown.”

Abbie's life since the coming of the plural wife had been a period of endurance and heroic martyrdom. She seemed to have incurred the dislike of the bride at first, and that amiable lady contrived to annoy and worry her upon every possible occasion. Then, too, Abbie was forced to acknowledge to herself the woman's greater influence over *their* husband. Charlie would give ear and evidence to the many complaints and petty falsehoods invented by the blonde to injure Abbie in his estimation, and whenever there was any disagreement between them, he invariably sided with this second wife. Abbie bore all meekly and uncomplainingly, seldom seeking to explain or remonstrate with either her husband or his bride, but God alone knew the mental anguish she endured, as day by day her husband grew colder and more careless and indifferent to her comfort or wishes, and became more and more engrossed in this other woman, who had come between them and separated her so entirely from her husband's

love and confidence. Sometimes she would feel as if she could not have it so, and would resolve to make one more effort to win at least his respect. She would try and get an opportunity to convince him of this blonde's treachery, and prove her own innocence of blame. Then she would remember she was taught to love her husband's wife as her own flesh, and it would not be right to try to cause him to dislike her; besides, she might not be able to do it. He was so entirely enamored of his new bride, he might not believe her. O, terrible thought! Could it be possible Charlie believed her to be guilty of falsehood or deceit. It was all so dreadful.

She was very much alone now. She had even given up Maggie for a time, for Charlie evidently preferred the new cottage to the hearth so long made pleasant by Abbie's gentle presence. In truth, the tear stained eyes and pained expression of the sensitive mouth, made Abbie's face a constant reproach to Bostwick, and he preferred to see as little of it as possible. Then, too, man-like, he took refuge from his conscience in anger against Abbie, that she did not appear happier and merrier in the presence of his bride and himself.

While Abbie sat thus by her window, the door of her room was suddenly thrown open, and Jennie entered, her arm draped by the folds of an

elegant dress pattern, and her hands filled with several smaller packages.

"Ah, writing as usual," she exclaimed as she caught sight of the written page, "what a pity I am not also a literary woman and fond of having inky fingers. Charlie might get his meals at a restaurant then."

Abbie's face flushed slightly.

"I am sure I am always ready to get a meal for him when he will come in to eat it," she replied.

"Yes, well I suppose he don't want to stand in the way of rising genius. But see here what Charlie brought me. Isn't it lovely? and here—and here," displaying gloves, and ribbons to match the dress.

"It is very handsome," said Abbie, "only I should think blue or a lighter shade of this color would be more becoming to you. Charlie used to like this shade for me, but I am so much paler and have dark hair and eyes."

"O, indeed! I think if you can wear this, I can. You are only jealous because he brought this to me instead of you. I think it is beautiful. The gloves are sixes. Charlie made a mistake in the number, but I can have them exchanged for larger ones. Ain't he a jewel? This is the third dress I've had this month. O, now, don't look

glum. He'll get you one sometime, no doubt. Why don't you ask him to. I don't suppose he thinks of it," with an emphasis which sounded like *you* in the place of the neuter pronoun.

"I have no doubt he will get me all I need. I don't go out very much now, and do not need a very extensive wardrobe."

"Of course not. This is for the ball next Thursday night. Charlie is always anxious to have me the handsomest woman on the floor, and fine feathers, you know, help to make fine birds. Not but Charlie would think me so whatever I had on, he's so foolishly fond of me, but I must run back before he comes. Don't make too much of a hermit of yourself;" and with a mocking laugh the heartless woman left the room.

The fact of the mistake in the gloves convinced Abbie that she was right in her first conjecture, and that the dress had been bought for herself, as she had mentioned to Charlie a week or so before that she was really in need of one. She knew he had too good taste to have chosen that color for a blonde; however, she said nothing. Later in the evening Charlie dropped into Abbie's room long enough to say:

"Abbie, I got that stuff you wanted this morning and brought it down to the house, but Jen took such a fancy to it that I gave it to her. I

have to humor her now you know. I'll get another like it for you if you wish."

"No, I think I would as soon have something different, although that is very handsome. Jennie brought it in and showed it—but one dress of a kind is sufficient for one house, I think."

"O, that's the way you feel, is it? I am sure you are seldom seen together, so it couldn't make much difference. It won't become her and it would you, but she must have her way now, and I'd let her wear it if 'twas yellow. By the way, Jen says you do nothing but write now-a-days and mope. Wouldn't it be a good idea for you to go out a little more. You'll forget how to be agreeable, I'm afraid. I brought down some tickets for the theatre to-morrow night, so you'd better go. Jen and I are going. I don't believe I ever saw anyone grow old as fast as you do. I'd stay here more if you weren't so deuced glum and sober. I'd rather a woman would scold than pout and sulk."

Abbie's eyes grew moist and her lips and chin quivered as she said: "I am so sorry, Charlie, I cannot seem to please you. I am sure I don't mean to sulk, and I cannot help growing old."

"There it is again. Nothing but tears to greet a fellow with! You can't wonder I prefer brighter company. I wonder why it is, Abbie, your tear-

cups are always full and ready to run over upon the slightest provocation. I've never seen Jen cry but once since I brought her home, and then she was mad and stamped her feet and scolded with her storm of tears. Did it ever occur to you, Abbie, that nothing annoys a man so much as a woman's tears?"

"I remember a time," she replied, smiling sadly, "when you were always ready to soothe me and wipe them away, but I am indeed sorry I cannot control myself better. I am afraid I am not so strong in any way as I once was;" and her voice choked in its utterance.

"There, now, that is enough. Of course we did foolish things in the honeymoon, but that is past now. We are old married people, and should be done with such childishness. It's high time you were a woman, in actions as well as age, Abbie. But your last sentence unmans me. I was down to mother's to-day and she was asking after your cough. I had to confess I didn't know you were troubled with one."

Abbie smiled again, sadly.

"Mother always notices every little cough, because her sisters died of consumption. And then when she was here I had taken a little cold, and was worse than usual, I think."

"But I didn't know you were troubled with

one to speak of. It isn't anything serious, is it?"

"Oh, no. Mother's a croaker upon that subject. That is all."

Bostwick looked at her closely, and noticed for the first time how very fragile she was growing. Her face was nearly colorless, save where the temples were marked by the blue veins, and by the single touch to-day of crimson in either cheek. Her lips, too, now so white, were once so temptingly red. Bostwick stepped to her side and took one of her thin hands in his, while he noticed the change which had taken place beneath his very eyes, yet he had seen it not.

"Why, Abbie, you have grown thin. Your hands are transparent, verily. I have seen you every day, but somehow I never noticed this before. Are you feeling well?"

"Yes, in body, most of the time, save a pain I sometimes have here," putting her hand to her side.

"Well, well, I must see to this. I'll send down old Dr. Ludlow in the morning. The saints claim to effect cures by *faith* and the laying on of hands, but I believe I prefer to trust to a doctor. Why have you never complained?"

"I have thought little about it myself, Charlie. There has been so much else to think of. There are worse pains than those of the body. Did you hear anything of Julia?"

"Oh, she's on bread and water diet yet. Ah! but she's stubborn. If they wait for her to consent to marry Walling, he'll never get her. The only way is to force the marriage. She'll be all right when the knot is really tied. Too bad she didn't take the prophet's offer. If she didn't want Walling, there was a splendid escape for her. She might have known that to anger the prophet was to seal her destiny."

"Poor Julia!" said Abbie, "my heart aches for her. I, too, feel sorry she did not feel willing to marry Brother Brigham. He would have insured her happiness, if such a thing is possible to people in this life; and if it was God's will, how terrible for her to rebel!"

Bostwick laughed.

"I guess all the revelation of Divine will the prophet had was Julia's handsome form and face. He wanted her because her beauty pleased him, in my opinion."

"Oh Charlie!" exclaimed Abbie, reproachfully. "How can you speak thus of our prophet?"

"There, there, you little saint. Don't take offense because I cannot have as much faith as you in weak, human nature. I was brought up differently, and don't look for perfection short of Christ. Besides, you are altogether too good for this world. But, good-bye. I promised Jen I'd

be back from the office in half an hour, and here I haven't left the house yet. I'll send Ludlow around in the morning. Jen wants to see him too, I believe."

And with that he was gone, and Abbie was again alone. She mused upon what had been said.

"I wonder if I am doing wrong to stay here so closely. I'll go with them to-morrow night; but to go with *her* is—torture." Poor Abbie.

CHAPTER XV.

ELSIE'S MARRIAGE, AND SISTER EMILE.

Leaving Abbie with her sorrows and trials, let us return to Elsie, her laughing, careless, happy-hearted sister. At last the eventful day had arrived which should witness the sealing of her vows as a plural wife to Harry Baxter, and Elsie stood clothed in her white robes, awaiting the coming of her future lord and master. She felt slightly nervous in anticipation of the coming ceremony at the endowment house; but she loved Brother Baxter very much, and felt no fears for the future, except when Julia's bitter words *would* recur to her. "Would she be 'treading upon the hearts of his other wives,' and would her position be a shameful one in any other place than Utah?" she asked herself again and again. She wished Julia had not talked so. She didn't want to think of it. She would be perfectly happy but for Julia's croaking. Brother Baxter would have married some one else, probably, if he had not her; therefore, why should she be blamed? She would

only help to build up his kingdom, and his first wife would be queen. But no; had he not whispered that he could change that, and the best beloved should reign queen in the celestial world, as she reigned supreme over his heart here. At least she *could* not give him up, her handsome, noble, perfect husband that was to be. The dimples deepened in the pretty, pink cheeks at the thought, and she looked up to see her lover entering the door. His eyes looked the admiration he would speak, and, as he bent to kiss her pouting lips, he whispered: "The last shall be first."

Entering a carriage, they were driven to the house of ceremony, where she met for the first time his first wife and several other friends. Brother Baxter introduced her to Mrs. Baxter number one.

"Sister Lydia, allow me to present to you Sister Elsie. My first wife, Sister Elsie. I hope you may love each other as I shall and do love each of you."

The woman smiled half sadly, Elsie thought, and took her hand kindly in hers, but she made no response save, "It's our duty to love and be friends with all, and I trust we shall have no cause for disagreement."

The ceremony over, Elsie, with her husband

and friends, returned to her mother's house, to pass the remainder of the day. They were a handsome pair this many-times benedict and his young bride; but looking upon them was another, with a former and better claim upon the bridegroom than Elsie, and what to *her* were the congratulations and the merry-making? Think of it, happy wives in the States. How would you enjoy dancing at your husband's wedding feast, and seeing a younger and fairer bride than yourself hanging upon his arm, smiling in his eyes, and giving him looks and words of love and endearment? How would you enjoy seeing their many little acts of love making, so unconsciously performed by themselves, but so palpable to all observers? They were to finish the evening at the theater, for Elsie was excessively fond of dramatic entertainment, and reckoned this one of her greatest pleasures. She seemed the personification of happiness as she flitted about among her guests, her dimpled face covered with smiles, her merry voice echoing pleasantry and her laughing eyes shining with the soft light of love. She stood a trifle in awe, however, of the pale, sad-faced woman who had given her that day to her husband, and a feeling of tender pity arose in her heart.

"Oh, if she would only like me," she thought, "but how can she when she knows Harry loves

me more than he does her? She *must* see that he does," with a glance at his handsome face opposite. "I am sure he never cared for anyone else as he does for me. She looks so much older than he, but she is only thirty-two and they have been married fourteen years. I wonder if in fourteen years I will be old and sad like her. Poor thing, she has had trouble; lost some of her children Harry said, and he was so young when he married her. Of course he did not know whom he did care for then. Then there are the others;—well, I'll probably see them to-morrow;" and throwing off her care she slipped around to her husband's side and reminded him that it was nearly time for him to go to the theatre.

He smiled upon her fondly and bent his head to whisper some sweet flattery in her ear, while she blushed prettily and tripped away again for her wrappings as careless and happy as she had ever been since her blue eyes first began to take note of the busy world around her. And pale Sister Lydia, only thirty-two, but with silvered hair and careworn face, looked on and "rejoiced" (?) in her husband's marriage. The next day Elsie went to her husband's home. He had a large, handsome house, and it was occupied by his first and second wives, the third and fourth

living in another locality in a home of their own. Elsie was for the present to live with them. She found a couple of rooms pleasantly furnished for her accommodation, the parlor and family sitting-room, together with dining-room and kitchen, being used in common by the several wives. Sister Lydia received Elsie kindly, and showed her the apartments she was to occupy, and seemed desirous of doing her duty by this pretty stranger in her house, and Elsie's heart warmed with pity toward her, Brother Baxter's *wife*."

"I will try so hard to please her and make her happy," she resolved mentally.

The day passed without an interview with the second wife. Elsie felt slightly curious in regard to her. She had heard mysterious hints thrown out of her being peculiar in some way, and no one seemed to have positive knowledge of her. Once only had she spoken of her to Brother Baxter, and then he had said:

"Emile, my second wife, I married in Europe. She is French," and he had sighed as if the subject was unpleasant.

As to other wives, Elsie had heard that he had acted upon the counsel of the prophet. Mrs. Carroll was the widow of a Gentile who had stopped at Salt Lake on his way to the coast, and died there. He left her considerable property, and

it was deemed expedient by Brigham Young to induce her to remain there, if possible, and unite her fortune with the saints. Hence every attention was paid to her, and Brother Baxter, being a most handsome and attractive man, was chosen as the one most likely to be successful in persuading her to stay with them. He won his suit, and Mrs. Carroll became a plural wife. Then he was counseled to marry the daughter. This at first he was reluctant to do, but, strange as it may appear, the mother favored the project and Nellie Carroll, but fourteen years of age, became a fourth wife to her mother's husband. The mother and daughter occupied a handsome house by themselves, and both at this time were interested in the care of Nellie's baby.

Elsie was in her room alone the first evening after her arrival at her new home. Mr. Baxter had gone out for a short call on one of the elders, and she was feeling a trifle homesick, and wishing (although she wouldn't have acknowledged it) for a sight of mother or Julia, when she heard a light tap at the door. Thinking it was probably Sister Lydia, she said "Come in," and half arose to open the door, when she was astonished to see it swing ajar, revealing a face and figure which once seen could never be forgotten. A young woman of about twenty-six or twenty-eight years of age

entered with a soft, gliding movement, and stood before her. Elsie could see that she was rather tall and slight, and was dressed in a soft, white wrapper, whose trailing folds swept the floor behind her, and whose open, flowing sleeves revealed arms of exquisite mould and beauty. About her shoulders was gracefully draped a soft, white shawl. Her face, whose features were regularly beautiful, was as colorless as the robe she wore, and her long, black hair hung in rich and wavy profusion far below her waist. She stopped before Elsie, and bending down, looked long and earnestly into her face from a pair of large unnaturally wild-looking black eyes that held her spell-bound and transfixed her with surprise and terror.

"And so this is another one; young and pretty with the crimson blush of the rose in her cheeks. Ah! he finds many, my husband," said the strange guest; then more earnestly, "Did he deceive you like the rest?"

"Deceive me!" Elsie could but echo her words tremblingly.

"Yes; he whispered words of love and flattery, and you believed him. You did not know—he did not tell you—he had others; and he has brought you here to shut you up in this strong castle, and he will go away again." Then starting quickly, she whispered, "Perhaps he will beat you."

Elsie began to understand. This must be Emile, the second wife, and she was insane. Alone and with a crazed woman! What should she do? She must keep her self-control at all hazards.

"I don't think I know what you mean," said Elsie, striving to speak calmly. "I knew Brother Baxter had other wives."

"Knew! And you came?"

The woman stared at her curiously, then a more sane expression appearing in her face, she went on sadly: "*I* did not know. *I* would not have come, had I known. He told me not of these things."

"Of what things?" Elsie asked.

"That they believed—what is it?—in polygamy here—that they could marry once, twice—many times. We do not in France, and it is pleasant there. Ah, yes—but he came frere Baxter, and he was so handsome—so grand. Mon Dieu! I loved him so; and when he asked me to be his wife, I was happy, very happy. We traveled much together, and he was so good and kind always, and did every way for my pleasure. Then there came word from le President—Brigham Young—telling him to come back to Utah. I wept much to leave my dear father and mother, but I loved my husband better, and I came with

him. Oh, Mon Dieu! what a voyage! The waves ran high and the storm was awful. Then, too, the fever was on board. Some died; women and little children, and they put them in the great ocean. Ah, it was sad. And then he, my Harry, was taken sick, and I feared, oh, I feared, he would die. Then I prayed as I never prayed before, that he might live—live for me. I could not give him up. Night and day I did not leave his bedside. If he died, I said, I would die also. I would not live without him. My Harry. I had given up all else for him.”

The woman was sitting quietly now upon the small sofa, her hands folded in her lap, and her eyes fixed abstractedly upon the wall before her. Her English became smoother and less broken as she went on:

“By and by he grew better, and when we landed in New York he was able to sit up, to walk about. Then my heart was light again, for he told me I had saved his life. When he became able we commenced the long journey to Zion. There were many of us to go over the hot, dusty plains and through the wild lonely country together, but I thought only of Harry, and that the journey would never end. Now I wish it never had ended.” She turned toward Elsie, the wild light again shining in her wonderful eyes.

“Shall I go on; shall I tell you what I found?”

“Yes, tell me,” said Elsie, her sympathy and interest now fully aroused.

Emile looked around her, as if to assure herself no one was near, then whispered: “I found he had deceived me. There was another, his wife. I found her!”

“And did you not dream of this until you came here?” asked Elsie, overcome with horror at the deception practiced by her husband.

“Know of it? Would I have left my beautiful home, my father and mother, my own dear France, had I known? Ah, my eyes had been too blind! My ears were deaf, or I must have heard. I was not Mormon. I did not believe in the church, the religion; only in *him*. He was my faith, my idol, my all. Mon Dieu! How I believed in him! Ah, I have wept to go back to ma belle France, to the dear home, but I cannot. Harry is cruel to keep me here. Some day I am going when I have found my baby.”

“Your baby? Did you have a child,” asked Elsie.

“Yes,” she said with a smile of rapture, “but they have taken it away. Sometimes in the night I hear it crying, and I seek for it. Ah, my poor infant! The winds are kinder than my husband, for they bring me the sound of its weeping, and I

may go to it. But hark! He is coming! Don't trust him! He will tell you *lies*, and your face will grow white like mine. He pities me now, and he strokes my hair, and says 'My poor Emile,' but he loved me once, and he called me his beautiful *fleur de-lis*, his lily. Ay, he loves me now; but he comes, I hear his footsteps. It is eager and light, but alas, it is not coming to me. He forgets Emile;" and the poor creature glided swiftly and noiselessly from the apartment, while Elsie listened for the sound of her husband's step upon the stairs, with mingled and conflicting emotions.

Could it be possible her husband had been guilty of such gross deceit? If so, had he not deceived her when he professed to love her so entirely? He must have loved this beautiful French girl. How could he help it. And she was now a wreck and so young. Was it as Julia said, that her husband trod upon hearts! She heard him open the door and turned toward him as he entered, a thoughtful, almost pained, look upon her sunny face.

"What is the matter, sweetheart? You look as if you were having a fit of the blues." He came to her and passed his arms about her waist and drew her to him. Involuntarily she shuddered.

"What, shivering? Is it cold, or have I left you too long alone, and you've been getting homesick? This won't do," and he kissed her tempting lips.

"Harry, oh my husband, do you really love me better than you ever did any of the others?"

"Why—Elsie—that isn't a fair question. I love you best *now*, and that ought to satisfy you. I'll promise you, my dear, never to give you up for another. You shall be first in my affections, and last in my house."

"Harry, tell me of your second wife."

He grew sober instantly.

"Who's been telling you of her?"

"She has been in here."

"She has? Poor Emile! How did she act?"

"She appeared very sad, and told me the history of her marriage."

Baxter bit his lip and looked annoyed.

"I am sorry she came to-night, but she takes such queer freaks from that demented brain of hers. You noticed, of course, that she is not entirely sane."

"I judged so, more by her looks than words. She talked quite rationally."

"Yes, she does much of the time. She was a very accomplished woman, very thoroughly educated and very much of a lady, but since the

birth and death of her baby she has been as she is now. Occasionally she is more violent."

"Did the loss of her baby make her insane?"

"Yes, it was a terrible blow to her, and it died before she was strong. I suppose her mind was weak and less able to bear the shock."

"She spoke of her baby to-night."

"Yes, she imagines it is alive and hidden from her somewhere; but we will not talk of this. It isn't pleasant. We are very sorry for her, of course. I strive to treat her kindly, and keep her secluded as much as possible, for people are always ready to say disagreeable things, especially these prying Gentiles. She is Sister Lydia's especial protégée, though I visit her each day. I don't see how she found you out; she hasn't come down to her meals for some time; but I am continuing a subject I suggested should be dropped. And now, how do you like your rooms?"

"O, they are beautiful! Did you have them newly furnished for me?"

"Yes, and I am glad you like them," he said, drawing her down upon his knee. "And you are not home-sick any more, my darling?"

She laid her cheek upon his. "You are very kind, and everything is very pleasant—when you are here," she said.

He smiled fondly upon her.

“I will not leave you more often than is necessary, Elsie.”

CHAPTER XVI.

EMILE'S ARRIVAL IN THE CITY OF SAINTS.

Elsie was not satisfied with what her husband chose to tell of Emile. The unfortunate woman had awakened a deeper sympathy in the young wife than she had ever before felt for anyone, even Abbie. She longed for another opportunity of conversing with her and studying her. Her wonderful beauty of the southern type, together with the vagaries of her shattered mind, fascinated Elsie and gave fresh food for thought and interest. She resolved to learn more of her history. She had no opportunity of seeing Emile for several days, as she remained in her room and no one asked Elsie to visit her; but one afternoon as she found herself alone with Sister Lydia, she spoke to *her* of the second wife and begged to know more of her history. Sister Lydia looked surprised and disturbed by her question, and Elsie hastened to tell her of her interview with Emile the first night after her arrival, and related that

part of her story which the poor woman had confided to her.

“It is strange she should have told you this. I thought she never spoke of it except to Mr. Baxter and myself,” said she, “but she seldom sees anyone else, poor thing.”

“Sister Lydia Baxter was a kind, loveable woman. The trials which seemed to make furrows of some women had refined and purified her as gold is refined in the fire, and she seemed to have outlived the natural jealousies and selfishness of the human heart, and from the ashes of her dead hopes and blighted love she had reared the heroism of a martyr and a resignation to what she believed Divine will that was truly sublime. She evinced no dislike to Elsie and impressed her as being above and superior to the natural passions and weaknesses of her sex, and yet she was young—but thirty-two. What had not this woman lived and suffered to age her so prematurely and deepen so effectually the expression of melancholy in her face?”

Therefore when Elsie asked to know more of this, her first rival in her husband's affections, Mrs. Baxter replied:

“Yes, her home was in France. She is a very gifted, talented woman, and I think, when Brother Baxter first brought her home, the handsomest

woman I ever saw. She is very highly educated, speaks several languages and is an accomplished musician. You will hear her play upon her harp before you have been here long. I cannot listen to her without shedding tears sometimes."

"She knew nothing of Brother Baxter's being already married, did she?" said Elsie.

"No, she appeared never to have heard of polygamy as it is practiced here in Utah until she came. It is not generally preached in Europe, I believe, and if she had ever heard of it she had given it no heed. In fact, she seems to have been very ignorant concerning many of the doctrines of Mormonism, although she traveled with Brother Baxter for some time while he was preaching in Europe."

"I am curious to know who told her she was a plural wife. It must seem very strange to those who have been brought up differently and never know of it," said Elsie again, with all the inquisitive desire of a young girl to know the particulars of what appeared something of a romance.

"She told me about their voyage. How did she meet you?"

"I seldom like to speak of this," said Mrs. Baxter, "for you know I was young then as well as she, and it was a trial to me also. I think it usually is to the first wife, unless she is very

strong in the faith, and perhaps I was not." she added depreciatingly. "After the first plural wife, we don't mind it so much. I remember the scene as though it were but yesterday. Brother Baxter had written me that he was coming home, and that in accordance with the counsel of the apostle he had taken a plural wife, and should bring her home with him. I had expected that he might do this, as I had heard of many others doing the same, and I tried to feel content. When they drove up to the door I went out to meet them, and greeted him affectionately, of course. I suppose she must have thought me Brother Baxter's sister, for when he introduced us, he said: 'Sister Lydia, this is sister Emile of whom I wrote you. She is as yet young in the faith. You must make her strong,' with a glance full of meaning to me, but which I was too obtuse to understand; and then he left us and went to look after the baggage. She told me afterward she thought I looked white and sad, and wondered if I had lost any of my friends, and why Harry had not told her he had a sister keeping his house. Taking her into our home I enquired of her voyage and health, and of Harry's; and then the door opened, and my two little children came running in, the older one asking if papa had come. Papa will be here in a few moments, I replied. The little one sidled up to

me, and looked shyly at her, and finally Willie said: "Who is that lady, mamma?" I bent over him to hide the tears that *would* gather in my eyes, and smothered back his hair while I replied: 'That is Sister Emile, who has come from beyond the great ocean to live with us.'"

"'Did papa bring her?' persisted the boy.

"'Yes, she is papa's wife, but boys must not ask so many questions.'

"Poor Emile wondered what it could mean. She had never suspected her husband was a widower. Why had he never told her? She was becoming angry with him for his secrecy concerning this. I can see her now as she sat there, the sun falling on the shining masses of her black hair, her superb carriage and perfect features, with the rich, creamy skin and large, soft southern eyes, making a picture of beauty one sees but seldom.

"'Are these Brother Baxter's children?' she finally asked. 'He never told me of them.'

"I looked at her in surprise.

"'Yes, certainly they are, and we have lost one besides. A little girl. He used to be very fond of her;' and again my eyes grew moist.

"'Have you always lived with your brother?' she inquired.

"I was puzzled. 'I don't think I understand you,' said I.

“‘How long have you kept house for Brother Baxter?’

“‘Ever since we were married, until he went to Europe, and we have been married seven years.’

“Emile looked at me as if she thought I was an escaped lunatic.

“‘Is your husband living?’ she asked.

“‘I turned upon her then, vexed and surprised, for I had an inkling of the truth.

“‘Can it be possible! Don’t you understand? Hasn’t Brother Baxter told you that I am his first wife?’ I ejaculated.

“‘His first wife!’ she repeated, and her lips grew very white. ‘Has he been divorced?’

“‘My poor girl, is it possible you do not understand that as a Mormon, Brother Baxter can take as many wives as he pleases, without obtaining a divorce? You must have known polygamy was one of the great doctrines of the saints,’ I exclaimed in astonishment.

“She did not answer me, but stared silently into my face, her large, great, dark eyes growing more and more intense with a horror and misery in them I can never forget. I explained as briefly and hurriedly as I could the tenets of the Mormon church in regard to this ordinance, and assured her that it would add to her future glory and ensure her salvation beyond this life; and

that she should feel thankful it was her privilege to become a plural wife; but all to no purpose. She seemed to grasp but one idea. At this moment her husband entered the room. Emile arose and tottered toward him.

“‘Harry,’ she gasped, ‘does this woman speak the truth? Was she your wife before me?’

“Brother Baxter looked alarmed, but he replied, firmly:

“‘Yes, Emile, but’—

“He never finished his sentence, for she dropped like a dead woman, and he caught her, barely in time to save her coming in contact with the hard floor. Her face was rigid and drawn, and we had all we could do to disrobe her and place her upon a bed. She had one spasm after another for the next twenty-four hours, and then her baby was born. It never appeared to breathe as it should, and we did not expect it would live as long as it did; but she never had her reason entirely before it died. She seemed to think of nothing but her baby, and would fondle it and hold it to her breast so tenderly. It lived to be five weeks old. She had sat up but a few moments at a time, and when it died we thought she must die too. She raved in delirium for days, and since she has recovered she has been as she is now. Sometimes she will appear very rational and converse as in-

terestingly and clearly as any one. And then, again, she will have days when she will cry and moan, and wring her hands, and accuse us of hiding her baby from her, and it is very pitiful. She often speaks to me about celestial marriage, but I supposed she talked of it to no one else. Brother Baxter has talked of getting a foreign mission again, and taking her back to France, hoping to restore her shattered mind; but her mother died since she came here, and I fear it would be of no use."

"Sister Lydia, was it the death of her baby or polygamy that made her as she is?"

Mrs. Baxter smiled sadly.

"The knowledge of her husband's deception and the shock of its revelation made her childbirth premature, and that, I suppose, was the main cause of its death and her subsequent diseased mind. It seems to me sometimes that this trial is unequally laid upon the human race. But that we have no right to question God's dealings, I should believe the punishment put upon women unjust; but, as it comes from Him, we must accept it and strive to do our duty, live our religion, hoping for our recompense hereafter."

CHAPTER XVII.

TWO OF ZION'S PILLARS.

A few evenings later as Elsie and Sister Lydia were sitting in the common parlor or sitting room, they were favored by a call from a couple of the brethren.

"How d'ye du, Sister Baxter," said a queerly keyed voice, as Sister Lydia answered the loud rap at the door. "Hope ye're well. Is Brother Baxter tu home?"

"I expect him in every moment. Come in, Brother Hewitt and Brother Norton. This is Sister Elsie, Brother Baxter's last wife," said Mrs. Baxter, kindly.

"Yis, yis, how d'ye du? Got a young one this time. Brother Baxter knows how to use his eyes. He! he! he!" chuckled Brother Hewitt, reaching forth a dirty looking hand, Elsie noticed, for her to shake,

"Brother Baxter's a valu'ble servant in Zion. Don't ye 'gree with me, Brother Norton," he continued.

"Sartainly, sartainly; one of its pillars, as I might say. That's what I like to see; active work in the cause. Brother Baxter's a worker, if he is young," responded the second brother, with a broad nasal twang and a flourish of his hand.

"Jes' so, jes' so! he! he! he! You hit the nail on the head that time, Brother Norton. But here comes the man hisself. How air ye, Brother Baxter? Brother Norton 'n I thort we'd drop in on ye, for a sort of a friendly chat, an' see how ye 're gettin' along."

"That's right. How do you do, and you Brother Norton? I havn't seen you since the last meeting. Have you heard how Brother Bailey came out with his trial?"

"O, he's all right. 'Twas his wife ez made the fuss, an' they've put a clapper on her lips. She'll be muter'n a dead dog arter this, you bet. When Brother Brigham takes a pusson 'n hand they wilt."

"Ya'as," drawled Brother Norton, "the trouble'n the first place was coz Bailey didn't hold the reins tight enough. The woman got to takin' the bits 'n her teeth. He let her have too much head, ez I might say."

"Yis, thar's whar he missed his mark. I tell ye they don't come it over *me*. If wun o' my wimmen gits a leetle onruly I jes sez, sez I,

'Now jes see here, if I hear eny more o' this, egad, I'll take down the black snake 'n I'll make ye wish ye never'd bin born.' I tell ye thar's nuthin' like makin' on 'em afeard on ye. No danger o' their kickin' up a rumpus then. He! he! he!," and he took a huge mouthful of tobacco. Brother Baxter smiled and glanced at Elsie, whose face expressed the disgust she felt.

"The wimmen were made to be subject to man, and air commanded to obey him," said Brother Norton grandly, "and it behooves a man to begin right with 'em, coz they're mighty head-strong when once they git the start of a feller, ez I might say. Of my wives, the third made the most trouble. She was a high-headed critter, and tho't she was a goin' to have things her own way, but I brung her to time. As Brother Hewitt sez, 'they've got to be a fraid on ye.'" Then turning to Elsie he continued, "How's your mother 'n sister? I tho't Brother Walling hed his eye on her."

Elsie could scarcely veil her contempt for the men before her, but replied that both were well, and as to Brother Walling she had not seen him since her marriage.

"You might ez well tell yer sister that if Brother Brigham wants her to marry Brother Walling, the sooner she gives in the better. It'll

do her more harm 'n good to kick at it," said the brother. "You see, Brother Walling is old enough to take care of her, an' knows more'n these green-horns o' one-an'-twenty. He's substantial, ez I might say," blowing his nose vigorously.

Elsie made no reply, and Sister Lydia seemed too intent upon her mending to notice what turn the conversation had taken, but she arose in a few moments, and, with Elsie, excused herself and left the apartment.

"How disagreeable they are," said Elsie, when they were alone.

"Yes," responded Sister Lydia, but it won't do for us to snub or ignore them, for they stand high in the estimation of Brother Brigham. Brother Hewitt is a brewer, and Brother Norton a dealer in the stuff under sanction of the church, and they both pay large tithing into the treasury. Brother Hewitt has eight wives, and—and you heard how he spoke of them."

"Oh, dear! Ain't it awful? I don't know but Julia is right," said Elsie.

"Julia? Is that your sister?"

"Yes; and—I know I can trust you; she is dreadfully opposed to polygamy. She says bad men look upon their wives as so many beasts of burden, and think no more of adding to their

number than they would of buying another horse or cow to put into their stables."

Sister Lydia sighed.

"Well, I am sure such men as Brother Hewitt do not seem to deserve one wife, but they help to build up the kingdom, I suppose."

Meantime, as soon as the door closed on the women, the men made known the object of their visit. Brigham had determined to get Reuben out of Salt Lake, and wanted Baxter to warn or counsel him to hasten his departure.

"We tho't ez how you might put it to him so he'd understand, and not wait for instructions, bein' ez he's a sort o' relation now. He! he! he!" said Hewitt.

"On that account I should prefer not to say anything to him about it," said Mr. Baxter; "but I will if it is decided he must go. I don't think he means any harm, however. He's a good-natured fellow, and don't meddle with any of our views or creeds that I can see."

"Somebody's set up that other sister o' his against her religion, the brethren, an' even Brother Brigham hisself."

"I can't believe Reuben has had anything to do with it. She talked the same before he came here. She has a mind of her own; that's all the trouble."

"The wust on it is, he's arter that young Sister Verner, an' its our duty ter see that she don't peril her soul by hitchin' on to a Gentile," said Brother Hewitt.

"Well, well, I'll see him and counsel him," replied Baxter, hastily. "We must, of course, look out for the interests of the kingdom."

"That's it. Egad, now you're talkin'. You've ben doin' yer duty, and got a purty woman at the same time. Eh! brother?" with a wink intended to be knowing but which simply made him appear disgusting, at the same time he rolled his quid of tobacco to the other cheek and ejected a stream of tobacco juice upon the floor.

We don't any on us feel like shirking our duty a great deal when we've a purty girl in tow. 'Taint no great cross to build up the kingdom, then, I might say," said Brother Norton. "I'm thinkin' Brother Baxter wasn't quite so zealous when he was counseled to take Sister Carroll," he continued.

"Ye're mistaken thar, Brother Norton. Sister Carroll had golden charms, an' them's the mos' lastin' kind. He! he! he! I'm sure it 'ud go agin' a feller's conscience ter lose a chance o' convertin' a Gentile an' gettin' a big pot o' money 'n the bargain. Brother Baxter allers was a lucky dog, egad."

All this was not particularly pleasing to Baxter, but he bridled his impatience and asked after the interests of the brewery, etc., and after a time his visitors took their leave.

"Elsie," said her husband, with a look of annoyance on his handsome face that evening in the quiet of their own room, "I am afraid Reuben will have to leave Salt Lake."

"Leave? Why, what has he done?"

"He has offended some of the heads of the church in some way," he said gravely, "and those men called to-night to tell me I must counsel him to go."

"They? What have those creatures to do with Reuben?"

Mr. Baxter regarded her a trifle sternly.

"Elsie, I hope you will be careful how you express yourself. Those creatures, as you term them, have a great deal of influence with Brother Brigham. They have not been the originators of this decree I am sure. I hope Reuben will take it kindly and not run risk of further warning."

"Harry, you don't think he would be in any danger if he did not?"

"Oh, no, I suppose not, but he should have kept away from that Verner girl. There's the trouble, and then Julia's rebellion."

"He had nothing to do with Julia's rebellion,"

Elsie said quickly. "She's always been so. It is wonderful how she ever came by her strange ideas. She talks horridly about polygamy and says all sorts of things."

Mr. Baxter looked at his wife curiously.

"You believe it to be all right, do you not, Elsie?"

"Why of course," she replied, a little startled by this question from her husband." Brother Brigham practices it and everybody. It must be right."

Harry Baxter arose and went to the window, looking out into the darkness. Presently he came back to Elsie and put his arms about her fondly.

"I am glad *you* have no doubts about it, 'little wife,' he said. "It surely is right."

CHAPTER XVIII.

A NEW REVELATION.

Elsie had been married three weeks. Bright, happy weeks they had been to her, fuller of thought and womanly depths of feeling than any that had ever before come to the careless, light-hearted girl. But the sun will not shine long unclouded upon any pathway.

"Elsie," said her husband one morning, "can you get along without my society for a few days?"

"Get along without you? Must you go away?" and the blue eyes opened wide with alarm.

He smiled and looked upon her curiously and as if amused at her childishness.

"You forget that I have other duties and others in my household to look after besides you, my dear. I have another home, Elsie."

"Oh!" Elsie caught her breath. She had nearly forgotten Mrs. Carroll Baxter. "Are you going there?" There was a world of dismay and reproach in her tone.

“Why, certainly, my child. I must go down and see how Sister Agnes and Nellie are getting along. There is a baby there too, a very bright little fellow who hasn’t seen his papa for some time. You wouldn’t have me neglect him, would you?” the inquisitive, amused look still in his eyes.

Elsie’s face flushed crimson and then paled. There was an unexpected struggle in her heart. For the first time in her life a sting of jealousy annoyed her.

“I wish—oh, Harry, I wish you didn’t feel obliged to go,” she said.

“But I do. I should have gone ere this. They will feel jealous of the new wife, I fear, but come, don’t be down-hearted. I shall be back to stay in a week or so, for I never leave Emile long at a time. Now kiss me good bye, for I shall not be here again to-day. I’ve been very devoted to you, haven’t I?” still smiling.

She raised her eyes to his, but the tears would come.

“O, pshaw, now; you mustn’t be babyish. You won’t know how to appreciate me if I’m here all the time; so good bye, sweetheart,” and putting his arms about her he brushed away her tears, kissed her again and departed.

When he was gone Elsie threw herself down

upon the sofa and indulged in a fit of weeping. This seemed to her a greater sorrow than she'd ever before known. True, she told herself she was foolish and silly to feel so, for she had known she was but a sharer with four other wives in his care and affection when she married him, and that of course he would spend a part of his time at his other home, but it never before seemed to her as now. She felt a little more sympathy for Abbie now, and didn't wonder at Julia's words so much. "It must be nice after all to be a Gentile and have one's husband all to herself," she reflected. "I wonder what Sister Agnes is like and Nellie too. Then that baby. He was going to see his baby. For some reason the thought was very unpleasant. She felt sure she should dislike all three, Sister Agnes, Nellie and the baby. After a time, drying her tears, she resolved to go and see Emile. She had never been to her rooms yet, and she felt a great curiosity to see her again and talk with her. Accordingly she sought Sister Lydia and asked if she might go and see the unfortunate woman.

"Certainly, if you wish, but you may possibly be pained with what you see. She is rather worse than usual to-day," said Mrs. Baxter.

But Elsie was anxious to see her and she tripped up the stairs leading to the other part of

the house and paused before a half open door, a glimpse of the room within staying her footsteps. In the centre of the handsomely furnished room stood Emile, her stately form arrayed in a crimson robe of rich material, her jetty hair coiled about her queenly head and her beautiful neck and arms uncovered, save the lovely ornaments which adorned them. A handsome diamond ring sparkled upon one shapely finger and a rich and costly fan was in her hand. She stood before a large mirror gazing mournfully into its depths.

“Poor Emile! Poor, poor Emile,” she was saying, “your beauty is all gone now. Your face is thin and pale and your eyes are hollow and sad. Of what use is it to wear jewels or pretty garments any more? Ah, men loved to praise you once; the beauty of your shining hair, your sparkling eyes, your handsome features; but it is all gone now, all gone.” Then while she leaned forward as if speaking more confidentially to the face in the glass, she went on, “Do you remember when *he* came? Ah, you had no eyes for any other then, no ears to hear their fulsome flattery. He was so handsome, so noble, so far above them all, and how your heart thrilled at his approach, and how long the hours were when you saw him not. Poor Emile, you loved him well, and you gave him your heart that he might play with it as

with a pebble in his hand. Pick it up and throw it away. And where is he, and why are you here away from dear, sunny France? O, why did you come, why did you come?" she wailed in a wild despairing tone that went to Elsie's heart; then catching sight of her figure in the glass as Elsie drew nearer, she turned abruptly toward her.

"Who are you, and why did you come to mock me in my sorrow?" she said sternly.

Then as Elsie, frightened and disconcerted, would have withdrawn she continued in a gentle tone:

"I know you now. It is you who would keep my husband from me. You, with your baby face and golden hair. Bah! he will soon tire of you; but, come in. I will not harm you, pauvre infant, you will have sorrow enough. The pink cheeks will become as marble and the fluttering little heart will grow cold and numb. There is no escape from it here in this great prison-house cut out from the mountains. The busy world outside knows us not, and even God has turned his face away from us. There is no escape here but death—death. Ah poor child, you will pray for it yet, and, even as Emile, will long for a bed in the dark cold earth. It is not dreadful to die. I know all about it. I hear my baby crying for me to come to it and before long I shall go. Do you

ever hear it?" she said, sitting down by Elsie, who had dropping into a chair and sat silent and awed by her language, and looking eagerly into her face. "Do you ever hear it?"

Elsie shook her head.

"Ah, your ears are not like mine, to catch each strain of music that comes with the whispering wind. I hear the sound of my child wailing in the still night hours, and some day the wind will bear me to it. *He* says I may go with him back to my loved France when I have found my baby; but I shall find it sad and desolate, for there is one who will not greet me. She comes in the wind and kisses my face and hushes me to sleep as she was wont to do when long ago I rested in her arms. Poor Emile, you cannot go." Then again turning to Elsie she said sternly and abruptly: "Girl, do not trust him. There's treachery in his heart. Go, now, and another time when Emile is less sad she will welcome you," and arising she took Elsie's hand, led her to the door and bade her adieu civilly.

Awed and silent, Elsie went down to Sister Lydia below stairs.

"How did you find her?" asked the latter, as she entered.

"I scarcely know whether she is sane or not. She talked beautifully but strangely, and used as pure English as I can myself."

“Oh, yes, she is thoroughly educated, and it is only at times that she speaks in French or brokenly. She is wonderfully eloquent sometimes.”

“She is dressed magnificently in velvet and jewels. I was so surprised I could not speak when I saw her,” continued Elsie. “Where did she get such things?”

“She brought a handsome wardrobe with her from France. It was the intention to convert her jewelry into money when she arrived here, but since she became insane Brother Baxter will not allow them to be taken from her. She spends much of her time dressing and talking to herself in the mirror. Hers is a singular malady. I think Brother Baxter feels more sorrow on account of it than one would suppose. He is very kind to her, and humors her every whim when in his power.”

Elsie saw Emile frequently after this, and became more and more fascinated with her strange and sad appearance. The woman seemed, too, to like to have Elsie with her, and would stroke her sunny hair, and say, “Poor child, pauvre enfant.” and seem to lose sight of her own sorrow in pity for this young girl.

A week or more had passed and Elsie was anticipating her husband's return, and feeling

lonely one evening, when an impulse again actuated her to go and see Emile. Gliding softly along the hall that she might not awaken her if she slept, she reached the French girl's apartments. The door was slightly ajar, and to Elsie's great surprise she saw Harry Baxter, her husband, within the room, and bending over the form of the sleeping Emile. He had his hat in his hand, and had evidently but just come from the street, and Elsie saw that his eyes were moist, and his lips trembled with emotion. She shrank back farther in the darkness, uncertain whether to stay or flee. Baxter pressed his lips tenderly to those of the sleeping girl before him, and Elsie heard him say brokenly: "My darling, my peerless one, would to God I could undo the work of my life, and restore you to your perfect, happy self again! How gladly would I give up all else here in Utah to see the blessed light of reason again shine in your dear eyes! God forgive me for ever embracing a faith that made it possible for me to wreck your precious life. Emile, my beloved," again bending over her and touching her curved lips, "will you not awaken to greet me?"

The soft, dark eyes unclosed as the girl raised her head and put out her white hands to him, and Elsie saw her husband enfold the beautiful creature to his heart, with an expression of love

and adoration in his eyes that he had never had for her. Yet this man had assured her she was first and foremost in his affections. It was a bitter revelation to the young wife. It was her nature to trust so implicitly, and now in the beginning of her married life she had lost faith in her husband. She could never again be so happy and light-hearted.

Elsie saw no more of Mr. Baxter until the next evening, when he came in as if but then returned from his office, nor did he give any intimation of his having been at the house the day before; and Elsie kept her own counsel and said nothing of what she had seen. Thus had she already her first secret from her husband.

CHAPTER XIX.

BROTHER WALLING, OR THE MAD HOUSE.

And what of Julia during the period following her interview with Brigham Young. She had been kept under close surveillance, was not allowed to make or receive calls away from her mother's side, and each night she was securely locked in her room. In every way she was treated as though her conduct was extremely reprehensible and wicked. Several of the sisters of the church called upon her to instruct her in her duty and counsel her as to the course she should pursue, among whom was the high priestess, so well known in Utah, and many others.

"You are imperiling your soul, as well as the welfare of generations unborn," said an enthusiastic sister, in one of these interviews.

"If I never marry, Sister Bridger, I shall never be mother to unborn generations; how then shall I be responsible?"

"But, my dear girl, think of the myriads of souls who are waiting for mortal bodies to clothe

them, and, if you refuse to do your share toward building up the kingdom, who can answer for your guilt?"

Sister Bridger's logic appeared a little at fault, but Julia replied: "I alone am ready to answer for it."

"My child, you assume a fearful responsibility when you presume to set at defiance the will of God as to the welfare of His saints and their kingdom; besides, you know a woman cannot be saved except through her husband or one to whom she may be sealed."

"I think I, at least, have a right to chose my own saviour," said Julia.

"Ah, but you are young, and your mother and older heads can better judge what you need than you, in your present unchristian state of heart."

"Sister Bridger, was your husband selected for you, and was he old, and disagreeable, and horrid?"

"No-o; I was a first wife, and we were married in the States, but I have myself chosen wives for him since, and, perhaps, my sacrifice has been as great as yours will be. The greater the cross the greater the crown, my dear."

"No, I don't believe in that kind of sacrifice. I don't believe God ever meant to make martyrs of women. I *won't* believe any such thing. It is

contrary to the teachings of Christ, who said, 'Take my yoke upon you, for my yoke is easy and my burden light.'"

"Wicked and perverse girl! Who shall save you from the wrath to come?" exclaimed Sister Bridger. "'A fool is wise in his own conceit,' saith the wise Solomon, and I see you are determined to bring down the full vials of God's wrath upon your head. Blessed is he who listens to counsel, who walketh not in the ways of the ungodly."

This was a sample of several interviews Julia was forced to endure. Brigham Young had not pressed his own suit when he found what an obstinate and willful character he had to deal with, for it did not suit him to bring discord and rebellion into his own household, however much he admired Julia. He was piqued that she did not appreciate the honor he would have done her, and he felt the most practical retaliation would be to force her into marriage with Walling. Thus matters stood until after Elsie's marriage; then they seemed to approach a crisis.

Mrs. Benson informed Julia one morning that the day had been set for her marriage, and that all further remonstrance upon her part would prove unavailing. She *must* yield. The more gracefully the better for herself and all concerned.

"But I will *never* yield, mother! There is no justice in such a decree. I will never be made a mere tool of in this way!" cried Julia, hotly.

"My poor misguided child, how will you help yourself? You can be taken by force, if necessary, to the altar, and Brother Brigham can pronounce you husband and wife. But unless you yield you are to be confined in the *asylum*."

"The asylum; what asylum?"

"The asylum for the insane, of course, with the other crazed women who would not listen to counsel."

"Mother, you cannot mean it!"

"Julia, I do mean it."

"O, mother, mother! *Are* you my mother? Are you a human being to thus sacrifice your child?"

"There, that will do. You have treated me to too many high tragedy scenes for me to be affected by them. Which do you prefer, Brother Walling or the mad house?"

"I will have *neither*! There are Gentile courts and Gentile judges in Utah! I will appeal to them for protection! The time is past for every sort of iniquity to be perpetrated in these mountains and go unpunished! I have not forgotten conversation I have heard in this house. The days of the reformation are past. You *dare* not

now kill me to save my soul as was common here a few years ago!"

"Julia, who has told you these things?"

"It matters not. I have heard them and thought about them, and I tell you I will not be sold body and soul to any old Mormon living. I never was made to submit to such tyranny, and I *will not* submit!"

"Julia, will you tell me how you can obtain the ear of any *Gentile judge*, as you say? You cannot leave this house. You will not be *allowed* to leave it until you consent to go with me to the endowment house."

"Mother, are you a fiend?"

"Your language is respectful and well becomes you, Julia. We shall have no difficulty in proving your insanity."

"Insanity? You are trying to drive me insane! O, God, how can a mother be so unfeeling, so cruel to her own child!" wailed Julia.

"Julia, listen to me. I *dare* not now do otherwise than I am doing. Should I refuse to sanction your marriage, or even be suspected of abetting in your rebellion, I should literally be turned into the streets. You know we are allowed a sum of money and the use of this house from the church because of my former marriage with the prophet, and that, with the little I have been

able to earn to eke out our fund, has enabled us to live comfortably, and I have certainly done well by my daughters. Everyone will admit that. You have been better educated and received greater advantages than the majority of the young girls here. But you, Julia, have little idea of the privations, toil and suffering which fell to my lot the first few years after coming to this place. You, my child, were born just after my arrival here, and many a time I've gone hungry and supperless to bed that my three little girls might have bread to quiet their cries and clamor. We were stinted to the least possible amount that would sustain life. I left a good home in Iowa, for your father had become well started there after our expulsion from Illinois. Crops were abundant and everything looked promising, but I left it all and came away over those wild, Indian-infested plains and through the lonely mountain passes to this city of saints, because I believed it my *duty*, because I felt that the Lord had given this valley to his people to build therein his kingdom, where he would one day come to reign over them. No sacrifice was too great, no labor too severe for me to perform, and now, when the day is near at hand for Christ's coming, shall I refuse to obey his chosen leader because my child rebels against me? Shall I refuse and be cast out as an

apostate and a rebel? Do you, Julia, want to see your mother, in her old age, turned out of her home and thrown upon the charity of the Gentiles, for no Mormon would be allowed to keep me over night—upon the Gentiles whom I have departed from? I tell you, my child, the life of woman must be one continual sacrifice if she hopes to gain an exaltation in the celestial kingdom. As to this plural wife ordinance which you seem to abhor, it is the glory of woman. No one can enter into plural marriage without sacrifice, and we should be glad to make sacrifices for our Saviour. He gave His life for us; how small a thing to give up our weak human wills to Him. When He comes to reign in His kingdom, will you not rejoice that you have done your share toward its building? Oh, my child, you should glory in it—the privilege of giving your body a living sacrifice for Him.

“Mother,” said Julia wearily, “I’ve heard that preached all my life, but—”

“But what?”

“I don’t believe it.”

“O, Julia, perverse, ungrateful girl. What have I done to be thus punished by the rebellion of a wicked and unbelieving child? I have thought my trials sometimes hard to bear, but you are the worst after all. I gave up my hus-

band and have endured every privation, poverty and even hunger for Christ's sake, but it is left for my own child to cause me greater pain still."

"Mother don't talk so. I don't want to make you trouble, but I can't believe—what I *don't* believe. I don't believe God has any such spite against poor women that he wants to make their life wretched. He wouldn't have given her a loving, human heart to be trampled on. I don't believe it."

"Julia, the heart of a human is full of deceit and wickedness. It is easy to reason out a doctrine to suit ourselves, but we are taught we must be willing to crucify the flesh for Christ's sake. We must be willing to forsake all for Christ or we are not worthy of him."

"Mother I am willing to renounce the world, its pleasures, and live always single as the Catholic nuns do; but to live with a man I despise, ugh! I can't do it!"

"You would not aid in the building of the kingdom by remaining single, and it isn't required of you; but you must have a thought of your own redemption. You must bring your wicked will into subjection to the church and secure the inheritance promised you, and there is but one way to do this."

Mrs. Benson felt she was becoming the victor,

for Julia had hidden her face in her hands and was crying bitterly.

"Mother, at least tell me when you will have this sacrifice made," she cried.

"A week from to-morrow is the day selected." Julia shuddered.

"I shall tell Brother Walling, then, that you have consented," continued the mother, a gleam of triumph in her eyes.

Julia made no response.

"You know the other alternative. Believe me, my child, I am sorry for you, but I see no way of escape. Brother Walling is too determined and persevering, too powerful with Brother Brigham, to be resisted. Do the best you can; subdue the natural and carnal desires of your heart, and you will receive your just reward for all you suffer."

Still no word from the stricken girl. In those few brief moments her resolution was forming, her decision was being made. Mrs. Benson stepped to her and laid her hand gently on the bowed head.

"Julia, will you not answer me?" and her face lightened as Julia replied in a muffled tone:

"Do as you will, mother. If I am to have no choice in this matter, the sooner it's over the better."

Mrs. Benson passed out of the room, feeling as if she were a conqueror. Had she seen the expression upon Julia's face, when, finding herself alone, she arose from her prostrate position, she might not have felt so elated. Julia's lips were compressed, her hands convulsively clinched, and her face pale and resolute, while her eyes glowed like those of a tigress at bay.

"You force me to this alternative, and its consequences be upon your head!" she cried.

CHAPTER XX.

A GENTILE'S SUCCESS—THE AVENGING ANGELS AT WORK.

Upon an open portico, in front of her mother's pleasant dwelling, Ida Verner sat in the June twilight, a smile hovering about her lips, as she fancied she saw, far down the street, a familiar figure approaching the house. She was a tall, slender girl, with singularly direct and fearless gray eyes, and resolute mouth. Otherwise, there was little in her face to attract attention; but now, as she leaned slightly forward, her usually pale face, touched with a tinge of carmine, her lips parted and her eyes glowing with pleased expectancy, she was a very pleasant and graceful picture; so, at least, thought Reuben Benson, as, opening the little gate, he passed up the path bordered by blossoming plants, and, with the air of one quite at home, seated himself upon the rustic bench by her side, and gathered up the skein of bright colored yarn which had fallen from her lap as she arose to greet him.

"I am so glad you have come," she said, "I've been worrying all day about you."

"About me? Why should you do that? I assure you I'm quite well."

"Yes, but Reuben, you are in danger."

"In danger? From what, pray?" incredulously.

She looked around nervously.

"This morning, upon opening the front door, I found this piece of paper, which had evidently been slipped in under it during the night. It contains a warning for you, and I know enough of this place to know such missives mean something."

Reuben laughed.

"Let's see this remarkable document that so terrifies you. I don't imagine any real danger is going to approach in a piece of soiled note paper," as Ida produced a crumpled, dirty note, upon which was written, in straggling, irregular lines, the following:

"miss Verner, tell that rascaly gentile luvver ov yurs that Hede better mak him self scarc about Salt lake fur theres men as has an i on him and if He dont clere out purty d—d quick it wil be wurs for him. He is wacht and kant tak no step un be none to the sons of dan. No fulin."

Reuben deciphered the note with some difficulty, and then remarked lightly:

“If there’s nothing more dangerous than the writer of that specimen of literature to menace me, I shall not suffer much from fear, I reckon. Come, don’t look so dismal-faced about it. I assure you that’s nothing. Barking dogs seldom show their teeth. Such braggadocios are always cowards, you know.”

“But, Reuben, indeed, indeed, you must not make light of it. There is something back of all this. The writer of that note is only a tool in the hands of more powerful men; or, perhaps, the poor writing and spelling are only affected to disguise and conceal the identity of the writer. I fear, oh, I am sure that prominent Mormons, if not Brigham Young himself, have instigated the production of that very note. I know too much of the horrible crimes that have been committed here in these mountains. Reuben, did I ever tell you that mother had reason to believe my own father belonged the band of Danites?” Ida lowered her voice and glanced nervously into the shrubbery near them.

“I fancy danger lurking in every shadow,” she continued. “Let us go into the house.”

“You are nervous. I am sorry you found that note, although there is no danger to be apprehended on account of it, but will go into the

house for this night air is too chill for you. You are shivering now."

"I don't feel chill. It is mere nervousness, I suppose," she replied as they passed into the house. Ida dropped the shades and brought in a light.

"I heard to-day they are expecting to have the Utah Pacific Railroad through to Salt Lake and in operation before many months," said Reuben, when she was again seated. "I believe that was to be the limit of our waiting, Ida."

The girl blushed slightly, and then turning to him she said earnestly:

"I am glad the time is short on one account, Reuben; you will have less time to remain in this dangerous city. Oh, what shall I do if any thing happens to you because of your affection for me!" and again she shuddered.

"Come, come, Ida, this is unlike you to be frightened at imaginary danger," replied Reuben, taking her hand in his and looking upon her fondly. "I thought you were very brave. You have worried over that note until it has unnerved you. But this leads me to the object of my visit to-night. If you really fear, let us make the time shorter than first intended. Let us not wait for the completion of the road, but be married at once and take the train at Ogden for the East."

Ida looked at him anxiously.

"Reuben, I would be willing to do so," she said frankly, "but I fear I would not be permitted to leave Salt Lake. The Mormons do not recognize any marriage as binding except it be sanctioned by the prophet, and rather than let me leave Salt Lake with a Gentile they will invent some pretext for forcibly detaining me. And you—oh, there have been such horrible things done here! They might never permit you to reach Ogden! Think of the fate of Dr. Robinson, O. N. Brassfield, and Potter and Wilson! What was Dr. Robison's crime, only that he married the daughter of a deceased Mormon? Oh, Reuben, you risk your life to marry me here! "

"Ida those are things of the past; crimes of the days of reformation, when murder was plainly taught as the means of saving souls. The blood atonement theory is not so strongly advocated now."

"Mormonism is the same and human nature is the same as when a few years ago this idea was openly advocated, and every year there are more or less crimes perpetrated here and the criminals are never brought to justice. Mother feels as I do about this. We have been talking of it to-day. She has quite a considerable fortune here, and we are, I fear, too well known to be permitted to

leave without an effort being made to detain us. It is on *our* account that you are being persecuted, but—"she added after a moment's thought—"if worse comes to worst, and you are obliged to leave, I will at least make the attempt to go with you. Mother, too, is anxious to leave as soon as the road is through and go back to the home of her youth, where she was so happy before the blight of polygamy fell upon her."

"Yes," said Reuben, "and there are reasons why I would like to go *soon*—within a week, Ida, and I came to-night to ask you if you could not be ready to go with me then."

"So soon? Oh, Reuben, is it necessary?" said Ida, paleing.

"Ida, Julia is to be sacrificed next week. They have forced her to consent to a marriage with Walling. I have not been allowed to have any conversation with her alone, but she managed to get a note into my hand when I met her a day or two since with mother, in which she implores me not fail to be present at the reception at mother's the evening after the ceremony, and adds that she has need of my assistance, but begs me to do nothing until after I have seen *her*. I feel sure she has some plan of escape, or she never would have consented to the mockery of a marriage. What it is I do not know; but God grant it may

not prove abortive. It is a shame to my manhood that I have not been able to aid her; but she has always begged me, in the few chance sentences she has found opportunity to give me, not to take any steps *myself*, but trust to her. She has hoped until recently to evade the marriage. I have, however, ——

“Hark!” Ida laid her hand upon his arm. “I heard a noise outside the window.”

She arose, and putting aside the curtain, looked out. Was it fancy, or were the shadows deepened near that bush by a crouching form? She stood for several moments looking out intently, then went back to Reuben.

“I expect I am foolish, but I cannot rid myself of the impression that there is some one about the house. Speak low and tell me what you were about to say when I interrupted you.”

Reuben continued in an undertone, for some way he half shared her fancy, though he would not have acknowledged it.

“I was about to say I had engaged a conveyance, to be ready upon ten minutes’ notice, to take me and any whom I may bring with me to Ogden. I believe Julia means to effect her escape after her marriage. She will be less closely watched then, and I will be ready to aid her if possible. Why should not the same conveyance

take you and your mother as well? It seems to me the safest plan; for if I succeed in getting Julia away, they will be suspicious of me when I come back again."

"Oh, Reuben, this is so sudden and unexpected, but I see it seems best; but—" and she caught her breath—"Oh, must it be?"

"My dear, I think we might have less trouble in getting away than if we started later, for, to tell you the truth, that note is not the first warning I have received to leave Utah."

"Oh! Reuben!"

"Yes, I have received one or two of these remarkable missives before, which have been left at Abbie's door, the last with a death's head and crossbones traced on it in blood. But I don't care for them myself, though they've served to frighten poor Abbie nearly ill. Poor child, if she would only go with me also, I should be glad; but she will not be persuaded. However, there is one consolation in the fact that she cannot live long to suffer," added Reuben, bitterly.

"Reuben, is Abbie worse?" Ida's lips grew white with apprehension; then her thoughts reverting to his first sentence, she continued without waiting for him to answer: "And those horrible notes. Oh, Reuben, they will never let you leave Salt Lake!"

“Yes, they warn me to leave ; but those specimens of literature don’t amount to anything. I’d not be scared away by any such trash as that ; but I have received a sort of official notice that my presence is no longer desired in the City of Saints. I have, in fact, been *counseled* to shake the dust of Salt Lake from my feet,” continued he, smiling. “But pray, don’t look so horrified, or I shall regret telling you.”

“Reuben, tell me, please tell me all ! Who gave you the counsel, and who dictated it ?”

“Brother Brigham probably started the ball rolling. He usually holds the cue, I find, to start the winning ball ; but Brother Baxter gave me the ‘counsel’ direct. Some of the elders had waited upon him.”

“Brother Baxter ! I should think he would have been ashamed to come to you on such an errand.”

“He did not particularly fancy the duty imposed upon him, I think, but he felt obliged to do it, of course. He told me he thought all things considered, it might be *wisest* for me to leave the city for a time, as, on account of Julia’s rebellion, etc., some suspicion had attached to me ; though he himself believed me guiltless of any attempt to create disturbance, or influence her to act against the counsel of the brethren ;

and he added, further, that he much regretted that it became necessary for me to go, as he had plans to engage me in a new business which he is projecting."

"Did he think it dangerous for you to remain?" asked Ida.

"What a persistent questioner you are. Well, he said it was usually wisdom to obey counsel."

"Oh, dear, what did you tell him?"

"I told him I did not fancy being driven away; and although I didn't blame him at all, and thanked him for his kindness and interest, he might tell those parties so interested in my going that I considered myself a free-acting agent, and subject to no control other than the laws of God and the Government, and that I should go when I was ready and felt so inclined, and not before."

"You did very wrong, Reuben."

"Well, I confess I was angry, although this counsel wasn't wholly unexpected. When the railroad is through here, there will be an end of such things, I fancy. The saints are trembling already at the great influx of Gentiles, and see at no distant future the breaking up of their infamous system of plural marriage. That is the reason they make so much fuss when a Gentile attempts to marry here now. They'll be much more humble in a year from now."

“Do not think it, Reuben, They may be obliged to work more secretly, but they do not fear the Gentiles enough to change their system of action. Brigham Young is all powerful, and will govern the affairs of this people, both spiritual and temporal, as he desires, so long as he lives. I am surprised that Brother Baxter had anything to say to you, however. I should have thought he would have delegated another to do that duty for him.”

“I don’t know what to think of Baxter. He is certainly one of the most brilliant men I ever saw, capable of filling any position and succeeding in anything he may undertake. How he ever came to embrace Mormonism I cannot understand. Was he separate from it, and in the States, and was his marriage with Elsie not a plural one, I should think her most fortunate in her choice, for she appears wholly devoted to him, as he to her; but, of course, there can be nothing but a life of sorrow in store for her as it is. She will be cast aside for another when he begins to tire of her. It is an accursed system, and makes *brutes* and *tyrants* of men who, in another community, would be models of true manhood and devoted husbands. Baxter is so thoroughly refined and gentlemanly, so fastidious and humane in most things, I wonder he can endure the grossness and un-

wholesomeness of Mormonism as it is now taught. So handsome, attractive and talented, what opportunity he has for causing wretchedness under this system of polygamy."

"Oh, Reuben, how glad I am that there is no danger of your becoming a Mormon. It does truly seem to change a man's very nature. I have heard mother tell how happy she was with father in the States. They had everything heart could wish for, a pleasant home, kind friends and the comforts of life, for father was rising in his profession and making a good income, when he became interested and finally converted to Mormonism. He had been the kindest of husbands, and mother says the first harsh word he ever gave her was when he reproved her for her grief and reluctance in leaving the dear home for this new and untried West. Then, think what a change, when one after another his plural wives were taken! I don't see how she ever survived it; yet there are thousands of others that are enduring the same all the while. But I am reminded of Abbie. You spoke as if she had not long to live."

"Abbie is dying of a broken heart, as I felt sure she would. She is one of those women who only live through their affections, and has not strength to bear up under the burden which her church has put upon her. The trouble is, she believes

too strongly in Mormonism, and the struggle between her faith and the natural impulses of her heart are killing her. If she would rouse up and get a third wife for Charlie, as Julia suggested, to punish that vixen he has taken there to annoy her, I should have some hopes of her. I tell you that woman is a terror! I've often thought of your first impression of her."

"Yes, I felt sure she would torture Abbie," said Ida, sadly.

"Well, I feel certain when I leave this place, I shall look upon Abbie's face for the last time, and truly I am glad of it, for there can be now no happiness for her in this life; and she is such a blessed saint, I am sure she will have it in the next world. If ever a person sought to live her religion, Abbie does. But let us return to the subject of getting away from here. You are willing to go with me, if I find it necessary to go, Ida?"

Ida hesitated a moment; then, raising her clear, truthful eyes to his, she said, earnestly: "Yes, Reuben, if you must go I will go with you if possible."

"God bless you Ida, you have spoken like the brave girl you are and as I felt sure you would. I would not deny but there may be *some risk* in getting away, but still I don't think any one will

attempt to molest or detain us. The day is passed for such deeds to be done and go unpunished. There are too many Gentiles in Utah; besides, the Mormons are not anxious to provoke further hostility from the United States Government. Their petted institutions are in too much danger now to run any risk unnecessarily."

"Reuben, Brigham Young and prominent Mormons laugh at the United States Government. They boast that Congress *dare* take no action against them; that they have a sufficiently strong Mormon lobby at Washington to overbalance all the moral sentiment of the country against their doctrines, and that while the world waits the Mormons are continually growing stronger and more powerful. Hundreds of emigrants are coming in here from the old world every year, and the wilderness is fast becoming filled with those who have pledged their allegiance to Mormonism and Brigham Young! But, Reuben, in regard to our going, I think we had better defer our marriage until we are in the States, for I have no doubt we will be watched, and were we to take that step it would draw attention to us directly and increase the difficulty in getting away."

"Perhaps you may be right in that. I wish I was cognizant of Julia's plans, for I feel sure she has them, and for some reason I have a great deal

of faith in her ability to carry them out successfully."

Once more Ida put up her hand and slipped to the window.

"I must be unusually fanciful to-night," she said, "for I would have sworn I heard some one's step outside of the house again, but there is no one in sight."

"I will go out and search among the shrubbery," said Reuben.

"Oh, no, it is all imagination I dare say; but don't take any dark alleys or streets going home to-night!"

Reuben smiled.

"I'll be wary, never fear. There is no bravery in foolhardiness; but I confess I wouldn't be loth to meet the writer of those notes, or writers, for there is evidence of more than one," he said.

After some further conversation Reuben took his leave, and Ida, accompanying him, stood in the doorway looking after him as he moved with his easy swinging gait down the walk and through the gateway, tossing back a kiss at her as he turned into the street.

She stepped back and was about to close the door when she caught sight of a moving figure in the shubbery. Her first impulse was to scream for Reuben, her second to close and lock the door,

and her third, which she acted upon while the blood grew cold in her veins, was to again step forward upon the veranda.

"I may detain them and give Reuben time to get out of their way," was the unspoken thought which led to this action.

And she was right. For several moments she stood there, her heart beating tumultuously while her eyes were fixed by a horrible fascination upon the dark form crouching by the side of a branching evergreen before her. At last, as if feeling they were discovered, two men sprang from the ground and darted swiftly out of the yard and into the street.

CHAPTER XXI.

JULIA IS SEALED TO BROTHER WALLING.

The sun shone out as brightly upon the morning of Julia's wedding day as though it were to bless the union of the most devoted lovers in the universe, but it could not lighten the gloom or quell the volcano slumbering in her bosom. She said little and made no remonstrance or objection when she saw her "temple robes" in course of preparation. In fact, her mother was delighted to see her "behaving so well." She had watched her daughter closely that she might have no opportunity to seek to escape, and the final hour found Julia apparently willing to go with them to the house of ceremony.

"I am sure I shall never breathe freely," said Mrs. Benson, "until Julia is really married. She is such a strange girl one never knows what to expect from her or what insane notion she may take at any moment. I think, however, she intends to make the best of this."

Brother Walling arrived early, his rotund form and florid countenance the picture of health and good humor. Julia scarcely deigned to notice him until they were about to enter the presence of Brigham Young. Then she turned to him and said coldly:

“Are you *sure* you wish to marry me, knowing my intense dislike and abhorrence of this union?”

“I’m not afraid. You’ll get all over that and be as lovin’ and happy as a turtle dove before the end of a fortnight,” replied he, laughing good naturedly.

She said no more, and soon she was in the presence of the prophet, who sat as usual before the altar, to act his part in confirming this “law of the priesthood,” and when the solemn question was asked her none about her noticed the indistinctly uttered “I will *not*” of her answer. Once more they had returned to her mother’s house, and “Sister Julia *Walling*” received coldly the congratulations of her friends. Toward the bridegroom she was more than usually repellent, and he was obliged to seek other society or become an object of mirth to the giddy young people assembled there. At her first opportunity Julia sought out Reuben. As she stood by his side unobserved her hand sought out his hip

pocket, where she knew he always carried a loaded revolver.

"Ask no questions, Reuben," she whispered, "but if you love me let me have this;" and she transferred the weapon to her own pocket.

Reuben looked at her keenly.

"Was that why I must be here?" he asked. "Surely you are not going to"—

"O, no, no; do not fear. I only need it to protect myself."

Reuben regarded her curiously, but said: "You may have it, but promise not to harm *yourself*."

"I tell you you may trust me," looking anxiously about to see if they were observed.

"Julia, I shall be waiting the remainder of the night at Mike Carney's stables, with team," he whispered.

Her face gleamed with eager hopefulness.

"All right. I'll be there if *possible*."

At this moment her mother came up, and as she turned away her lips framed the word "Ogden."

"Julia," said her mother, "they want you to come and sing."

"I'm not in singing mood," replied the girl shortly. "Tell Brother Walling he may do the singing himself. It's the last time he'll feel like it, I reckon."

“Why, Julia, what’s the matter now?”

“Nothing, only I don’t intend he shall have any more wedding parties while I live with him.”

Her mother smiled.

“She’s jealous of his marrying again already. She’ll be all right,” said Mrs. Benson to herself.

At last the guests were gone and Julia had gone to her room. Brother Walling rapping at her door a short time later, opened to the invitation “*come in*” from the lips of his bride, and entering turned to confront the muzzle of a loaded revolver in unpleasant proximity to his face and held by Julia herself, who said in a hoarse, suppressed, but determined voice:

“One loud word Noah Walling and I’ll make you forever after hold you tongue!”

Walling staggered. The attack was so sudden—so unexpected.

“Why—why—Julia!” he gasped, “what do you mean? Put—put down that gun, that’s a dear! It might go off!”

“It *will* go off if you don’t keep still!” clicking the hammer ominously, “Sit down in that chair!”

Walling, shivering with terror sank into the chair.

“Now put your hands behind you and don’t you dare stir. I’ve a mind to put a bullet through

your face any way, you man of many wives!" she contemptuously added. "They'd all be well rid of you!"

Holding the revolver at his head she passed behind him, and laying it down attempted to tie his hands. As he perceived her intention he started to his feet, but a touch of the cold steel upon his forehead made him drop again into his chair, while the perspiration started at every pore.

"Why, Julia, what are you going to do? What kind of a racket is this you're putting up on me? I—I'm afraid I don't appreciate it! I—"

"You *will* before I'm done," she replied coolly, as she bound the cord tightly about his wrists and fastened them to the chair. "I'm glad you had sense enough left to keep still so I didn't have to kill you! I meant to anyway, that you might never have a chance to use anyone else as you have me. Here, I'll take off these slippers, your feet will be quieter without them and you'll not suffer from cold, I think," and she quickly drew them off and tossed them to one side, saying scornfully, "My first menial service as your wife!" then picking up another cord she attempted to tie his feet also to the chair. Once more Walling started up, but in an instant the revolver fully cocked as he perceived was pointed directly at his eyes.

“For God’s sake!” he hoarsely cried, “what are you going to do? I—I—” and he choked and gasped in his excitement and terror.

It was not that the man was so great a coward ordinarily that he suffered her to so entirely control him; but she had bewildered him by the suddenness and strangeness of her attack, and he had been taken at a great advantage. Perhaps another feeling might have had some weight to prevent his calling for assistance. It would certainly be a little ridiculous, and subject him to the laughter of his associates, should he shout for aid to defend him from this young girl, his wife.

“Noah Walling, once more sit down or I *will* kill you!” The girl’s face spoke more than her words. There was hatred, determination, and despairing firmness written in every line of it. Walling felt that she would not scruple to take his life and her own with it if he balked her in her course, and accepting the truth of the old adage he resolved to show discretion rather than valor, and sank meekly back into his former position, where she soon had him firmly bound by his ankles, saying as she did so :

“Don’t attempt that again at your peril! I’ve half a mind—oh, I am strongly tempted—don’t dare move again or I *shall* make an end of you!”

She arose to her feet before him, still grasping tightly the weapon.

“What—what’s all this for? What are are ye going to make by it? Ye’re my wife, and ye don’t expect to keep me always tied up do ye?” at length he managed to say, as he squirmed about in his chair.

“No; God grant it, only to-night. You are free from me after to-night; but I see you won’t keep still. I must stop your mouth.”

“Oh, don’t—don’t do that! I’ll keep still. I’ll—but I want to know what it’s for.”

She looked at him contemptuously.

“You’ll know in good time;” and, taking up a handkerchief, she succeeded in binding it securely over his mouth. “Now, I am not afraid you’ll make yourself heard. I don’t think you could anyway, but it’s best to be certain. Now, Mr. Walling, I wish you joy in your marriage. I am going down stairs, and the quieter you keep the better it will be for you. Remember that! Don’t ever use the life I’ve spared you to make any other poor woman wretched, or I shall regret I was so merciful.”

Then, stepping into a closet, she put on her hat and shawl, and, taking a small satchel in her hand, went again to the door and gently opened it.

“They don’t think it necessary to bar the door,

now I am married," she said, scornfully. "A husband is a sufficient barrier to a woman's freedom, even if she have but a fifth of an interest in him. Humph! I'll lock you in, my lord, and you may enjoy your wedding night to your heart's content. Allow me to bid you a fond farewell for time and all eternity," mockingly. "And remember, all the days of your life, you were anxious to get your fifth plural wife!"

The poor man twisted and wriggled about in his chair, and his glaring eyes spoke volumes; but Julia closed and locked the door upon the outside and passed swiftly and noiselessly down the stairs. Pausing to listen a moment, she carefully lifted the latch of the sitting-room door, and crept with cat-like tread across the floor. Before her was an open door, leading to the small sleeping-room of her mother—that mother whom she feared more than all others. By this room she must pass to gain an exit from the house. What if her shadow should fall upon open and sleepless eyes! What if her light footfall should reach keen and listening ears! Julia's nerves were strung to their highest tension, and her heart throbbed so wildly in her bosom, she fancied its loud beating must be heard throughout the room. Suddenly the floor creaked dismally as her weight came upon it. O, merciful heaven! must she be discovered after all!

Her breathing was labored and heavy, and the room seemed to dance about her as she stopped to listen. The seconds of time seemed lengthened into minutes of torture ere she reached the kitchen door and sought, with nervous and trembling fingers, to open it. An ominous click of the latch again gave her new terror. Would this never be over—this horrible suspense—this painful and sickening fear and dread of discovery? At length she stood outside, in the free, open air, sheltered by the friendly veil of darkness. She paused a moment, pressing her hand convulsively to her bosom. Was it fancy or did she hear a footstep upon the creaking floor behind her? She grasped the protecting revolver tightly and sped out into the night with a joyful sense of freedom and newly-inspired hope. The streets appeared deserted, save now and then a solitary pedestrian hastening homeward in the morning hours, and Julia hurried along, keeping as much as possible in the shadows and avoiding the rays of out-shining lights from the buildings, gaining more and more courage as street after street was passed without molestation from any one. She had passed a couple of policemen, but they were standing upon a corner talking together, and she crept by unperceived upon an opposite side of the street. The few whom she had met had

taken no notice of her, and she was beginning to breathe freely, when once more she heard footsteps approaching just before her, and, from the measured tread, she felt certain it was another watchman. There was no chance to conceal herself or cross the street. What could she say if he questioned her?

The man came up and regarded her closely, then as she was about to pass he stopped her.

"See here, miss, it seems to me it's rather late at night to be walkin' the streets, haint it?" he said, gruffly.

"Oh, sir," said Julia, breathlessly, "please don't detain me. I ran away to attend the wedding party down at Mrs. Benson's, and I must get home as quickly as I can, or I'll get an awful scolding."

The policeman smiled grimly.

"I reckon I'd better g'long with ye. It ain't safe for a pretty girl to be out alone this time o' night," and he turned and walked along by her side.

Julia was in distress; what should she do? She must get to Reuben some way. He had understood her, and was going to help her. Suddenly she remembered the place he had mentioned was near Abbie's, and she must go there and trust to Abbie's kind heart to aid her.

"It is a long way, sir, but I am not afraid" she said at length.

"How fur d'ye think it is?" asked the man, curiously.

She named the street and place. He looked at her again sharply.

"Yes it is a long way. Further than you ought to go to-night, miss."

"Oh, I must go. They'll have every one out searching for me if I don't get home, and it will create such a scandal. Do please let me go," she said, pleadingly.

"Well, I'll take you to the end o' my beat, and then you can go with the other watchman. He'll be there most likely."

Julia prayed silently that he might not be found, but said nothing, and together they passed down the street, and were about to turn another, when a whistle, loud and clear, arose upon the still night air. One, two and three in quick succession.

"There's a call. Some one is in trouble. I shall have to leave you," said the policeman, quitting her side and starting upon a run down the street in the direction of the sound, while Julia, thankful for this intervention in her behalf, sped swiftly down another street, and on, on, on in the darkness. Oh, he must never find her again; and she ran on, scarce knowing where, in her

frantic impulse to get away from her unwelcome escort. At length she paused, exhausted and breathless. She could not be far from Abbie's, but she did not recognize the street. She turned into another, also strange, but it was darker and less traveled. Could it be she had gone in the wrong direction? If so, she must be nearing the outskirts of the city, as this newer street would indicate. She would pursue it a distance at any rate. She hurried on, now running, now walking, while the street grew more and more desolate and unhabited. Truly, she was getting out of the city. "But what of Reuben waiting for her at the stables? He would learn in the morning that she was gone, and would hurry on toward Ogden after her, and she must in some way find the Ogden road, and seek to get through by herself. But she had no money, and if she did not find Reuben what could she do? She dare not turn back into the city; the further away from it the better. She might perhaps secrete herself and somewhere find friends to aid her. She would keep on and trust in Providence."

Thus Julia reflected, as, hurrying on with fleet though weary feet, she traversed the street, which now assumed the appearance of a country thoroughfare. Suddenly a faint, glad cry escaped her. It was growing lighter, and she

caught sight of a mountain summit outlined against the sky. She looked about her and eagerly scanned the horizon. Could it be possible? She trembled with excitement. Yes, the sun was faintly lighting the mountain tops in the distance, and from its direction and the surrounding landscape she felt convinced that all unknown to herself, she had taken the road she desired—the road to Ogden and liberty. A thrill of joy filled her frame. God was watching over and caring for her. He had guided her blind wanderings and directed her feet aright. Tears sprang to her eyes—tears of gratitude and thankfulness for this marvelous guidance.

As the morning sun gilded the lofty mountain tops, Julia, weary and footsore, crept into a growth of underbrush that bordered the roadside, to rest awhile and plan for further action. She had left home at midnight. How far had she gone? Had her course been direct, running as she had a part of the time, she might have come possibly ten or fifteen miles, she concluded. She must rest now, and if Reuben did not overtake her, hurry on alone to Ogden.

CHAPTER XXII.

ABBIE IS ENLIGHTENED.

Meanwhile where was Reuben and what arrangements had he made for the occasion? At an early hour he left Mrs. Benson's and repaired to the place he had mentioned to Julia, where he saw that all was in readiness for their departure before going back to his sister's. Early in the morning Mrs. Verner and Ida had come over to Abbie's and been ushered into the privacy of Abbie's own room by Reuben, who had not gone with the others from the endowment house to his mother's. It had been decided, upon consultation together, that Ida should go now with Reuben, and later when Mrs. Verner should dispose of her home and effects she should follow them. Soon after their arrival a carriage had driven up to Mr. Bostwick's door, received a couple of traveling trunks and driven away. Earlier in the day a small dry goods box had been tumbled out upon the steps at Mrs. Verner's, and a hackman had taken it up and carried it away with him. There

was little in this to attract notice so long as no one accompanied the baggage, but box and trunks were now safely stored in a hack in the same yard where Reuben bade Julia seek for him, and where now, after a few parting words with the hackman, he left to go back to Mr. Bostwick's to await the coming of his sister. A little past midnight Charlie drove up to the door with his two wives, and Abbie alighted and alone entered the sitting-room, looking pale and ghostlike in the dimly lighted apartment, while her husband accompanied his wife to the other part of the building. Without noticing Reuben, Abbie moved with languid steps across the floor and threw herself down wearily upon a chintz-covered lounge by the window, pressing her hands tightly to her bosom. There was a world of sorrow expressed by her manner in performing this simple action. Poor woman, her religion was not a joy to her, however faithfully she lived it. It was a continual trial to her to be in the society of her husband and his plural wife, and to-night she was oppressed by her own sorrow and the added weight of her sister's burden of wretchedness. It was cruel, Abbie felt, to force this loathsome marriage upon Julia, and she feared its consequences and yet it was the mandate of her church, and it was done, so she believed or so she was taught to be-

lieve, to ensure the salvation of Julia's soul. Surely woman was born to suffer martyrdom in this world or be wretched and degraded in the celestial kingdom. Her thoughts would revert to the pictures Reuben and others had drawn of domestic life in the States, and a covetous desire would well up in her bosom for a dwelling place in that earthly paradise which was denied her. To-night her heart was in a racking tumult of emotions. Julia had whispered bitter heresies against the church and the Mormon creed in her ear, and in spite of her, doubts would arise as to the truth which she had been taught from infancy. Poor Abbie! The arm of God seemed afar off, and she put forth so feeble a hand to rest upon it. O, if she were only stronger in body and faith that she might better battle with the natural and human impulses of her true womanly heart which in spite of all, shrank and revolted at this system of polygamy. It was very hard to love Jennie as herself. It was very hard to joy in the union of her own husband with another; and, lastly, it pained her to see her beautiful sister sacrificed—for she could think it nothing else—in the interest of her religion.

“Abbie, are you worse to-night?” Reuben asked, arising from a shadowy corner of the room and approaching her.

She half arose, startled by his presence.

“O, brother, are you here? I did not see you when I came in. No, I don’t know as I am any worse. Physical pains are not always hardest to bear, Reube,” with a pitiful little smile upon her quivering lips and a suspicion of tears in her voice.

Reuben knelt down by her side.

“Abbie, has Jennie been more unkind to you than usual, or what is it?”

“O, nothing. She’s been no worse—only I am such a weak, silly creature. I permit everything to trouble me, though I didn’t mean to worry you with it. But—but sometimes I think I never will go out or subject myself to the trial of seeing *them* together.”

“Abbie, dear sister, once more let me ask the standing question. Will nothing tempt you to go back to the States with me? Wouldn’t you like to start with me to-night for Iowa and father?”

“To-night? What do you mean?” She started nervously. “You are not going to-night, Reube?”

Reuben took her trembling hands in his.

“Abbie, I *do* think of starting to-night. I have not told you before, for I feared you would worry over it, and I wanted you to go to mother’s and appear as usual to-day, but I really think it is best I should go now. You know I have been ‘counseled.’”

"Yes, yes, I fear it is best, but—are you going to leave Ida?"

"Ida is going with me."

Abbie clasped her hands tightly and her large, dark eyes grew luminous.

"Reuben, oh, Reuben! You will have a home of your own, your very own, and Ida will make you such a dear, good wife. I am *so glad*—and yet"— She hesitated.

"Yet what?"

"I am afraid—they will not want her to leave. She is an heiress, and Brother Brigham has given her to Brother K——'s son. We believe"—she spoke with an effort—"that we are justified in interfering to prevent such marriages—a Mormon with a Gentile. She imperils her soul to marry one not of our faith."

"Abbie, *you* don't believe any such thing, and I am trusting you now, knowing that you will not betray me. I did not think it best to tell you sooner; your zeal is so great I did not know what you might believe it your duty to do. Of course I know she is considered an eligible bride for a Mormon, and that I am not particularly liked here, therefore we have taken the precaution to keep this matter as much of a secret as possible; but Ida is to go with me to Ogden within the next twenty-four hours, if we are not forcibly de-

tained. And oh, Abbie, will you not go also? Go and make a visit at least at the old home in the States. The cars will be running to Salt Lake before many months, and you can come back whenever you wish. Father will be rejoiced to see you, and we will win you back to life and health."

Abbie shook her head sadly.

"No; my place is here while I live, but"—She raised her eyes—unnaturally large and bright they appeared as the dim light fell upon them—to her brother's. "I feel as if that may not be long. Something tells me I have not long to live, that I am nearing the end, and I believe it is best so. I have not much"—She tried again to smile—that smile that it was torture for Reuben to see. "I have not much to live for, and I expect I won't be missed."

"Abbie, don't talk so. Come with me, and the change of air and climate will work wonders for you. I am sure in six months you will feel like a new woman. Our stepmother is the kindest and most accomplished nurse extant, and she will nurse you; and think what a horseback ride over the bluffs in the stiff Iowa air might do for you. O, you must come, Abbie! I can't go without you! Ida would be delighted, and you could live with us," he added.

Abbie lay quiet and motionless for several moments, her eyes looking sadly into vacancy, her mind apparently filled with the picture he had drawn for her. At length she said sadly but firmly:

"No, Reuben, no. Do not urge me. It is a great temptation, but I must stay with my husband while my life lasts; until God takes me I must stay here, but when He does I shall be glad—glad to go; but I wish," she turned toward him eagerly, "*Julia* could go with you."

Reuben was surprised and pleased at this latter sentence.

"Abbie," he whispered, "I trust she *will*."

"O, Reuben, how glad I am! I have so hoped for some escape for her! I want her to go, yes I want her to go! I have been fearing her only escape would be one of her own making to the bar of judgment uncalled. But how is she to get away?"

"I don't know. I have trusted her for that, but I have faith to believe she will come. She is a person of resources."

"Is she coming here?"

"Not here, but at a place not far from here where our team is waiting."

"Ah! and you had all this arranged and did not tell me?"

"I did not wish to put you in an equivocal position. I did not know but you would deem it your duty to prevent her going, and I did not want your heart and conscience at war; besides I was not certain of anything until to-night, but I must see Ida and go back to the appointed place. Julia may come any time."

"Ida! Is she here?"

"Yes, and her mother. They are in your room. I did not know but Charlie might come in with you."

"I am very glad they are here. I will go to them directly, but why did you not tell me at first?"

"I wanted to prepare you and see how you felt about it."

She looked at him wistfully.

"It may be wrong, but I am glad of it all; and yet I am almost afraid you will have trouble in getting to Ogden. It is a long, rough road, and some one may suspect you and want to stop you," she said hesitatingly.

"Don't worry about that sis. I am not afraid. Now run up stairs and I will go and see if Julia has come. Tell Ida to rest all she can and I'll be back as soon she comes," and Reuben went quickly and quietly out of the door and passed with light and noiseless tread into the street.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A SAINTLY IRISHMAN.

“Hello, Mike!” said Reuben softly, a few moments later, as he stole into the darkened stable. “Has any one come yet?”

The man thus addressed, started up from his bed of hay and rubbed his eyes.

“Faith, an’ I was sound aslape. There’s nothing loike the scint o’ new mown hay to lock a man’s senses. But shure, I’ve shlept wid one eye open, an’ there’s been naither gurrl nor ghost about here savin’ yoursel’. It’s hopin’ she’s not given ye the shlip, eh, me friend?”

“If she has, it’s because she couldn’t help herself, poor thing. My God! I hope she won’t fail. But she won’t. She’ll come or die in the attempt.”

“It’s not Mike Carney ez’ll give her up this time o’ night. A sharp, bright gurrl loike that is a match for all the prastes an’ ilders in Salt Lake. But didn’t I fule them blaggards ez wanted me to join the Mormons, I tould them to be

shure I would. If the Catholics wuz to be saved, thin I wuz already a good Catholic; and if the Mormons were to hould an extra share o' the kingdom, thin I'd be on the safe soide an' be a Mormon too. An' did ye see me baptized?"

"No, I did not," said Reuben, laughing, "but I've no doubt you did yourself and the Mormon church credit by your devout looks and behavior."

"Yer right, I did thot. An' if they'd be afther foinding out why I befrind a Gintile I'll say to thim that in me moind there's muckle chance that the Gintile will have a sate in the kingdom also, an' it's the part of a wise mon to be on the safe soide, an' ez I'm a good Catholic an' a good Mormon I'll be a good Gintile too. An' if the prastes foind fault wid me fur runnin' off wid yez, faith an' I'll tell 'em 'twas not meself at all ez took ye, but 'twas me horses, an' me horses, pure sows, hevn't joined the church."

Again Reuben laughed heartily.

"Well, Mike, I at least hope you may not get into trouble by befriending me."

"Shure, an' ye needn't give yourself ony on-easiness. I'll take the chances. It's not Mike Carney ez 'll be caught a nappin'. They'd niver blame an honest mon for riddin' the community of a rascally Gintile ez hed been warned to lave,

an' gittin' a han' full o' Gintile money in the bargain. I'm wurrkin' in the interests of the saints, shure;" and Mike laughed complacently.

The time wore away and Reuben became more and more uneasy.

"Mike, it's four o'clock and she hasn't come yet. I'm afraid she's been prevented from getting away," he said gloomily, again entering the stable after a lengthened stroll through the yard.

"Axin' your pardon, your honor, it's me opinion, an' you're welcome to the worth of it, that the gurrl's taken the road to Ogden instead of comin' here," said Mike. "Onyway ye moind she'll not come here in daylight, an' it's nare that now."

"I know," said Reuben reflectively, "and if she escapes at all there will be a thorough search made for her in the morning. I don't know how I can help her by remaining."

"Shure, an' ye can do more by takin' the straight road out o' the city at once," persisted Mike.

"But what if she should come here after all?"

"If she shu'd it's Mike Carney ez'll fix all roight. I'll tell Maggie to watch the stables whin I'm gone, an' if the gurrl comes—which she won't now—Maggie'll foind her a hoidin' place ez all the prastes in Salt Lake couldn't foind. Trust Maggie for that."

“Well, I’ll go over to the house and if the others concur we will act upon your advice,” replied Reuben. “I don’t myself believe she would come here after this time.”

“If ye’ll be after takin’ me advice, ye’ll make haste in gettin’ off,” continued Mike.

“All right. I’ll be back shortly,” and Reuben hurried back to Abbie’s where he found the ladies anxiously awaiting him.

“She hasn’t come!” they cried in unison, as Reuben with clouded brow entered the room.

“No, and I’m afraid it’s too late to look for her now; but I don’t like to think she’s failed in her project, and Carney thinks—and I don’t know but he’s right—that she has in some way been prevented from coming here and has taken the Ogden road by herself,” replied Reuben.

His listeners exchanged glances.

“That is what Abbie has been telling us,” said Ida, “and I believe it has been revealed to her.”

“Yes,” said Abbie firmly. “I feel *very sure* of it. I lay down upon the bed a while ago and fell asleep; and I saw Julia bending over me looking anxious and weary. ‘Abbie,’ she said, ‘good-bye.’ ‘Tell Reuben he will find me on the Ogden road,’ and then she kissed me. I started up and could scarcely convince myself I had been dream-

ing, so real was the vision. I am certain you will find her there, Reuben."

The brother looked at Abbie standing in her white robes, her great spiritual eyes raised to his, and her thin delicate hands clasped together, giving her the look of a spirit rather than mortal, and he accepted her belief.

"We will go," he said "and as soon as possible. It is the best chance for ourselves and to keep Julia. Are you ready Ida? We must lose no time now in getting away," and he turned to the noble girl who was trembling at the thought of this leave-taking and yet for his sake glad to go.

"Yes," she replied with quivering lips, and hastily commenced to adjust her wraps. Reuben turned to Abbie.

"O, if you would only go with us!" he exclaimed.

"Don't, don't Reuben. You know I cannot, but you will find Julia! Write often while I live. It wont be long. Say good by to Julia, and tell her I am glad for her she is going."

"And Ida"—Abbie spoke brokenly, and with an apparent effort, "if the life you are to live is the right one, and if I have been deceived after all—" she paused unable to proceed further.

"Dearest Abbie, *you* are right, and have lived the life of a real saint if there ever was one, and

if I ever reach Heaven I shall be sure of finding *you* there, whatever the difference in our belief," said Ida, clasping her arms about the frail form and pressing the cold pallid cheek, to her own warm healthful one.

"Good-bye, my precious sister," whispered Abbie and then relinquished the weeping girl to her mother, who, with tearful eyes, stood awaiting her child's farewell embrace.

"Mother, Oh mother!" sobbed Ida, throwing herself upon her bosom.

"It's only for a short while, darling! I shall hope to go to you soon. May the God of Mormon and Gentile keep you safely until we meet again!" said Mrs. Verner, while Abbie turned with lips white as the dress she wore, to the arms of her brother.

Reuben almost crushed the light figure to his breast in his fierce desire to keep her, to shield her; for he felt certain this parting would be the last on earth. Abbie would be in another and better world ere another season rolled around.

His voice choked in its utterance. He whispered, "*In Heaven, Abbie!*"

She raised her eyes wet with falling tears but glowing with a light celestial, to his face. Her frail arms clasped his neck for a moment, then their hold relaxed; she put her handkerchief to her lips, and closed her eyes.

Reuben pressed his lips to her brow, then with a feeling of reverence he lifted the light and fainting form of his sister and laid it upon her couch. One moment he bent over her to see that she still breathed, then shaking the hand of Mrs. Verner, silently, without a word, he drew Ida's arm within his own, and they passed from the room.

Mrs. Verner, bending over Abbie a moment later, saw that the handkerchief at her lips was stained with the crimson life tide of her heart.

CHAPTER XXIV.

AN INTERVIEW WITH THE BRETHREN.

As the morning sun brightened the beautiful landscape, first gilding the grey peaks of the mountains with a touch of its golden splendor, then showering its reflected light from the red steeped clouds which rested upon their summits, down into the white slumbering city below, it revealed a winding country road that crept like a dark thread of black among the green sage brush, which bordered it.

Upon this road, in the early morning, a swiftly moving vehicle bore its anxious occupants toward the goal of their desires. Ida's face still bore the traces of tears which had stained her cheeks at the parting from her mother and Abbie; and Reuben looked grave and anxious as he reviewed the probability or possibility of finding Julia. If she was upon the road she would doubtless be concealed somewhere near its borders, he thought, and he looked anxiously at every possible place

of concealment from a glimpse of the wished for figure.

Mike Carney was the only thoroughly happy one of the three, apparently, and he drove rapidly along the road, now whistling a merry tune; now talking in his quaint brogue to his horses, who seemed to prick up their ears and quicken their paces as though they understood him; or, anon, he sang softly at intervals a Mormon hymn or an Irish drinking song.

Ida and Reuben laughed in spite of their anxiety, at a parody of his own making, upon the Mormon "*Du-dah*," which he sang, one verse of which was as follows:

"We're up and off at peep o' day,
Du-dah !
If innny rascal sthops our way,
Du-dah ! Du-dah day !
Shure thin we'll thry and have some fun,
Du-dah !
And laugh to see our inemies run,
Du-dah ! Du-dah day !
Thin let us be on hand,
By Brigham Young to sthand.
And if our inemies do appare,
We'll swape them from the land."

They had driven out of the city without being detained or interfered with, and apparently without attracting much attention. Reuben and Ida had screened themselves behind the curtains of the carraige and escaped notice, while Mike,

being a good Mormon, of course would not be suspected of aiding a Gentile ; but now that the country was reached, Reuben took an outside seat by Mike's side, that Julia might see him and make herself visible if within sight of the highway.

At length, after driving several miles, Mike turned to Reuben, a curious expression in his round, good-humored face.

"It's a roight foine marnin' for a brush wid the Injuns out here," he remarked.

"With the Indians? You are not anticipating such a contingency as that, I hope," replied Reuben.

"Shure, Injuns or Mormons, it made little difference to the poor craythurs in the Mountain Meadow job. The onnathral brutes gave 'em no time to find out which ; but do you hear the clatter and splather of horses behind us?"

Reuben started up and listened, while Mike slackened their speed a trifle.

"I certainly do hear the sound of horses feet, now that you have called my attention to it. Is that why you have been driving so fast?"

"Yes, I wanted to thry 'em a bit of a race, be jabers."

"Why, you don't think its anyone after us, do you?" asked Reuben.

"I' faith, an' what else shu'd they be afther, a

runnin' their horses loike fury over this rough road. I reckon'd as much when I seen Jake Dooley wid his spotted mustang a standin' afore Tim Hewitt's brewery." I'll warrant he's afther no good. He b'longs to the band."

"To the band? What band?"

"To the Danites, bad 'cess to 'em. Son's o' Dan or 'venging cusses; Brother Brigham's butchers," replied Mike; "the murtherin d—l's as does the stailin' and killin' for the church, yer honor."

The sound of the feet could now be plainly heard, as driving more slowly, Mike permitted their nearer approach.

"Shall we thry the dirty spalpeens a longer race, or sthop an' ax their intintions?" said Mike, chirupin' to his steeds who sped swiftly forward over the rough road.

"I don't suppose its of much use to try and keep ahead of them, if they are well mounted," said Reuben.

"Go in, Jen Gal Daisey," shouted Mike, "and Tony Lightfoot, avast wid yez!"

The horses sprang into their fastest paces, and flew down the road with a speed that promised to distance any but fleet pursuers.

"O, Reuben, what is it?" asked Ida, putting out her face white with alarm, as she heard Mike's shout, and saw their increased speed.

“I think we are being pursued, Ida, but don’t be frightened. We know not yet for what purpose.”

The fine horses held their own against their pursuers for some distance.

“I’m afraid it’s of no use,” said Reuben at length. “We cannot continue this pace to Ogden, and they will be sure to overtake us. We may as well let them come up and see what they want. But, Mike, look ahead! Isn’t there a woman in the road? What if it be Julia?” he exclaimed, as at that moment the flutter of a woman’s garments caught his eye.

“An’ doan’t ye think there’s a woman in the worruld barrin’ the missin’ one an’ ’tother in the carriage? Ye’ll foind there’s nothin’ shure in a bit o’ calico, but bein’s ye’re anxious loike we’ll try an’ foind out,” urging forward his horses to a bend in the road before them.

In a few moments they came up to the place where Reuben fancied he had seen the woman, but no one was in sight.

“This is strange,” said Reuben, “I am sure I saw her just about here.”

“Och, indade an’ it must ha’ been a *banshee*,” said the Irishman crossing himself with mock gravity. “But here, we’re to have an interview with our frinds, the butchers. There’s Jake’s

spotted mare," as four men well mounted came galloping down the road behind them. "Shure, an' we must be prepared to meet our brithren," he added pulling out of his pockets two large seven shooters and placing them upon the seat beside him.

"Ah, Mike! Well done! You're ready for action I see," said Reuben, somewhat surprised.

"I always loike to give me frinds a warrum welcome whin they come out o' the way to see me," said Mike; "but won't ye get back into the cab till I see what they're afther," as the men were hidden from sight by the bend in the road.

Reuben did as he was bidden, and in a moment the men rode up.

"Halloo, Mike Carney, halloo there! Where ye goin' so airly?" shouted the man on the spotted horse as he rode alongside.

"Shure, an' I moight ax ye the same question bein's ye're out on the same road with meself at about the same toime in the marnin'," replied Mike, coolly.

"We're out upon business," said another of the party, "and we want to know who you're running off with!"

"Faith, an' I came near runnin' off wid the whole of yez, I reckon, if I hadn't been loth to be seen goin' into the city in such poor company," said Mike.

This sally brought a laugh from the horseman.

"O, come now, Mike, none o' your blarney. Who've ye got in the carriage? We've a warrant for a thief!"

"If ye'd be afther usin' yer eyes a bit ye'd see I am in the cab meself, an' there's nobody as would take me for a thief if they found me anywhere outside of ye'r society."

At this junction Reuben, who saw that further parley was useless, said to Mike, "If they have no business with us we'll drive on. We've no time for delay."

"All roight, yer honor. As there's no thier here besaide yerselves we'll be afther sayin' good mornin' to yez, an' drivin' on," with a bow to the horsemen.

"Stop!" cried one, who seemed to be the leader, riding up to the horses' heads. "We're after Reube Benson, and we know he's in that cab. So you might as well turn about and drive back to Salt Lake, for we've a warrant for him and shall take him."

Before Mike could answer Reuben sprang forward to the front seat and demanded upon what charge a warrant had been sworn out for him.

"Upon the charge of stealing," replied the man "and we don't want any fuss or words about it."

You've got to go back with us, and you might as well make the best of it."

"If you have a warrant there—which I greatly doubt—you know the charge is but a trumped up one and false, and I'm not to be bullied around in any such manner. I've started for the east, and I don't propose to be turned back by a fraudulent warrant in the hands of a party of cut throats. I know pretty well your purpose in this matter, and I don't intend to submit to it." Reuben spoke the indignation he felt.

"So, so!" contemptuously; "and the young lady you're hiding in there—you'd like to take her along, I suppose! Well, we don't intend to let you. We've known of this little plan of yours for some time, and thought we'd give you a fair start, and then show you a trick worth two of it. Come, Carney, turn around your team. We want to get home for breakfast."

"Sorry I can't accommodate ye, Jim Rogers, but meself an' horses have started for Ogden, and as ye've no warrant for us I think we may as well kape on," said Mike coolly.

"Turn the horses d—n ye!" cried the leader, trying to turn the horses by the bits, while another rode up to aid him.

"Ye're altogether too fasht, gentlemen. Gup! Gal Daisy!" shouted Mike, drawing a revolver

and firing it at the head of Rogers, while Reuben followed his example and aimed at the other.

There was a rush, a maddened plunge, and the frightened horses sprang forward, dragging Rogers from his saddle, while his horse dashed swiftly down the road, and nearly overturned the other man at their heads, whose arm had received a bullet from Reuben's revolver, but who still clung to them. The other two men seeing the situation, discharged their pieces at Mike and Reuben, but fortunately without serious effect.

"Whoop la! Shoot for your life! Gup! gup! Daisy!" shouted Mike, firing in return.

The horses made a second frantic plunge and in a moment were dashing madly down the road, while three more bullets came crashing through the carriage curtain.

"Good God! Ida!" exclaimed Reuben, rising and firing again at the pursuers. "There, Dooley is down! I've killed his horse, I fear! That other one has pluck. He's made good use of that left hand since I disabled his right!"

"It's a pity it's not Dooley himself. The horse is the likelier o' the two," said Mike, as the spotted horse sank back upon his haunches and fell to the ground. "Ay, Tom Jenks has backed out, an' we're rid o' the bastes now I reckon."

"But you are hurt Mike," said Reuben look-

ing toward his companion, and for the first time discovering that his face was covered with blood.

"It's only a bit of a slice out o' me ear, an' that I can well sphare fur I heard altogither too much before fur me pace o' moind," said the Irishman, coolly wiping off the blood with his handkerchief.

"Well, that's sound philosophy, but are you unhurt, Ida!" looking anxiously into the carriage.

"All right, Reuben. Is it all over?" she asked, with white and trembling lips.

"Yes; three are disabled and the other turned back!"

"There were none killed?" apprehensively.

"I think not, only the spotted horse. Carney thinks that a greater loss than the master would be."

"Yes; and oh, Mr. Carney, you acted so bravely! How can I ever thank you?" said Ida fervently.

"The Lord bless your swate sowl! Wouldn't ye be afther having Mike Carney save his own honor, besides carin' for himself an' his horses? It's a cowardly knave as do'ant enjoy a bit of a foight," said Mike, good naturedly.

"Mike, look there!" exclaimed Reuben. "There's surely a woman in that sage brush, yonder!"

"Shure, an' your eye is full o' lassies, Benson,

but I think I caught sight o' the flutter of a gown meself, that time." "Hould on there. Wouldn't ye loike to roide?" he shouted as they neared the crouching figure.

The woman, finding she was discovered, sprang from the shelter of the bush and fled swiftly down the road.

"It is Julia!" cried Ida and Reuben in a breath.

Suddenly she tripped and fell. A moment more and the horses were along side, and Reuben sprang to the ground and lifted the prostrate form in his arms.

It was indeed Julia, wild, haggard and bedraggled by the terrible and wearisome journey of the past hours, but *Julia*—and Reuben placed her in the carriage with exultant joy.

CHAPTER XXV.

A FAREWELL TO ZION.

"She has sprained her foot and fainted, from pain and excitement, I think," said Reuben, as he placed Julia carefully upon a seat in the carriage and got in beside her.

"Now, Mike, drive for all you're worth. We've nothing to tarry for."

"Poor girl, how care-worn and tired she looks," remarked Ida, trembling with joy at this fortunate meeting, while Reuben lifted his sister's head and sought to restore her to consciousness. At length Julia's eyes unclosed, she started up and looked about her wildly.

"Where am I? Where—oh, Reuben is it you? Thank God you are safe, and I have found you!" cried the girl, sinking back in her seat with a sense of relief. But as she moved her foot, her face was drawn again with pain. "I am afraid I have injured my foot, Reuben; oh, what shall we do?" anxiously.

"Let me see how badly it is hurt;" and Reuben proceeded to remove the shoe from the injured member, which already looked angry and swollen. "This is indeed unfortunate, but I guess it's not serious," he said, and taking a handkerchief from his pocket, he tore it in strips and carefully bandaged the sprained foot as well as he could.

"I must have turned my foot when I stumbled into that rut," said Julia, while Ida asked,

"Why did you run from us?"

"I didn't recognize you. I was hurrying along the road and wondering what I should do when I heard a team coming behind me. Fearing it might be some one in pursuit of me, I ran on as fast as I could until I came to a brush in which to hide. Just at the bend in the road I saw the team come in sight and halt; and then there were loud voices and shooting and the team came tearing down the road again. You can imagine I was frightened, for I felt sure Reuben was one of the parties, and that he had been killed. And when you came near, and a voice not Reuben's called to me—oh! I was wild with terror! I don't know anything only that I tried to run and fell, But who was it, and where are they?"

"A party of Mormons, and they're back in the road picking themselves up, I fancy. There were four to two of us; but Mike is a host in himself."

"You didn't kill them all, then," said Julia, apprehensively.

"No, I think not any of them, though they were wounded, more or less."

"I am sorry."

"For what?"

"That you didn't kill them."

"Why, Julia," said Ida in surprise.

"There would in that case have been none left to go for reinforcements," said Julia. "Now, we shall have more trouble before reaching Ogden."

"We have the start of them, and a fine team of strong fast horses. There will be some delay in careing for their wounds, and one of them will go back to the city for help, during which time we shall be nearing our destination. We must get into Ogden in time to catch the eastern express train, and I think, if we have no trouble farther, we shall succeed in escaping the brethern, even if they think it worth while to send on again after us," replied Reuben, "which I doubt their doing."

"Tell us how you got away Julia, and why you didn't come to start with us."

Julia related that part of her adventure already known to our readers, adding, "I sincerely hope Brother Walling made a night of it, and didn't awaken any one until morning. I want him to know how pleasant it is to be *bound* and *fettered*

once. He's been close in the *bonds of matrimony* for a short time at least. I hope he enjoys it."

Reuben laughed.

"Oh, Julia, you will jest at any time," said Ida.

"Well, I do wish you could have seen him, when I held the revolver in his face last night. He changed colors as rapidly as a chameleon. I believe he thought I must be joking at first, and he gasped and stammered ludicrously. If I hadn't been so terribly in earnest I could have laughed at him."

"I think he must have wearied of his 'matrimonial bonds' before morning," said Reuben. "He'll not mourn for you greatly, Puss."

Julia smiled. I fancy Sisters Walling one, two, three and four will laugh quietly in their sleeves when they hear of it," she said, "but I can't help wondering how mother will feel about it. It is treating her badly, I know, but she forced me to it. Poor mother; she is such a firm believer in Mormonism, and it has nearly crushed out the natural affections of her heart."

The noble horses kept steadily on their course, and the sun climbed higher and higher in the heavens, while the carriage swayed to and fro and jolted over the rough road bearing them on to Ogden and liberty.

They were nearing the outskirts of the town

when they heard Mike shout, "Begorra, they're after us again!"

Looking hastily out they saw far down the road, a cloud of dust, and what appeared a number of galloping horsemen. The girls grew pale with alarm, while Reuben looked anxiously at his watch.

"It must be time for the train to be in. If we can be so fortunate as to make close connection with it we are all right, I think."

The horses meantime were dashing swiftly forward, goaded by Mike's vociferations and freely applied whip.

"Gup, gup! Now on yer mettle!" he shouted. "They'll have fasht horses if they git in afore us! Moike Carney's good on the home stretch;" and turning down a side street, "I guess we've beat 'em this time!"

It was but a few minutes, lengthened into hours by the torturing anxiety of the fleeing party before the carriage dashed up to the station of the great Central Pacific, at Ogden.

"Shure, an' Providence is on our soide," said Mike, "for there's the train awaitin' ye, an' spoilin' for a start. Ye'll be safe whin ye've an iron horse to back against a hoided one."

Reuben hastily lifted the trembling Ida to the ground, then taking Julia in his arms he bore her

to the palatial car, which seemed to them a haven of refuge. A few moments later he had secured his tickets and checks and was himself aboard the train.

"Good-bye, Mike," he said, "I wish you were going with us."

"Indade, an' who do ye suppose would take back yer compliments to the frinds so loth to part wid ye?"

"Well, we hope you'll receive no harm for having aided us," said Ida.

"Have no fears o' that, Miss. I'll tell Brother Brigham I've rid the territory of three o' the most desp'rit characters in it; but here comes yer frinds to say good bye to yez," as at that moment the horsemen appeared in sight.

The girls gave a faint scream of terror.

"Good bye, an' good luck to yez. I'll whisper wid the conductor," said Mike, starting down the track. "Kape out o' sight an' ye're all roight." He spoke eagerly with the conductor a moment and was gone.

Nearer came the horsemen. They dashed up to the station and threw themselves from their horses, but at this moment the gong sounded, the conductor waived his hand and sprang aboard and in a brief space of time the huge train was gliding with a trembling, jarring motion out from the

depot building. The clatter of the machinery grew more rapid and indistinct, while the great puffing engine sent out its huge columns of smoke, and then shot out upon the road with a speed and power born of steam and man's invention.

"Thank God, we are safe at last!" exclaimed Ida, and bursting into tears she wept hysterically.

"Why, Ida," said Reuben; "why should you give up now when you've been so brave through all the danger?"

"Because—because I'm so glad it's over," she sobbed; "but, Julia, I am ashamed of myself when I see you so quiet and self-controlled."

Julia looked at her, a strange expression in her large, brilliant eyes.

"I have raved so much, cried so much, feared so much and suffered so much during the past weeks that I now feel incapable of any emotion. This is rest," she said.

CHAPTER XXVI.

UNWELCOME INTELLIGENCE—CHARLIE'S BABY.

Abbie had recovered from the prostration consequent upon Reuben and Julia's departure, but her health was too delicate to be equal to the accustomed labor and exercise of her life, and her mother had come to make her home with her, as, now that Elsie and Julia were gone, she was left alone. Besides this, the fact of Julia's conduct, added to Reuben's success in bearing away from Salt Lake, against the proclaimed opposition of the elders, a Mormon heiress, daughter of a prominent polygamist, had occasioned much ill-will toward the family, and Mrs. Benson felt that she was liable at any time to lose the monthly stipend which had been set apart for her as the prophet's widow.

Abbie was very glad to have her mother with her, for Charlie had become more and more indifferent to her wishes, and of late even to her actual needs. He seldom stopped for any length of time in her part of the house, and appeared blind

to the fact, so apparent to all others, of Abbie's gradual wasting away of life.

"Oh, Abbie'll be all right as soon as the weather gets warmer," he said, when Mrs. Benson one day called his attention to the subject. "She always loses flesh and looks pale in winter—the case with delicate people like her."

"I never considered Abbie delicate until recently," replied Mrs. Benson. "She was the most healthy and robust of my girls at home. I don't understand this change in her." Bostwick looked annoyed.

"O, pshaw, there's nothing serious the matter with her. I tell you she'll be all right in three months. Don't let her get the idea that she is ill, or she'll really become so. The mind has a great deal to do with the health, you know."

"Yes, I know it has," replied Mrs. Benson, emphatically.

Bostwick ignored her answer, and continued:

"Abbie stays at home too closely, and mopes too much. If she'd stir around and go out more, as Jen does, she'd feel better."

"Do you try to get her to go often with you?"

"Why, certainly I do. Jen and I go every week to dances, or the theatre several times, and Abbie could go with us if she wished; but she's

taken an unaccountable dislike to amusements of all kinds and society, lately."

"It is strange. Abbie was very fond of it once," replied her mother, dryly.

"Yes, she was always ready to go with me when we were first married, but she has queer notions lately. For one thing, she don't like Jen, I suppose; but I'm not to blame for that."

"Of course not. I am very sorry she feels so."

"So am I. It makes it extremely disagreeable for me sometimes, though I try to keep peace between them."

"Why, I hope they never quarrel. It is not like Abbie to quarrel with any one," said Mrs. Benson in surprise.

"O, no; Abbie won't fight. She tries to act very amiably towards Jen, but one can see there's no love lost between 'em. It is a pity women can't get over their wretched jealousy of one another. It can't make 'em any happier," and Bostwick, without waiting to see Abbie, went off to his store.

Mrs. Benson went slowly up stairs to Abbie, but her thoughts were not comfortable. Why should her daughters be so unlike others? Julia had ended her rebellion only by running off to the States, and here was Abbie breaking her heart over this second marriage of her husband; for she could not deny to herself that such was

the case, neither could she avoid a secret satisfaction when she learned that Julia was safe under her father's roof. She was a strong Mormon, in faith and practice; but, after all, she was a mother, and the mother's love was not entirely extinguished, though it had not weight sufficient to influence her action. She had only to look about her to see upon every hand martyrs to this same tenet of the church; and though she might wish her girls to escape the martyrdom, by no act of hers would she seek to prevent it.

Sometime after this she was summoned by Charlie to his part of the house. Upon returning, and going directly to Abbie's room, she found her lying upon her couch, her face buried in her pillow.

"Abbie," she said, "don't you want to hear the news?"

"I can guess what it is," replied Abbie, while a shudder passed over her frame.

"Charlie is father to a fine little boy."

"Oh, mother!" wailed Abbie, and she shrank as if from a blow, then remained motionless.

Mrs. Benson was surprised and alarmed, as bending over her she found her once more unconscious.

"I don't know but it's a good thing," she muttered. "She's out of her misery at least, but I

can't see why she should feel badly about this. She ought to rejoice. I suppose it's because she has no children of her own, however. I'm sorry I told her. I didn't realize she was so weak." And she hastened to apply restoratives, until at last Abbie's brown eyes opened once more to life and a consciousness of her sorrow.

Several hours later as Abbie lay white and wan upon her pillow, her deep eyes full of unutterable suffering, she surprised her mother by suddenly asking:

"Mother, are you *sure* Joseph Smith received from *God* the revelation upon polygamy, as has been claimed?"

Mrs. Benson looked at her in astonishment.

"Sure? Why of course I'm sure. You don't suppose *he* would have perjured himself by giving a false revelation to his people; besides *I* know, of course, that he practiced it himself, as I was one of his plural wives."

"But, mother, why do his sons and his wife deny the claim that he sanctioned it?"

"Emma Smith was loth to make the sacrifice which she must make to accept it, for we know, of course, that woman must crucify herself in the flesh to live perfectly her religion; but as Christ was crucified for us, so should we be willing to make any sacrifice for Him. God commanded

Emma Smith particularly to accept the ordinance, and she did, while the prophet lived."

Abbie lay several moments before she again spoke.

"But mother," she said at length, "why should this doctrine be so abhorrent to our best instincts, so terribly unnatural and fearful to us, if it is of Divine origin? Surely nothing else of God's ordering is so. All his commandments are easy to obey; all his institutions pleasant and agreeable to us, if we live as we should, save this one; but the more we pray to God, the nearer we live to Him, the purer our lives are, the more our nature revolts at this system of polygamy. I cannot understand it, though God knows I've striven hard to repress all human emotions and selfishness of the carnal heart. But the struggle is more than I can bear. Every day some new trial comes to torture me and goad my spirit into rebellion. I could give up my husband by death, if God required it, without murmuring, but to see him absorbed in this other home, to look back upon our happy past and feel that this system has robbed me of his care and love, and given me cold words and neglect instead; to be a wife and yet no wife, because of this other coming between us; and now, last and worst of all, to know that *my husband*"—Abbie's voice faltered in its utterance

and she covered her face with her hands—"is father to another woman's child; oh, I cannot, cannot bear it! It crushes me! It is—is so hard to live!" and she sobbed wildly.

Mrs. Benson looked distressed. It was very unusual for the quiet Abbie to give expression to her feelings in this way, especially before her mother, and that mother, hard and cold as she generally appeared, was touched by this wail of anguish.

"Abbie, you are very weak and nervous," she said kindly, "and you have allowed this last affair to prey upon your mind until it looks like a calamity to you. It is nothing but what you could foresee might take place from the first, and you should rather rejoice in it—delight in the child's birth as if it were your own. Did not Sarah give Hagar to her husband that she might bear children unto her? and Leah and Rachel rejoiced in the children which their handmaidens gave unto Jacob? It is one more added to the kingdom, Abbie, and you should love its mother as your own flesh."

"But, mother, I *cannot*. I feel degraded, humiliated, dishonored by its birth, and I *cannot* love Charlie's plural wife."

"Abbie, I am surprised at you. I had no idea you were so selfish and stubborn. You cannot

expect to obtain the victory while you allow such feelings in your heart. I don't wonder you are unhappy." Mrs. Benson spoke sternly.

"Mother, I have done all I could. By no act of mine have I purposely given Jennie cause to blame me, but I cannot govern my own heart, nor can I make Charlie's marriage seem other than horrible and degrading to me," and Abbie wept hysterically.

"There, child, don't say any more. It will only make you worse. Pray God to give you a submissive spirit, and try and control your emotions as far as possible. If you were well you would not feel so." So saying, Mrs. Benson left the room, and Abbie was left to herself and her wretchedness.

A few days after this Charlie came to Abbie's room for the first time in over a week. His second wife had claimed his presence and care whenever he could absent himself from his business, exclusively, and he seemed to have forgotten Abbie had any claim upon him. He came in ruddy and bright from his walk in the clear air, his face glowing with the thought of his new happiness and presenting a striking contrast to the pale, frail creature lying upon the couch.

"What, Abbie, you in bed! What's the matter?" his smile giving place to a frown.

"I haven't felt as well as usual for a day or two," she said, repressing the quiver of pain that racked her.

"Always the same old story, and it comes of your sulking here in this room instead of going out among folks. You're getting as pale as a cellar-growing plant for want of air and sunlight; but come, I want you to go with me to see my *boy*," his last sentence emphasized to show the satisfaction he felt.

Abbie looked startled and as if she were going to refuse.

"It isn't so far to the other part of the house but you can walk there, and Jen won't hurt you now, for she's in bed and almost as white as you are."

Abbie struggled a moment with bitter emotion before she could answer him. How cruel he was. Could he not see how dreadful this trial was for her? Could this be the devoted husband, the tender, sympathetic lover of her early marriage? He had once been a happy, jovial, large-hearted fellow, careless and frank in his manner, but with the gentle sympathy and warm affection of a woman. Surely Mormonism had greatly changed Charlie Bostwick and blunted his sensibilities until he was unfeeling.

"Charlie, I am very weak; I hardly feel able."

“Oh, of course, some excuse if I make a request of you. I might have known better than to ask you, but Jen wanted I should bring you in to see the baby, and I promised her I would. It isn’t often she sends for you,” he added, contemptuously.

Abbie felt sure Jennie sent for her because she thought it would pain her, but she attempted to rise. She must go. She had lain down in a white morning wrapper, and putting her feet in some slippers by her couch she tried to stand upon them, but she grew faint, staggered and would have fallen had not Charlie caught her and supported her weight.

“Why, you are weaker than I supposed, Abbie. How long have you been like this?”

“Only a few days, but I’ll be better soon,” pressing her hand to her heart to quiet its palpitation, and panting from this slight exertion.

“Of course you will if you’ll rouse up and get out in the air more. Now if I put this shawl about you, and you lean on me, you can walk over there, can’t you?”

“I think so. I’ll try,” and Abbie walked feebly to the cottage.

“Why, you are as white as a ghost, Abbie! I thought you’d be anxious to see our baby, and expected you in every day,” said Jennie. “I

told Charlie to bring you over, thinking perhaps you were waiting for an invitation." Then uncovering the little bundle of flannel and muslin, she turned its face towards Abbie, and said: "Ain't he a beauty? Charlie thinks he's the most wonderful baby in the world, just because he looks like him. See; isn't he the very image of his papa?"

"Well, really, a baby never looks like anything but a baby to me," replied Abbie, "but this is certainly a very pretty one, and it may look like Charlie, but I don't know how to trace the resemblance," as she noted the shapeless, squirming atom of humanity.

"That's because you have none of your own. I assure you there's a vast difference in babies. Some are scrawny, and have such puckered little faces with big noses and no foreheads at all, but our baby is round and plump, with the nicest fat hands and his papa's own eyes." And the happy mother gazed at the diminutive man admiringly, and ended by kissing him rapturously.

"And its mamma's hair," said Charlie, laughing and pointing to the reddish, downy covering of the little round head.

"Oh, his hair is all right. You know you particularly admire my hair; but see how fatherly Charlie looks;" and Jennie placed the baby in

his arms. He's talking about getting a pony for him to ride already; so proud of him, you know."

Charlie looked the happy father, and held the baby as awkwardly as was to be expected, while Jennie rattled on with its praises. What this trial was to Abbie can be imagined. A torturing weight oppressed her. She pleaded fatigue, and asked her husband to assist her back to her own rooms.

"What? You are not so helpless as that, are you?" said the blonde. "I hope the sight of our baby has not made you sick," maliciously.

It was a great relief to Abbie to be once more alone in her own room.

"Love that woman! How *can I love—her?*" she asked herself again and again. "She improves every occasion to insult and annoy me; and Charlie is blind and will not see it! He is lost, utterly lost to me!"

CHAPTER XXVII.

RETRIBUTION.

The winter days were over, and the breath of springtime was upon the land. Abbie had been for weeks confined to her bed; in fact, most of the time since the birth of Charlie's child. With this gradual wasting away of life had come a quiet, peaceful resignation to her fate. She had won the victory, and her tortured heart no longer arose in bitter resentment against her husband, his wife, or the accursed creed for which she had been sacrificed.

For some reason too, her husband had been kinder and more attentive of late. He would call in frequently in the morning or at night, and bring her fruit or flowers, and seemed to feel some anxiety in regard to her health.

"It's growing warm and pleasant," he said one morning, and I hope we can soon have you out of this room, and get a little color once more in your face."

"Charlie!" Abbie laid her thin hand upon his.

"Don't you know I shall never go out of this room, until I am carried out to my grave?"

"O, nonsense, Abbie, you'll be all right in a few weeks. There's nothing serious the matter with you. You are in no great pain, are you?"

"No, only," and she smiled faintly, "only in my heart, but Charlie," as he was about to speak, "I want to talk with you. I have something to say to you before I go, and I am feeling a little stronger this morning. Can you spare me the time?"

He looked as if he gladly would have feigned an excuse to avoid the conversation, but her clear eyes were upon him and he answered kindly:

"Certainly, Abbie, but I don't want you to talk of dying. That's all bosh. You'll be as well as ever before summer is ended."

"No, don't think it Charlie. I know better. Besides, I don't care now to be well. It is better I should go." He looked at her in surprise, a tinge of awe and embarrassment preventing him from answering. "I have very little to live for, you know. No children to care for, no one dependent upon me for happiness," she added.

"You have your husband and mother."

"My mother has Elsie left, and my husband has another wife and child, whom he cherishes; and another home more pleasant than this."

“O, no, no, don’t say that, Abbie,” said the man hastily. “Of course I have been obliged to spend the greater part of my time with Jennie, as she has given me an heir, and has needed my aid and society. You have had mother with you; besides, you haven’t seemed to care for my company, and Jen does. She’s getting as cross as thunder lately, though.”

“Forgive me for speaking as I did, Charlie; I did not mean to reproach you. It is natural you should have preferred to stay there; but that reminds me of the subject of which I wanted to speak to you. I hear that you are about to take a third wife.”

Bostwick colored violently and dropped his eyes to the floor.

“Who told you? I didn’t mean you should be bothered with it until you were stronger.”

“Some ladies who called here yesterday were speaking of it, but it doesn’t bother me at all, for I may never live to see you married. But what does Jennie think of it?”

“Oh, she’s as mad as fury about it, and threatens all sorts of things; but I’m not to be intimidated by her threats. She’ll have to make the best of it when the thing’s done.”

“But, Charlie, do you believe in your heart that it’s right?”

“Right? Why the prophet has told us so. I supposed *you*, Abbie, were too zealous a Mormon to question that?”

“Well, I used to feel so once,” she said with a sigh, “but I have thought a great deal about this lately, and I cannot feel as if the kind Heavenly Father, so merciful and loving in all else, can wish to lay so heavy a burden upon women; a burden heavier than she can bear, and greater than he lays upon men.”

“Eve first took of the forbidden fruit, you know, and in old Bible times polygamy was allowed. Think of Abraham, Jacob and David—all men honored and loved of God.”

“Yes, I know, their example is always held up before us; but when Christ came upon earth He taught us the Gospel and redemption by faith and love, not sacrifice and blood-shed; and He did away with the old order of things, with plurality of wives, and said man should have but one wife, and they twain should be one flesh,” said Abbie, speaking slowly and solemnly. “It seems to me we are following the example of past and barbaric ages, instead of the teaching of this later dispensation.”

“Well, I am sure I don’t know. I am only obeying the commandments of the revelation, and following the example and precept of my betters in the Mormon church and priesthood.”

“But, Charlie, look at the results. Dear husband, look back and tell me are you the same man you were before the idea of this second marriage presented itself; are you happier now than you once were with me alone?”

“No, Abbie, I’ll be hanged if I am. What, with Jen’s nagging and your pale face haunting me, I’m harassed half out of existence,” he said frankly. “If I could be back where I was a year and a half ago, I’d be glad. There has been more than one occasion when I had been glad if Jen would have carried out her threat and gone to Brigham for a divorce—luckily, he can undo the knot as easily as tie it—if it had not been for the *boy*. I wouldn’t like to give him up.”

“No,” said Abbie sadly. “Such an act, when once done, cannot well be undone; but I don’t see why you should add to your cares by taking a *third* wife into your household.”

“Well, several of the elders have been hounding me about it; and besides, Abbie, Jen’s been as cruel as sin to you, why shouldn’t she have a chance to see how she likes a rival. She’s been running the house with a high hand lately, and needs a lesson. Dollie Edgars is a nice girl, and will make a good wife, I think; and it will be a relief to have a quiet home to go to, after the

tempest in a tea-pot to which I have been accustomed."

Abbie looked at him reproachfully.

"Yes, I know I might have had a pleasant home here, but to tell the truth you've looked so sad and glum all the time, I've wanted to keep out of your sight as much as possible. I knew how you felt about my marriage at the first, and I was afraid you were not getting over it as you should."

"No, I shall never get over it here, Charlie. I tried—God knows—I tried, but I *could not*, and now if by my death I can—"

"For conscience sake, Abbie, don't talk that way! Don't you suppose I've seen how you were grieving and wearing your life out over it? I've tried not to look—not to see—and I've been attentive to Jen, and made more of her and neglected you on that account—because I wanted to stifle conscience and be blind to it all," said the man, moved by the sight of his frail and dying wife into something of the former ingenuous warmth and open-hearted kindness that once characterized him.

"Now, I'm going to take another wife to keep Jen interested, and then, when we have nursed you back to health, we will be happy again. I am glad I have told you this. I shall feel better for

it. There has been no confidence between us since this second marriage, and, Abbie, it has hurt me as well as you."

Abbie smiled and stroked softly the strong, manly hand that rested upon her couch, while a new and tender light glowed in her large, spiritual eyes.

"I am very glad, too," she said, earnestly. "It was hard to go with this great gulf between us. Now, I am ready."

When her husband had left her for his place of business, Abbie lay long in the same position, dwelling upon her husband's kindly words. She was happier than she had been for months, or since the second wife had come to wreck her life. It was like gathering up one tiny thread of the silken cord that once bound her to her husband. She had before believed him so careless and indifferent to her suffering.

A week later Jennie came abruptly into Abbie's room, bearing her baby in her arms, her hair disheveled, her eyes red with weeping and her manner distraught.

"Has Charlie been here this morning?" was her first question, as she flung herself into a chair and faced Abbie.

"No, he has not. Mother said he called at the door to say he was late and couldn't stop."

“He didn’t tell you, then—” and the excited woman burst into tears.

“Tell me what?” Abbie spoke quietly and kindly.

“Tell you that—that he’s to be married to Doll Edgars soon, and that he has invited her to our house to tea to-night! Just think, to bring her there to my table when he knows I hate her! It’s outrageous! I can’t endure it!”

“That will be but little compared to enduring her presence when he is really married to her,” said Abbie, gently.

“We went to a dance down at the hall the night before last and she was there, and he was fairly silly in his attentions to her. I could have killed her and pounded him! I told him so when we got home, and of course we had a fuss; he got terribly angry, and to punish me he’s invited her to come and spend the afternoon. He said I must get used to seeing them together and learn to behave myself and control my temper; and baby is so cross I can’t get time to do anything; I haven’t a bit of baking done, and the house is in an awful state. I vowed I’d clear out and not receive her or do anything, but I suppose I must not do it. Charlie would never forgive me if I did. Oh, dear! What shall I do?” and she sobbed aloud.

"I think mother will go over and help you if you would like to have her," said Abbie, kindly. "I suppose you get little time besides caring for your baby."

Oh, I will be so thankful if she will! I feel as if I should murder that woman if I am left alone with her! Charlie says he's going to bring Doll here to live in the house with me to help me, but it seems as if I shall do something awful if he does."

"No, you will not. You will endure her presence and try to be kind to her, as many another woman has done before you. We are taught to love our sisters in marriage as our own flesh."

"Don't talk that to me! It's an impossibility! Love her, indeed! You don't know what you're talking about."

"Don't I? I think, Jennie, I do," remarked Abbie, softly.

For the first time the woman appeared to realize Abbie's position. She looked at her with a quick, startled expression; but Abbie's eyes were serene and her face told no story of triumph or pleasure in this her rival's punishment and grief.

"Oh, forgive me! I didn't think. Of course you do know." Then, as if there flashed over her a sense of what Abbie had suffered, she continued, dropping her eyes in embarrassment, while her face was suffused with a flush of

shame: "Abbie, I'm sorry for my unkindness to you. I know now how you felt. I don't see how you ever lived through it."

"I am not living *through* it, for I am dying because of it; but I am glad I am permitted to die," said Abbie, gently.

Jennie stared at her helplessly.

"Dying," she repeated, tremblingly, "and I am the cause?"

"Not you, but the system which makes our lives a daily martyrdom. Not you; for if Charlie had not married you he would doubtless have married another," she said, wearily; "but I am sorry for you, though your cross will be less than mine, for you will have your child to solace you."

"Jennie Bostwick winced at Abbie's words, for she remembered how many times she had exulted in the fact of Abbie's being childless. The remembrance brought her anything but pleasure now, and the stings of remorse and a reproving conscience goaded her and added to her burden of grief and anger. Truly in all this she was to receive her retribution.

She bowed her head and sobbed, brokenly: "You are an angel, Abbie; I never knew it before. Don't die until you have forgiven *me*."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

IN THE STATES.

Leaving the valley of the saints, bounded and sheltered by its mountain wall, we will go with our readers over the great Pacific railway to its eastern terminus, and look in upon a pleasant home in the States.

Seated about a glowing fire in a cheerful and tidy sitting room, two ladies are eagerly awaiting the arrival of the evening train from the West.

"I wonder if this will appear homelike to mother," remarks one, whom we recognize as Ida Verner, or, rather, Mrs. Reuben Benson now, and mistress of the house.

"It will be home to her wherever you are, Ida, never fear. She will be glad enough to shake the dust of Salt Lake from her feet to have any place seem a Paradise."

"I am sure I was," said the other.

Ida laughs. "Well, you had especial reasons for wishing to leave there. I am very anxious to hear all the particulars of Brother Walling's night

of it. I wonder if his wrists didn't ache before morning."

"Don't call him *brother* any more for conscience's sake. We are not Mormons any longer, and we've escaped from the *brethren* I am thankful to say."

"Why not, as long as he is your husband. Are you not my sister?" said Ida, teasingly.

"Ida, beware of my righteous anger!" tragically exclaimed Julia; there are some subjects upon which one may not even jest."

"I wonder how long since my keen-witted sister found that out. I remember a time when she—"

"How thankful I am the laws here do not recognize a plural marriage," interrupted Julia.

"Doubly thankful, I presume, since your acquaintance with Mr. Alden. Ah, you blush! Come, you might as well tell me all about it. I've been looking at that ring you have on your finger all day, and longing to ask you the meaning of it."

"Its meaning? Why, do rings mean anything? I assure you I did not ask the meaning of this. Let me see, I think I've read somewhere that a diamond meant—why Ida, what is the language of the diamond?" demurely asks Julia, while the dimples play hide-and-seek about her lips.

"It means in this case, I'm well satisfied, that Julia Benson has promised to form a life partner-

ship with a certain young lawyer of this city. O, fy, Julia, to try and put me off that way! But here comes Reuben!" she exclaims eagerly, "and there—oh yes, she has come!" and Ida springs joyously down the steps, and out to the carriage.

"Mother!"

"Ida, my dear child!" and mother and daughter are locked in each other's embrace.

There were many questions to be asked and answered, and much confusion and running about for a time, but later when Mrs. Verner had partaken of refreshments, and was resting comfortably in an easy chair, and they were all seated again, Reuben said:

"Now tell us about Walling. I'm curious to know how he enjoyed his nuptial bonds."

Mrs. Verner laughed pleasantly. "Oh, yes indeed, poor fellow. You are, of course, interested in him. Why, after Julia left him he sat there tied in his chair, for really he was obliged to under the circumstances, though after a time I think they told me he hitched the chair along to the bed and so he could lie down upon it. I believe he succeeded in getting one of his feet loose, but I'm not certain; and there he remained until morning, suffering any amount of torture from his cramped and unpleasant position.

"Your mother, as you remember, Julia, always

rises early, and that morning she got up about five o'clock, and upon going into the kitchen found, to her surprise, the doors unlocked."

"I should have locked them after me, but I forgot that," interrupted Julia.

"Mrs. Benson was very much alarmed at first, for she remembered locking them the night before after all the guests were gone; and she ran to her bureau and searched among her valuables to see if anything was missing, but found nothing disturbed. Then she began to wonder how the intruder got in, as the keys were all in the inside of the locks, and remembered that burglars had instruments to turn the keys from the outside, though there was a question in her mind as to how one had succeeded in sliding back the bolts. Then, at last, it occurred to her that perhaps Brother Walling had awakened and come down early, while she slept; and she resolved to set her mind at rest by going to your room to see if he was there. Going up stairs she discovered the key to the room was in the outside of the door, and the door locked. For the first time, then, a suspicion of the truth flashed upon her, and she felt sure Julia had run away. She rapped several times, but receiving no answer she unlocked and opened the door, and entered the room to find Brother Walling nearly paralyzed by pain and

suffering. She quickly cut the cords and released him, but she told me he couldn't *spea*k for several moments even, he was so exhausted. The cords had cut into his wrists and limbs until they were badly swollen, and he actually cried when the blood began to circulate in his hands and feet again, the sensation was so painful. You must have tied those cords with a vengeance, Julia."

"I was tying him to untie myself," said Julia. But how did mother feel about it?"

"I don't know. I half believe in her secret heart she was glad, but of course it wouldn't do to say so. She condoled with Brother Walling, and they notified the police and began search for you. They sent word over to Abbie's to know if you were there, about six o'clock, but of course we were able to truthfully tell them we had seen nothing of you since you left your mother's house, and were ignorant of your whereabouts."

"It seems some one had found out about your going away with Reuben, Ida, and started on after you before this."

"Yes," replied Ida. "Some one was about our house when Reuben called there, and must have overheard our arrangements, or enough to make him keep close watch of us. They followed us when we drove out of Salt Lake City. We wrote you all about that."

“And Mike Carney told me. What an odd genius he is! He gave Abbie and me a very dramatic account of your journey, and your interview with your ‘friends, the butchers,’ when he came back. As soon as he met us—I was staying with Abbie on account of her prostration and anxiety—he pulled off his hat and says he, ‘your sarvant, mum. Faith, an I’ve seen yer frinds through the dark valley an’ on to the road to Paradise.’ I was startled, for I feared he meant you were killed, though his smiling face reassured me.”

“They reached the train in safety then,” said Abbie, who understood him better.

“Intirely, mum, an’ took the straight and narrer road fur Canaan.”

“You didn’t learn anything of Julia?” we asked.

“Indade, an’ that was the swate craythur we picked up by the roadside wid a broken laig,” he answered.

Abbie exclaimed joyfully at this, but^{er} asked if you were badly hurt.

“Only a bit of a sprain she got thryin’ to out-run the horses. Shure, an’ she’s a foine lass, wid all her timper.”

“Did any one try to make you trouble?” we asked.

“Faith, an’ its not Mike Carney as’ll tell you

how hard the rascals thried. Phat's the thryin' if they fail? Brother Brigham, pace to his sowl, sint some of his friends to kape us from going astray. 'Now Moike,' sez I to myself whin I heard 'em a comin', 'if ye're a good Mormon, ye must show your hand. The ilders hev tached ye when ye see a mon on the wrong road ye should stop him, an' if he's loath to sthop, thin ye must kill him to save his sowl. Now here's a chance for ye to obey the prachin', an' as I was spoilin' for a foight I took out me pistols; an', shure enough, me lads found they was on the wrong road an' turned back.'"

All laughed heartily as Mrs. Benson told this with a good imitation of Mike's manner and brogue.

"Why mother, I didn't know you were such a mimic," said Ida.

"Well, I was sufficiently interested to have his words ring in my ears for days. He told me all about your fight, and pointed with pride to his injured ear.

"The dear old fellow! We owe him a debt of gratitude," said Ida.

"He told me when I saw him last to tell Mr. Benson that 'he had a moind to take a trip over the road himself, just to convince him that staling a road would make it shorter!'"

“What did he mean? I see—*steeling* it. That’s like him. Well I wish he would come, we’d make him welcome. You never knew, mother, of the adventure Reube had while going home the night I saw the men hidden in the shrubbery. He didn’t tell me until after we came here.”

Mrs. Verner looked inquiringly at Reuben.

“It was nothing. A couple of fellows came up to me and threatened to spoil my good looks, but as I had none to spare we had a slight skirmish. I left one of them in a gutter. The other ran away. For some reason Salt Lake City seemed to owe me a grudge. I hardly know why. I didn’t meddle much with their pet institutions. Probably I shall not trouble them again for some time. Do you hear anything of Elsie?”

“I’ve seen her often; but I fancy she does not look quite so happy and careless as she used to; perhaps it is only fancy though.”

“If any one *can* be happy as a plural wife, she can,” remarked Julia, “for she never in her life took anything to heart until she took Harry Baxter; and he was so entirely perfect in her eyes that she could not understand why we were not all in love with him, from mother down to the cat. I doubt if she will ever see any blemishes.”

“I hope she never may. I should dislike to see careworn lines in place of the sunny dimples that

were always so pleasing to look at. It don't seem possible that any man can ill-treat her, especially handsome, courteous Harry Baxter."

"I wish they might come here to live," said Ida warmly.

"Ah, Ida, if they did, what of poor Elsie? She would have to give up her husband to his legal wife, Sister Lydia," Mrs. Verner replied.

"Yes, I think of those things when we talk of abolishing polygamy. Let Congress take what action it will, there can be no immediate doing away with plural marriage. Further marriages may be prohibited, but what has been done cannot be undone. Polygamy must die a slow and lingering death or its end will be more dreadful than its beginning," said Reuben, "Utah would be a land of widows and orphans."

"But," said Julia, "think how many first wives would rejoice if at one blow the system could be broken up and they be restored to their legitimate position."

Mrs. Verner shook her head slowly and sadly. Nothing could restore to them the alienated and divided affection of their husbands or bring back the lost confidence and sympathy of their early marriage; besides, woman will bear much and suffer much before she will parade her sorrow before the world or turn against the father of her chil-

dren. There is no denying that polygamy has been, and is, a great and abiding evil, but it is a curse that will not end with its prohibition. The crushed and broken-spirited women of Utah cannot be restored to freedom and happiness in this life by any act of Congress—at least those who are now living in polygamy; but let there be laws which shall effectually prevent plural marriages in the *future*. Let no man sit in Congress, or be allowed to hold office in the land, who is a polygamist. Take away all chance of honorable promotion or advancement in life from that class, and it will grow less. Man is ambitious. Let polygamy be a death blow to his ambition, and he will not embrace it. It will be a great relief to the mothers in Zion when they can feel that their daughters are not doomed to the same inheritance, and will never become plural wives.

“I can remember a period in my own experience,” and Mrs. Verner’s voice faltered slightly, “when I almost prayed God that my child, my little girl, might die in her innocent babyhood rather than live to share the fate common to Mormon women. I have been in the confidence of a large number of my unhappy sisters in Salt Lake, and their recitals vary only as do their nature and circumstances. It is always a history of sorrow and unrevealed bitterness of

heart. Few, indeed, have I known to be contented and happy in a polygamic household. It is only before the *Gentiles* that Mormon women wear their masks and extol the beauty of our institutions."

"I have wondered at that sometimes," said Reuben.

"It is natural we should do so. We have been taught to shun and fear the *Gentiles*, and the feeling has been fostered and nurtured in our bosoms. Remember the inhuman and unjust persecutions to which we were subjected in early days. Driven from our homes, seeing our friends shot down in cold blood and our homes become the prey of the spoiler in Missouri, while we were forced to flee, destitute and beggared, to the shelter of another State, having no chance or hope for redress for our grievances; then, when once more settled and prosperous, to have our honored prophet taken from us and foully murdered, while he was unarmed and defenceless. Is it any wonder we have hated the *Gentiles* and clung tenaciously to our principles and institutions?"

CHAPTER XXIX.

CELESTIAL MARRIAGE FROM DIFFERENT STANDPOINTS.

But what of Elsie during this period of time? The months passed by, bringing no great change in her outward life, but in Elsie's mind and heart an unseen influence had been at work effecting a wonderful transformation. The childish innocent trust, the careless light-heartedness of her ignorant girlhood was gone, and in its place had come a graver, soberer type of womanhood. She learned many things which opened her eyes to the true inwardness of Mormonism. She began to feel afraid to question her husband upon *any* subject, there was so much apparently that she must not know. He was full of business. He came and went, he bought and sold; but Elsie was as ignorant as any outsider of all the details of his transactions. Men came to the house to see him, and he was closeted with those whom Elsie would scorn to recognize upon the street. Yes, her husband was becoming more and more of a mystery to her; yet he was ever kindly affec-

tionate, and apparently as fond of this last wife as upon his marriage day.

Elsie had seen him frequently in the company of the other wives—she had met Mrs. Agnes and Nellie Baxter now—and she was forced to confess to herself that she could detect no visible preference for either on such occasions. He was ever the same courteous, polished gentleman, ready with his pleasant smile of greeting; always attentive to the slightest wish of each; his attentions and favors so evenly distributed, there could be no cause for jealousy or rivalry among them. Truly, for a polygamist, he was a remarkable man.

But at last, without warning, came a terrible blow to Elsie's happiness.

"Elsie," said her husband, one evening after they had gone to her apartments, "I am going to Europe!"

"To Europe? Oh, Harry!" The blue eyes opened wide with alarm and her heart stood still with fear.

"Yes, dear, Brother Brigham desires to send me on a mission of trust to that country, and as there is considerable business connected with it, it will occupy me several months. I may be gone a year or more. Do you think you will miss me, Blossom?"

"Miss you!" she faltered. "Oh, Harry, can't you take me with you?"

"Would you like to go?" smiling into her up-turned face and putting his arm about her.

"Oh, very much indeed! You *will* let me go, will you not?" she pleaded, the pretty, childish face eager and anxious.

"I don't know as I can very well. I should like to; it would be a very pleasant and profitable tour for you, as well as adding to my own pleasure, but I am afraid it isn't practicable."

"Why not? Surely you do not mind the expense?"

"No, but Elsie," seating her upon his knee and looking at her soberly and earnestly, "I want to take Emile back to her old home. There is a chance that it may work wonders for her, and restore her poor, shattered mind. You would not wish to prevent that, or go instead of her?"

"No—o, of course not; but why can I not go also? I can wait upon her and care for her. Indeed, I think she will need me, Harry?"

"Are you willing to relinquish your claim upon me, and travel with us as my sister or servant, Elsie?" he asked, looking at her curiously.

"No indeed; why should I?" she replied in surprise.

"My dear, do you not know if we go to

Europe you will see and associate with people who are not Mormons, and they will look upon your claim of being my wife as a doubtful one."

"Harry, I don't understand you," faltered Elsie, a dim comprehension of truth dawning upon her.

"Elsie, child, people out of Utah recognize but one wife, all others living in such relation appear to them objects of scorn. They would look upon your position as a shameful one, and I should be condemned as a criminal, for bigamy is a crime in the States, and made punishable by law."

"Heaven help me! It is, then, as Julia said," exclaimed Elsie, covering her face with her hands, a full sense of her position for the first time occurring to her.

"Among enlightened nations about us; it is only in Utah that polygamy is practiced to any great extent," continued Baxter, "and unfortunately for our project it isn't practicable at this time to carry it beyond the territories. But for that I would be glad to take you with me. However, you can go if you wish to act upon my first suggestion and call yourself a single woman, acting in the capacity of companion to my wife."

Elsie sadly shook her head, then putting her arm about her husband's neck, while the color deepened in her cheeks, she whispered softly a secret in his ear.

"Ah, indeed," he said, pressing her more closely to him, while he looked fondly upon her, "that renders it wholly impracticable, I fear."

"And you will be gone! Ah, Harry, how can I bear it!" sobbed Elsie, clinging to him and hiding her face on his shoulder. "Oh, it is cruel, cruel to send you away from me!"

Harry Baxter's eyes grew humid while he sought to soothe by loving words and tender caresses the sobbing and stricken girl. His conscience was ill at ease. By nature he was too sensitive and humane to delight in polygamy. Instinctively his soul revolted against it. Led by his blind infatuation and love for Emile, together with the counsels of the church, he had taken the first step, and now he found himself deeply im-meshed in this web of the prophet's weaving. A husband of five wives, he could not condemn the system, save in sacred communion with himself. The one great passion of his life had been for Emile, and it was torture to look upon the wreck she had become in his hands. What was his secret remorse none but God knew. The world saw but the pleasant and attractive exterior of an apparently contented and happy man. Elsie could not become reconciled to this parting from her husband. It grew more and more dreadful to her as the hour for departure drew nigh. At

his request, though with bitter emotions, she helped to prepare Emile for the voyage. As for Emile herself, she was wild with joy at the prospect. She played upon the harp and sang as they had never heard her sing before, and appeared more nearly sane for a longer period than she had since the dreadful blight fell upon her. The day came at last, and through her falling tears Elsie saw her husband go out from her presence with the beautiful and pale-faced Emile by his side, eagerly impatient to go forward upon their journey.

“Good-bye,” she whispered. “I am going where I shall see them both, my mother and my baby.”

The light had gone out from the young wife's home, and in vain Sister Lydia reminded her that a year would not be long, and that he would again return to them.

A sea of troubled thought and weary anxiety overwhelmed her. Serious misgivings and grave apprehensions beset her as to the future of herself and husband. She could not but think of Emile. Would this voyage benefit her as Mr. Baxter hoped? If it did—and Elsie's heart sank within her at the thought—would not he remain away with her rather than bring her back to the scene of her trouble? “Will he ever come

back?" she asked herself again and again. And if he does may not my fate be similar to Sister Lydia's?

Outside of the Territory he had told her she would not be recognized as his wife. If he remained away she could never assert her claim as such. She could never go to see Reuben or Julia. People of the States would look upon her as an outcast. Such were the thoughts that distracted Elsie during the weeks following his departure. Poor, innocent child. Her eyes were being opened to a view of Mormonism from a different standpoint.

At last Sister Lydia received a letter. She perused it, her pale face unmoved and unchanged, then handed it quietly to Elsie.

She took it, and as she looked upon it, a shudder of horror thrilled her frame. It read:

LIVERPOOL, April 11, 18—.

DEAR LYDIA :—Overwhelmed by sorrow and remorse, I write to say that poor Emile, tired of the life I wrecked and rendered valueless, yesterday ended it by her own volition. She sprang overboard as we were nearing the coast, and although all possible measures were adopted for her rescue her body has not yet been found. May God forgive me for the ruin I have made. It is small consolation to reflect that I have obeyed the law of the priesthood. * * * *

CHAPTER XXX.

A LATTER DAY SAINT.

“Is she no better?” anxiously inquired Mr. Bostwick, of his mother-in-law, upon the morning chosen for the celebration of his third matrimonial venture.

“No, she has been again unconscious, but now her mind wanders and she talks of you and her past life. In my opinion, your place is by her side to-day, regardless of other engagements,” said Mrs. Benson grimly.

“Yes, I know. The —it shall be postponed,” he stammered. “I regret I ever made any such arrangements, but I will not leave Abbie to-day.” He passed up the stairs and entered a dimly-lighted room, where his wife lay, pale and fragile as a crushed and broken lily, her large eyes glowing with an unnatural light, and her breath short and labored.

“Charlie, Charlie,” she whispered, as he bent over her, “fasten the windows close that she may not come in—she’s thirsting for my life—my life.”

“Abbie, darling, no one will hurt you,” said the conscience stricken man, bending over her and smoothing back the brown hair from the wide blue-veined forehead. “Don’t you see I am here by you?” The attendant withdrew, leaving them alone. A moment Abbie remained quiet, then commenced talking again to herself.

“I know now it wasn’t right. God never meant we should be so wretched. God is good. He has given him back to me, and we will be happy again—my Charlie—and he will put flowers in my hair and say, ‘My pretty Abbie,’ as he used to do before she came. Some day we will go away—where Julia is—Mother, why don’t Julia come?” then, as if her thoughts went back to her girlhood, she murmured. “Julia and Elsie—come—we’ll get some berries for supper. Charlie is coming to-night—with Reuben.”

Her voice took on a tender intonation when she spoke her husband’s name, and Charlie Bostwick’s voice faltered and his eyes filled with tears as he sought to gain her recognition. Suddenly she started, her face grew more sad and pained in its expression, and she said plaintively, “They’re going to the theatre now. Ah, how fondly he draws her arm in his—oh, he loves her! he loves her! God pity me! My husband—mine—she’s no right to come between us—” and panting and ex-

hausted, Abbie's voice again fell to a whisper.

Thus she continued for some time, now muttering of her childhood, of her sisters and her brother, but ever returning to the one subject which had broken her heart.

At last Bostwick could bear it no longer and he rushed from the house. Gaining the yard he strode back and forth nearly beside himself with his pangs of conscience and remorse.

The physician came and entered the house, while outside the repentant husband awaited him in a torture of anxiety to learn his sentence. Coming down the steps, Dr. Ludlow met the husband's mute inquiry in his haggard face.

"Yes, she is dying. This delirium will not last long, but she is exhausted nearly, and as soon as she becomes conscious she will sink away."

"You think, then, she may become conscious?" said Bostwick eagerly.

"Probably. They often are just at the last, in such cases."

Hastily dispatching a note to his intended bride, with the intelligence of Abbie's condition and his inability to keep his appointment with her, Charlie sought Mrs. Benson.

"Is there any change?" he asked.

"No, only she is growing weaker."

How stern and self-controlled this woman was, even at this hour!

No one could envy Charlie Bostwick his feelings that day, as he listened alternately to the delirious mutterings of his dying wife and the whispers of his own reproving conscience, for in his secret soul the man did not believe in this tenet of Mormonism; but he had yielded to the forces brought to bear upon him, aided by his admiration of the brilliant English girl and his selfish desire to possess her, and trampled upon his convictions. But now he felt he was little less than a murderer, and remorse was harrowing his mind to the verge of endurance. What would he not give to blot out the remembrance of the last year and a half!

The news had gone out that Abbie Bostwick was dying, and there were many going and coming from the house. Bostwick longed to escape somewhere, away from the sight and sound of any one—away from the curious and pitying glances of one, or the reproachful, upbraiding gaze of another; but he dare not leave the house for fear the change might come while he was absent, and he *must* speak with her once more. He must obtain forgiveness for the crime he had committed against her. How memories of the past flooded before him! He saw Abbie bright

and happy, her tinted cheeks and beaming eyes a picture of health and sunshine; he heard her joyous laugh ring out merrily as he used to hear it in their early marriage, but as he had not heard it since the fatal day which saw him with a plural wife; he remembered how pleasant was her fond greeting each night when he came home from his place of business; he saw the pretty, tidy home, brightened and enlivened by her smiling, sunny face and graceful, sprightly figure; and he groaned as he acknowledged to himself this great change had been brought about by his own making. Before God he was her murderer. He felt that as he remembered Reuben's words. But for him and his sin, Abbie might be well and as light-hearted as ever. But now there she lay, pale—crushed—dying. In place of the once cheerful, pleasant home, he should see but a grass-growing grave, marked by the inscription: "Abbie Bostwick; aged twenty-two." And this was the penalty of his crime.

True, he had another home, but he could not bear to think of that now. A fierce anger arose in his heart against this other woman who had lured him by her beauty, who had partaken of his sin. Most bitterly he upbraided himself for upholding her in her course toward Abbie. Even the remembrance of his child brought him no solace.

"Oh, God, if I could undo it all!" he groaned.

At last came the expected change. The faint spot of crimson that had dyed Abbie's cheek in her delirium faded away. Her pulse became faint and her blood chill. Bostwick bent over her and tried to arouse her.

"Abbie, Abbie," he repeated tenderly, "don't you know me?"

At last the brown eyes once more unclosed, and she fixed them upon his face; but their look was not of earth.

"Abbie, darling, forgive me for all I have made you suffer," he faltered.

She smiled faintly. Then, as a shadow crossed her face, she whispered a part of the plural marriage service: "Husband and wife, for time and all eternity."

"Abbie, I don't believe it! God knows I don't believe it! There is no true marriage but the first. You alone are my wife."

She smiled again as though his words gave her satisfaction.

"It has been all so strange and cruel here, but 'twill be—all—right—there."

She uttered the last words with difficulty.

"Say you forgive me, Abbie, my wife," he pleaded, brokenly.

"I—I forgive." She clutched his hand tightly,

and then: "Good-bye, mother—tell Julia—I'm sure—she was right; but—God makes—all right at last," she gasped.

Again, after a pause, while her face took on a look of celestial brightness, she murmured, "Charlie—rest—peace;" and her hand relaxed its hold.

"*It is over,*" said Mrs. Benson, almost sternly.

How had this woman repressed the natural emotions of her heart, even at this trying hour, that she shed no tears? She closed the filmy eyes and stood over her first born with no shadow of weakness or emotion visible in her stern, cold features. The stricken man at the bedside, who had neglected and broken the heart that trusted and depended upon him for happiness, bowed low with his face buried from sight, while heavy, smothered sobs shook his frame; but the mother who had reared this form from its infancy stood long, looking calmly and silently at the mute, pallid features before her, then as she drew the sheet over the face of the dead, she said quietly, while the friends looked at her in awe:

"She has gone to her reward, for she lived her religion. She shall reign exalted in the celestial kingdom, for she was a real saint; yes, a real Latter Day saint."

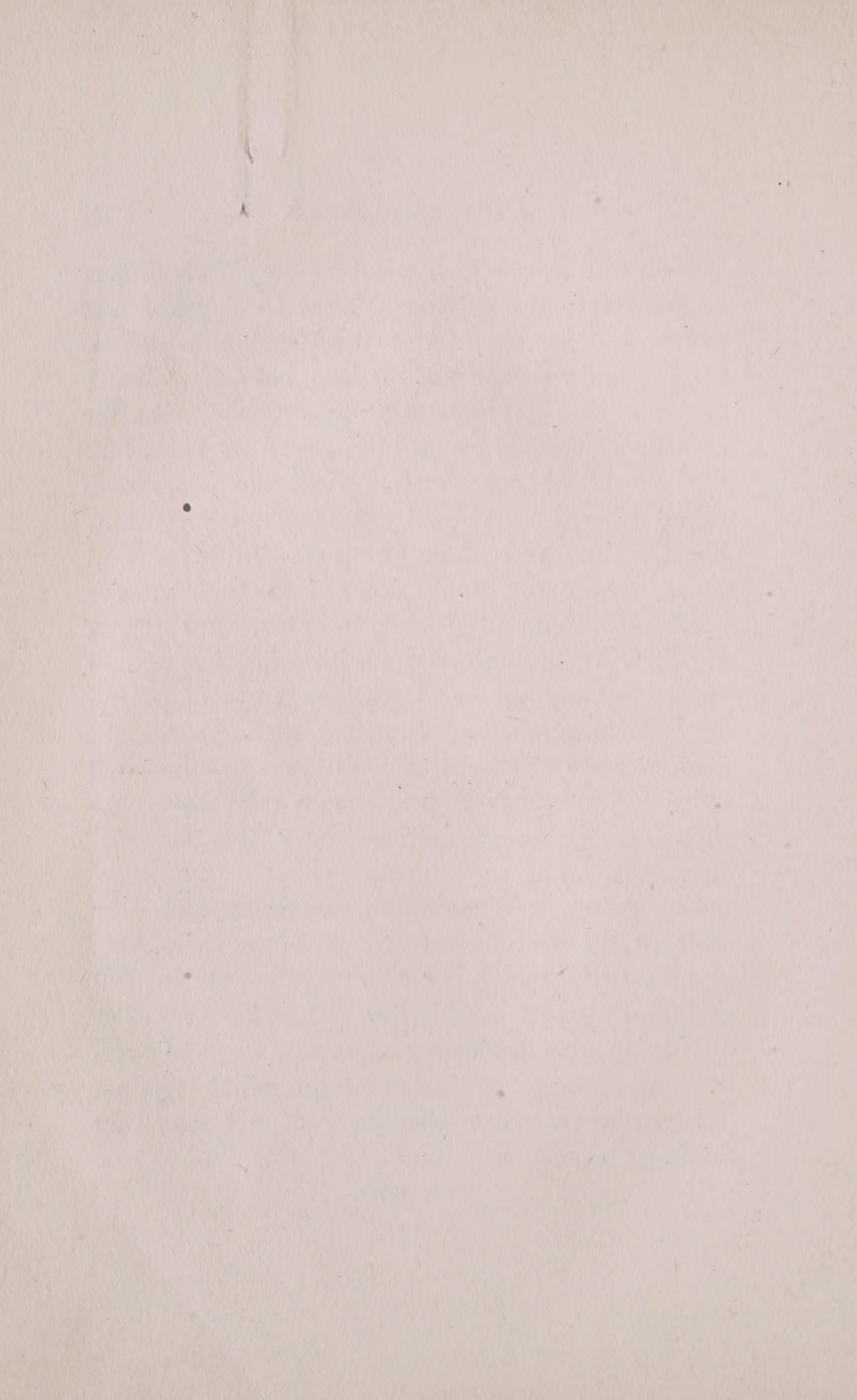
You and I, reader, cannot follow Abbie farther or penetrate the mysteries that lie beyond the grave, but we doubt not the problem which so marred and wrecked her life here has been solved, and she has received her inheritance. As for Charlie Bostwick, he still lives, and we leave him to God and his conscience. And now years have rolled away, and Abbie by the world is forgotten, like the thousands of suffering women, before and since, who have gone down into their graves broken-hearted and crushed in spirit, after enduring their living martyrdom with a heroism unsurpassed by any age; and still the curse of polygamy exists, a foul blot upon our fair land.

O, women of the States, will you not by your voice and influence help to raise a tidal wave that shall have power to sweep away this abomination?

Legislators at Washington, remember each year adds to the victims tortured at the altar of this infamous rite, which is a crime against the institutions founded by our Puritan fathers!

Hoping this book may serve as a drop to overflow the bucket of popular prejudice against polygamy, we close this story of a Latter-Day Saint.

THE END.



APPENDIX.

ARTICLES OF MORMON FAITH, AS PUBLISHED BY
JOSEPH SMITH IN 1842.

We believe in God, the Eternal Father, and in His Son, Jesus Christ, and in the Holy Ghost.

We believe that men will be punished for their own sins, and not for Adam's transgression.

We believe that through the atonement of Christ all mankind may be saved by obedience to the laws and ordinances of the Gospel.

We believe that these ordinances are: First, Faith in the Lord Jesus Christ; second, Repentance; third, Baptism by Immersion for the Remission of Sins; fourth, Laying on of Hands for the Gift of the Holy Ghost.

We believe that a man must be called of God by prophecy and by laying on of hands by those who are in authority to preach the Gospel and administer in the ordinance thereof.

We believe in the same organization that existed in the primitive church, viz: apostles, prophets, pastors, teachers, evangelists, etc.

We believe in the gifts of tongues, prophecy, revelation, visions, healing, interpretation of tongues, etc.

We believe the Bible to be the word of God as far as it is translated correctly ; we also believe the Book of Mormon to be the word of God.

We believe all that God has revealed, and that He does now reveal, and we believe that He will yet reveal many great and important things pertaining to the Kingdom of God.

We believe in the literal gathering of Israel and in the restoration of the Ten Tribes ; that Zion will be built upon this continent ; that Christ will reign personally upon earth, and that the earth will be renewed and receive paradisaic glory.

We claim the privilege of worshipping Almighty God according to the dictates of our conscience, and allow all men the same privilege, let them worship how, where, and what they may.

We believe in being subject to kings, presidents, rulers, and magistrates ; in obeying, honoring and sustaining the law.

We believe in being honest, true, chaste, benevolent, virtuous, and in doing good to *all men* ; indeed we may say that we follow the admonition of Paul. “ We believe all things we hope all things,” we have endured many things and hope to be able to “ endure all things.” If there is anything virtuous, lovely, or of good report, or praiseworthy, we seek after these things.

APPENDIX II.

A revelation on the patriarchal order of matrimony, or plurality of wives, given to Joseph Smith, the seer, in Nauvoo, July 12th, 1843: *

I. "Verily thus saith the Lord unto you, my servant Joseph, that inasmuch as you have inquired of my hand, to know and understand wherein I, the Lord, justified my servants Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, as also Moses, David and Solomon, my servants, as touching the principle and doctrine of their having many wives and concubines: Behold! and lo I am the Lord, thy God, and will answer thee as touching this matter. Therefore prepare thy heart to receive and obey instructions which I am about to give unto you, for all those who have this law revealed unto them must obey the same; for behold! I reveal unto you a new and everlasting covenant; and if ye abide not that covenant, then are ye damned; for no one can reject this covenant and be permitted to enter into my glory; for all who have a blessing at my hands shall abide the law which was appointed for that blessing, and the condition thereof, as was instituted for the fullness of my glory; and he that receiveth the fullness thereof

* From "Rocky Mountain Saints," by Stenhouse.

must and shall abide the law, or he shall be damned, saith the Lord God.

II. “And verily I say unto you, that the conditions of this law are these: All covenants, contracts, bonds, obligations, oaths, vows, performances, connections, associations or expectations that are made and entered into and sealed by the Holy Spirit of promise, of him who is anointed, both as well for time and all eternity, and too most holy by revelation and commandment, through the medium of mine anointed, whom I have appointed on earth to hold this power, (and I have appointed unto my servant Joseph to hold this power in his last days, and there is never but one on the earth at a time whom this power and the keys of this priesthood are conferred), are of no efficacy, virtue or force in and after the resurrection of the dead; for all contracts that are not made unto this end have an end when men are dead.

III. “Behold! mine house is a house of order, saith the Lord God, and not a house of confusion. Will I accept of an offering, saith the Lord, that is not made in my name! Or will I receive at your hands that which I have not appointed? And will I appoint unto you, saith the Lord, except it be by law, even as I and my Father ordained unto you before the world was? I am the Lord, thy God, and I give unto you this commandment that no man shall come unto the Father but by me, or by my word, which is my law, saith the Lord, and everything that is in the world, whether it be ordained of men by thrones,

or principalities, or powers, or things of name, whatsoever they may be, that are not by me or by my word, saith the Lord, shall be thrown down, and shall not remain after men are dead, neither in nor after the resurrection, saith the Lord, your God; for whatsoever things remaineth are by me, and whatsoever things are not by me shall be shaken and destroyed.

IV. "Therefore, if a man marry him a wife in the world, and he marry her not by me nor by my word, and he covenant with her so long as he is in the world and she with him, their covenant and marriage is not of force when they are out of the world; therefore, they are not bound by any law when they are out of the world; therefore, when they are out of the world they neither marry nor are given in marriage, but are appointed angels in heaven, which angels are ministering servants, to minister for those who are worthy of a far more and an exceeding and an eternal weight of glory; for these angels did not abide my law, therefore they cannot be enlarged, but remain separately and singly, without exaltation, in their saved condition to all eternity, and from henceforth are not gods, but are angels of God for ever and ever.

V. "And, again, verily I say unto you, If a man marry a wife and make a covenant with her for time and all eternity, if that covenant is not by me or by my word, which is my law, and is not sealed by the holy spirit of promise through him whom I have anointed and appointed unto this power—then it is not valid, neither of force

when they are out of the world, because they are not joined by me, saith the Lord, neither by my word; when they are out of the world it cannot be received there, because the angels and gods are appointed there, by whom they cannot pass; they cannot, therefore, inherit my glory, for my house is a house of order, saith the Lord God.

VI. “And, again, verily I say unto you, if a man marry a wife by my word, which is my law, and by the new and everlasting covenant, and it is sealed unto them by the holy spirit of promise by him who is annointed, unto whom I have appointed this power, and the keys of the priesthood; and it shall be said unto them, ye shall come forth in the first resurrection, and, if it be after the first resurrection, in the next resurrection, and shall inherit its thrones, kingdoms, principalities and powers of dominions, all heights and depths—then shall it be written in the Lamb’s book of life that he shall commit no murder whereby to shed no innocent blood, and if ye abide in my covenant and commit no murder whereby to shed innocent blood, it shall be done unto them in all things whatsoever my servant hath put upon them in time and through all eternity, and shall be of full force when they are out of the world; and they shall pass by the angels and the gods which are set there to their exaltation and glory in all things, as hath been sealed upon their heads, which glory shall be a fulness and a continuation of the seeds for ever and ever.

VII. “Then shall they be gods, because they have no end; therefore shall they be from ever-

lasting to everlasting, because they continue; then shall they be above all, because all things are subject unto them. Then shall they be gods, because they have all power and the angels are subject unto them.

VIII. “Verily, verily, I say unto you, except you abide my law ye cannot attain to this glory, for strait is the gate and narrow is the way that leadeth unto the exaltation and continuation of the lives, and few there be that find it, because ye receive me not in the world, neither do ye know me, and shall receive your exaltation that where I am ye shall be also. This is eternal life, to know the only wise and true God and Jesus Christ whom He hath sent. I am He. Receive ye, therefore, my law. Broad is the gate and wide is the way that leadeth to the death, and many there are that go in thereat, because they receive me not, neither do they abide in my law.

IX. “Verily, verily I say unto you, if a man marry a wife according to my word, and they are sealed by the Holy Spirit of promise, according to mine appointment, and he or she shall commit any sin or transgression of the new and everlasting covenant whatever, and all manner of blasphemies, and if they commit no murder, wherein they shed innocent blood—yet they shall come forth in the first resurrection, and enter into their exaltation; but they shall be destroyed in the flesh, and shall be delivered unto the buffetings of Satan unto the day of redemption, saith the Lord God.

X. “The blasphemy against the Holy Ghost,

which shall not be forgiven in the world, nor out of the world, is in that ye commit murder, wherein ye shed innocent blood, and assent unto my death, after ye have received my new and everlasting covenant, saith the Lord God ; and he that abideth not this law, can in nowise enter into my glory, but shall be damned, saith the Lord.

XI. “I am the Lord thy God, and will give unto thee the law of my Holy Priesthood, as was ordained by me, and my Father, before the world was. Arbaham received all things, whatsoever he received, by revelation and commandment, by my word, saith the Lord, and hath entered into his exaltation, and sitteth upon his throne.

XII. “Abraham received promises concerning his seed, and of the fruit of his loins—from whose loins ye are, namely, my servant Joseph—which were to continue so long as they were in the world ; and as touching Abraham and his seed, out of the world they should continue ; both in the world and out of the world should they continue as innumerable as the stars ; or, if ye were to count the sand upon the sea shore, ye could not number them. This promise is yours, also, because ye are of Abraham, and the promise was made unto Abraham ; and by this law are the continuation of the works of my Father wherein He glorifieth Himself. Go ye, therefore, and do the works of Abraham ; enter ye into my law, and ye shall be saved. But if ye enter not into my law, ye cannot receive the promise of my Father, which He made unto Abraham.

XIII. “God commanded Abraham, and Sarah

gave Hagar to Abraham to wife. And why did she do it? Because this was the law, and from Hagar sprang many people. This, therefore, was fulfilling, among other things, the promises. Was Abraham, therefore, under condemnation? Verily, I say unto you, *Nay*; for I, the Lord, commanded it. Abraham was commanded to offer his son Isaac; nevertheless it was written, thou shalt not kill. Abraham, however, did not refuse, and it was accounted unto him for righteousness.

XIV. "Abraham received concubines and they bore him children, and it was accounted unto him for righteousness because they were given unto him, and he abode in my law, as Isaac also, and Jacob did none other things than that which they were commanded; and because they did none other things than that which they were commanded, they have entered into their exaltation according to the promises, and sit upon thrones, and are not angels, but gods. David also received many wives and concubines, as also Solomon and Moses, my servants; as also many other of my servants, from the beginning of creation until this time; and in nothing did they sin, save in these things which they received not of me.

XV. "David's wives and concubines were given unto him, of me, by the hand of Nathan, my servant, and others of the prophets who had the keys of this power; and in none of these things did he sin against me, save in the case of Uriah and his wife; and, therefore, he hath fallen from his exaltation, and received his por-

tion ; and he shall not inherit them out of the world ; for I gave them unto another, saith the Lord.

XVI. “I am the Lord, thy God, and I gave unto thee, my servant Joseph, an appointment, and restore all things ; ask what ye will and it shall be given unto you according to my word, and as ye have asked concerning adultery, verily ; verily I say unto you, if a man receiveth a wife in the new and everlasting covenant, and if she be with another man, and I have not appointed her by the holy anointing, she hath committed adultery and shall be destroyed. If she be not in the new and everlasting covenant, and she be with another man, she hath committed adultery ; and if her husband be with another woman, and he was under a vow, he hath broken his vow and hath committed adultery, and if she hath not committed adultery, but is innocent, and hath not broken her vow, and knoweth it, and I reveal it unto you my servant Joseph, then shall you have power, by the power of my holy priesthood, to take her and give her unto him that hath not committed adultery, but hath been faithful ; for he shall be made ruler over many ; for I have enforced upon you the keys and power of priesthood, wherein I restore all things and make known unto you all things in due time.

XVII. “And verily, verily I say unto you, that whatsoever you seal on earth shall be sealed in heaven ; and whatsoever you bind on earth in my name and by my word, saith the Lord, it shall be eternally bound in the heavens ; and

whosoever sins you retain on earth shall be retained in heaven.

XVIII. “And again, verily I say whomsoever you bless I will bless, and whomsoever you curse I will curse, for I, the Lord, am thy God.

XIX. “And again, verily I say unto you my servant Joseph, that whatsoever you give on earth, and to whomsoever you give on earth, by my word and according to my law it shall be visited with blessings and not cursings, and with my power, saith the Lord, and shall be without condemnation on earth and in heaven, for I am the Lord thy God, and will be with thee even unto the ends of the world and through all eternity; for verily I seal upon you your exaltation, and propose a throne for you in the kingdom of my Father, with Abraham your father. Behold, I have seen your sacrifice, and will forgive all your sins; I have seen your sacrifice in obedience to that which I have told you. Go, therefore, and I will make a way for your escape, as I accepted the offering of Abraham of his son Isaac.

XX. Verily I say unto you, a commandment have I given unto mine handmaid Emma Smith, your wife whom I have given unto you, that she stay herself and partake not that which I commanded you to offer unto her; for I did it, saith the Lord, to prove you all, as I did Abraham; and that I might require an offering at your hands by covenant and sacrifice; and let mine handmaid Emma Smith receive all those that have been given unto my servant Joseph; and those who are not pure, and have said they were

pure, shall be destroyed, saith the Lord God; for I am the Lord thy God, and ye shall obey my voice; and I give unto my servant Joseph that he shall be made ruler over many things, for he hath been faithful over a few things, and from henceforth I will strengthen him.

XXI. "And I command mine handmaid, Emma Smith, to abide and cleave unto my servant Joseph, and to none else. But if she will not abide this commandment she shall be destroyed, saith the Lord; for I am the Lord, thy God, and will destroy her if she abide not in my law; but if she will abide this commandment then my servant Joseph shall do all things for her even as he hath said; and I will bless him and multiply him and give unto him a hundred-fold in this world of fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters, houses and lands, wives and children, and crowns of eternal lives in the eternal worlds. And again, verily I say, let mine handmaid forgive mine servant Joseph his trespasses, and then shall she be forgiven her trespasses wherein she hath trespassed against me; and I, the Lord, thy God, will bless her and multiply her and make her heart to rejoice.

XXII. "And again, I say, let not my servant Joseph put his property out of his hands lest an enemy come and destroy him, for Satan seeketh to destroy; for I am the Lord, thy God, and he is my servant; and behold! and lo, I am with him as I was with Abraham, thy father, even unto his exaltation and glory.

XXIII. "Now, as touching the law of the

priesthood, there are many things pertaining thereunto. Verily if a man be called of my Father, as was Aaron by mine own voice, and by the voice of Him that sent me; and I have endowed him with the keys of the power of this priesthood, if he do anything in my name and according to my law and by my word, he will not commit sin, and I will justify him. Let no one therefore set on my servant Joseph, for I will justify him; for he shall do the sacrifice which I require at his hands, for his transgressions, saith the Lord, your God.

XXIV. "And again, as pertaining to the law of the priesthood: If any man espouse a virgin, and desire to espouse another, and the first give her consent; and if he espouse the second, and they are virgins, and have vowed to no other man, then is he justified; he cannot commit adultery, for they are given unto him, for he cannot commit adultery with that that belongeth unto him, and to no one else; and if he have ten virgins given unto him by this law, he cannot commit adultery for they belong to him, and are given unto him, therefore is he justified. But if one, or either of the virgins, after she is espoused shall be with another man, she has committed adultery, and shall be destroyed; for they are given unto him to multiply and replenish the earth according to the commandment, and to fulfil the promise which was given by my Father before the foundation of the world; and for their exaltation in the eternal worlds, that they may bear the souls of men; for herein is the work of my

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Father continued that he may be glorified.

XXV. "And again, verily, verily I say unto you, if any man have a wife who holds the keys of this power, and he teaches unto her the law of my priesthood as pertaining to these things, then shall she believe and administer unto him, or she shall be destroyed, saith the Lord, your God; for I will destroy her; for I will magnify my name upon all those who receive and abide by my law. Therefore it shall be lawful in me if she receive not this law for him to receive all things whatsoever I, the Lord, his God, will give unto him, because she did not administer unto him according to my word; and she then becomes the transgressor; and he is exempt from the law of Sarah who administered unto Abraham according to the law, when I commanded Abraham to take Hagar to wife. And now, as pertaining to this law, verily, verily I say unto you, I will reveal more unto you hereafter; therefore let this suffice for the present. Behold, I am Alpha and Omega. Amen."

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